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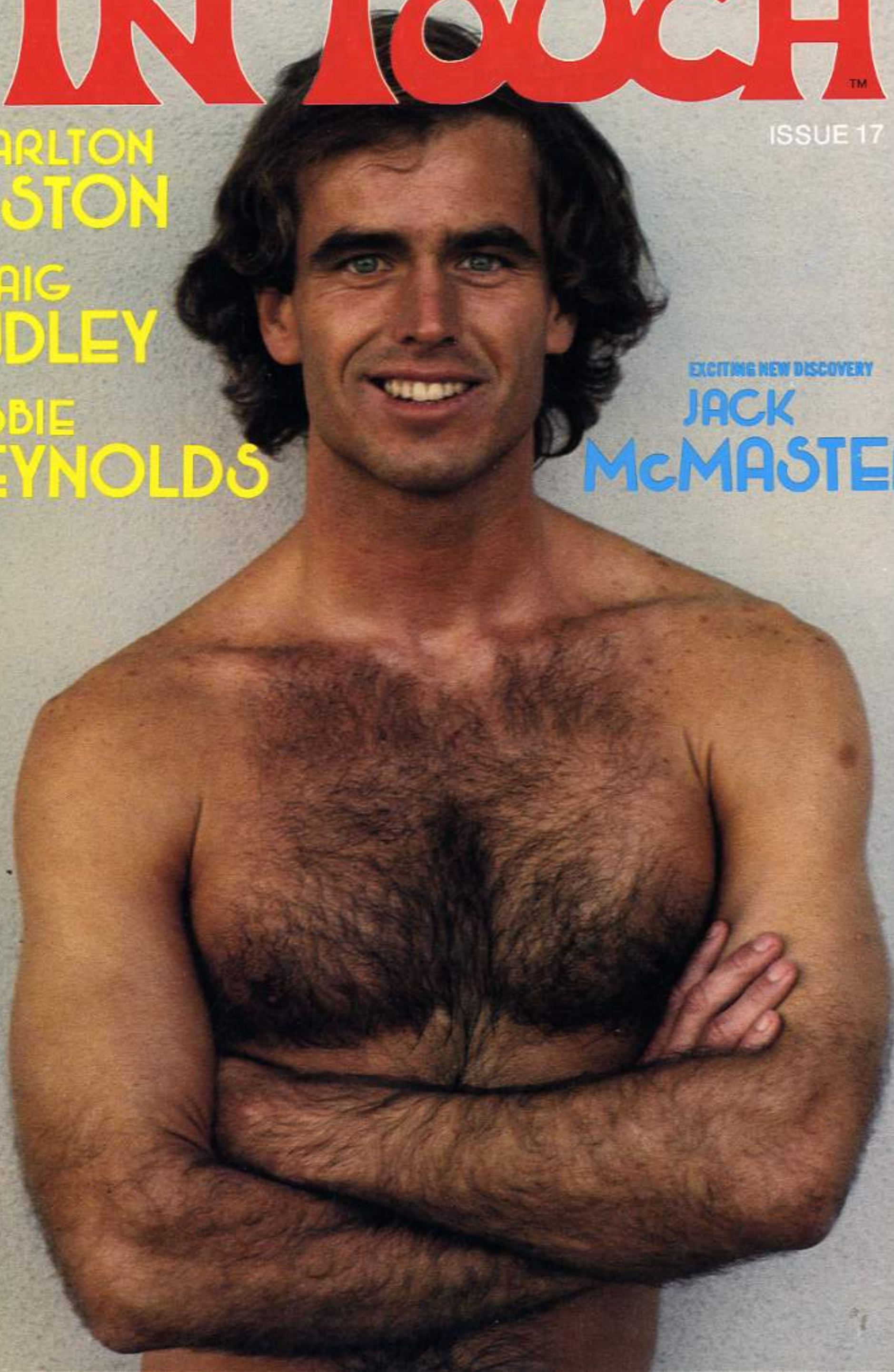
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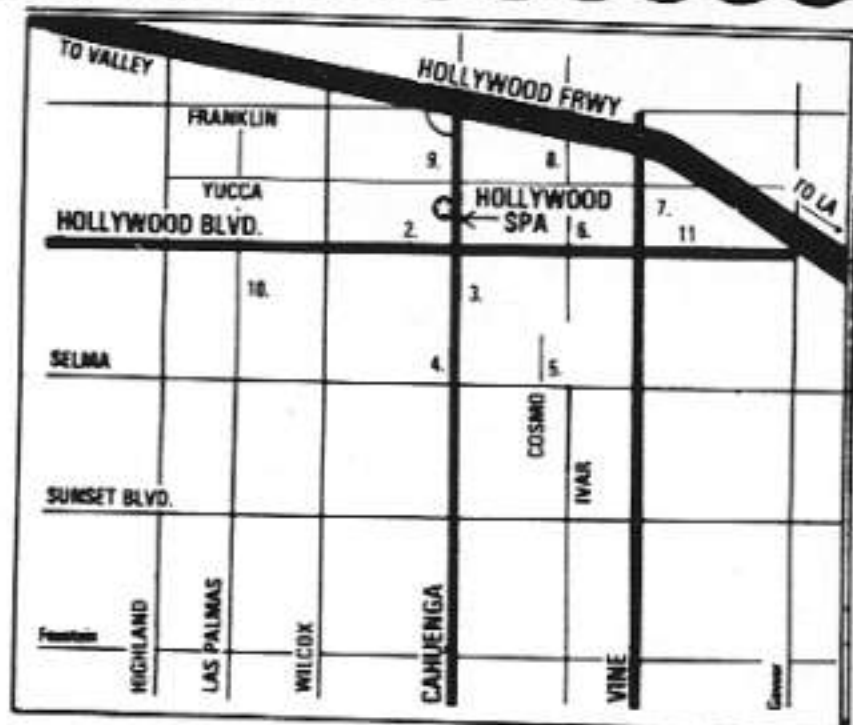
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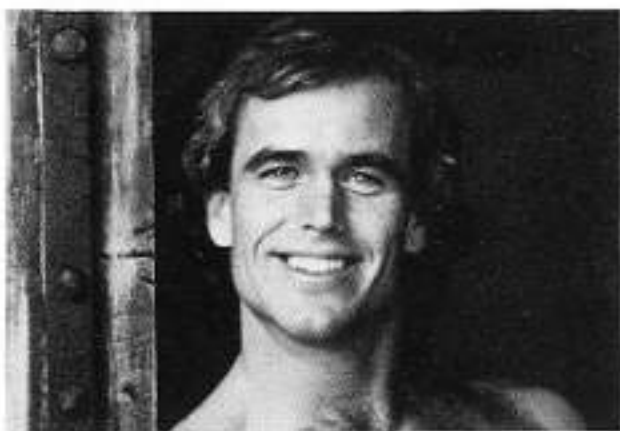
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IN TOUCH



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IN TOUCH, Issue 17 (April/May 1975), is published bi-monthly by IN TOUCH, Inc., 256 South Robertson Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90211. (C) 1975. Publication of the name, photograph, or likeness of any person or organization in articles or advertising in IN TOUCH is not to be construed as any indication of the

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Editors,

Your recent article on the Gay Communities Service Center provides them with some much sought publicity. The heroic tale of the rescue of the influential professor with the fucked-up ass by the knights in shining armor from the GCSC was very dramatic, worthy of TV. My own experience with them however, is quite different.

A few months ago, being relatively new to this area, I wrote the GCSC for a referral to a physician/surgeon in my locality. They did not even have the courtesy to send a negative reply even though I enclosed a SASE.

My interpretation of what happened is that I made the mistake of stating my age in the first sentence (53) and since it was not a solicitation for a trick, it was promptly deposited in the round file.

I am sure there are some sincere, conscientious volunteers at the center who provide help to those who need it and as long as just one gay person gets help when he needs it, their efforts are worthwhile. The staff however, now eats at the public trough of taxpayers money and with a constant flow of young tricks at their disposal have it made. I'm sure that all that come for help receives it as stated but all those who seek it do not, obviously.

Your magazine owes a service to its readers to be more accurate in your reporting and not be just a propaganda vehicle for those who are economically and politically ambitious.

Name withheld by request.

Dear Annoyed:

I think your irritation is giving way to some rash conclusions and ill found judgments about the folks at GCSC. At any rate I have been assured that your letter was never received (quite possibly — being new to the area — you sent it to the wrong address). Your complaint has been referred to Enric Morella at GCSC and he promises me he will follow up. I trust him — give him a chance won't you.

Dear Sir:

I'm a 27-year old closet gay with the following problem: My parents are putting pressure on me to start thinking about marriage. Until now I've either been a student, or overseas in the Army; excuses which easily explained why I was single. Now I have a good job — and no more excuses from my parents' point of view.

Although I could ask out the girls they've suggested, I know that these young women are looking for hetero husbands, and feel that it is unfair for me to let them think I'm playing the mating game, when there's not even the chance for a little romance between us.

So what's my excuse now? Any excuses, or rather suggestions, would be appreciated.

Sincerely,

S.B.

Orange, New Jersey

Dear S.B.:

Your letter is a moving one and it presents a perennial problem: The guy who refuses to face up to his being gay and making the most of it. Ten years ago we might have been willing to offer you more sympathy, but now with the gay liberation movement in full swing and with new strides being made every day both in the courts and in the community, we can only feel somewhat sorry about the course of action you've been taking.

In our opinion the first step you should take is to acknowledge that you are gay to yourself. You're young and you're single. You don't have the responsibilities of a family. We're not telling you to wear a sign, we're advising you to be honest with yourself. If you don't start there you'll never get your head straightened out (excuse the phrase). The next thing would be to decide how you're going to break the news to your parents. It won't be easy, but it's worth the effort to give you peace of mind and get rid of the anxiety of having your parents constantly on your back.

But before you do anything, talk to someone who is gay and can put you in

touch with some professional counseling or a group that will be able to really explore your problem.

As it is entirely possible you will choose to ignore the foregoing advice — in our opinion you have two choices: One — play the game you've been playing and go slowly crazy. Two — try for what we call the geographic cure and move sufficiently far away from your parents so you will be able to minimize your contact with them.

We would encourage you to take a moment and take a fresh look at your own situation and go from there. Hope we've been of some help.

Editor

Dear Editor:

Thanks for the interview with John Calvin and the pix. Wish you'd featured him as a centerfold. He's a great guy, and through I.T. I wish him all success. Paul Lynde is the loser for how can anyone not be pleasant to John. Two summers ago I caught a glimpse of him in New York in his floral shirt and white trousers, but by the time I could reach him to say hello, he'd disappeared into the subway.

Yours,

Chris Rose

Dear Editor:

In the current issue (Dec./Jan.) of I.T. I was very much interested in the book reviews on page 49. In my city I cannot find a book store which carries Hamilton House. Can you either give me the address of HH publishers, or the name and address of a bookstore where I can order?

Sincerely,

J. Walker

Dear J.

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IN TOUCH COMMENTS

Our gay publications often make it appear that the problems gays face in contemporary society exist in some sort of vacuum, to be considered in isolation from other problems which beset the late 20th Century. This is an illusion. And plans of action based on illusions are likely to lead to failure.

It is easy to pass responsibility off on the heterosexual establishment for all the general world problems from the Cold War to the Mid-East conflict. Let Dr. Kissinger handle it! And let the heteros also do something about the apparently rising tide of domestic violence, the unravelling of that network of foreign alliances on which our security was supposed to rest, the decline in the institution of marriage and the restlessness of the younger generation. And we gays can assume that we have

enough to do trying to gain our own reserved seat on the bandwagon.

Gay movement purists have long insisted, with fair reason, on a one-issue approach. They say we have all sorts of differences among ourselves on every other social issue, but we are united in a commitment to the cause of justice for gays. It is quite clear that gays do have differences in their general social philosophies — and that difference isn't easily disposed of.

But neither is it easy or possible to dispose of the need to relate our particular struggle as gays to the rest of what is going on in the world. Even if it were true that the one thing which unites us (and this is questionable) is the common goal of assuring for gays a reserved seat on the big bandwagon, we still must ask ourselves where that bandwagon seems to be heading.

The seat may be a solid fixed object within the wagon, but if the wagon itself is falling apart, or heading the wrong way, or is driverless, or driven by an obvious fool, then giving our all to the objective of securing that seat may be the worst possible strategy.

Did You Ever Feel...



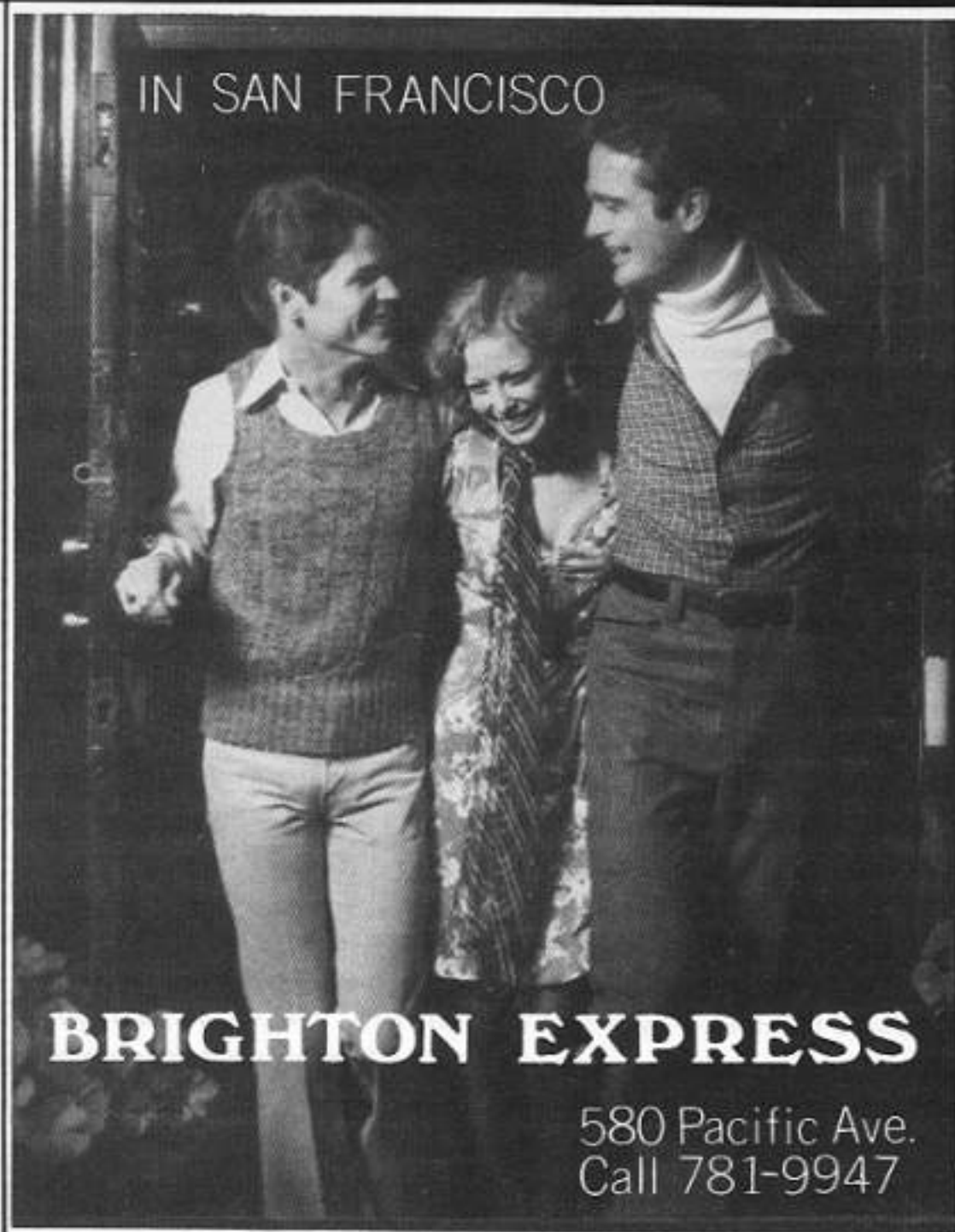
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Americans have lived with the threat of disaster for long enough that many have grown blasé about it. The threat of Depression in the Thirties eventually went away — but it left real scars. Some felt that even the U.S. might fall before the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis, but those countries are now our allies. The feared menace of Communism that had us jumping from our own shadows after World War II now seems mostly tamed. And the A-bombs we thought might fall any minute have fallen only where we dropped them. Now we are back with fears of an economic system that has again got the world in a cul-de-sac. And many gays will shrug it off and say it's not our business — let the heterosexuals take care of it.

But to say that so long as we get equal seating, we don't care where the world is going is lunacy. It is too late in the summer to play at being butterflies. We can no longer afford to limit our horizons (some of us never did) to whether sodomy and solicitation statutes are stricken from the law books, to whether vice officers continue their enticements and other harassments, to

whether gay parents have a right to keep their children.

A super inflation and/or depression, such as many cautious economic observers predict, could wipe out that precious "seat" we'd struggled so single-mindedly to grab. Ecological crisis could make it quite irrelevant.

A narrowly defined "one issue" gay politics which ignores these very real dangers could leave us playing blind-man's bluff. But the danger of grand crises which could swamp our young movement (as happened to German gays 41 years ago) is only one reason for a broader interest.

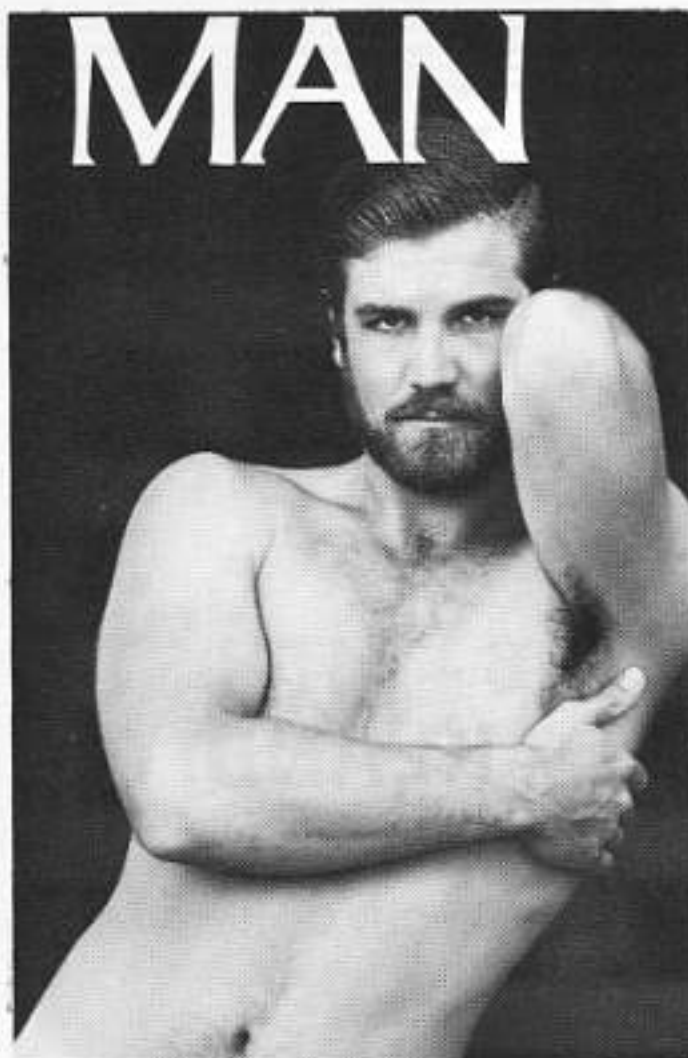
Even if crisis isn't coming soon, as gays we have all sorts of very real interests in the good earth and its preservation, in clear lakes and green trees and pristine wilderness (how many of our dune buggies and motorcycles are helping destroy it?) and fine beaches. We have an interest in the stability of the economic system, whether or not it is the best we can conceive of — simply because economic dislocation hits minority groups the hardest. And economic collapse does not, as utopians

suppose, lead automatically to the substitution of a better system. It more often leads to the scapegoating of unpopular groups — like us.

We have an interest in the preservation (or restoration) of liveable cities, because gay culture has in recent millenia been mostly urban-nurtured. We have a very personal need to be able to walk on streets which are both interesting and reasonably safe. And even though we are no longer children and generally not likely to be parents, we have an interest in the educational system, since that is where the next generation of gays is already being taught either to accept or to despise themselves.

Full citizenship means that we, as gays, must concern ourselves with the whole future prospects of our localities, our country and our world, tiresome as such concern may be. If we surrender control to the heterosexuals, we surrender control over our very lives — and we already know what a mess doing just that can make of things.

—JIM KEPNER



*MAN is designed in all black and white photographs

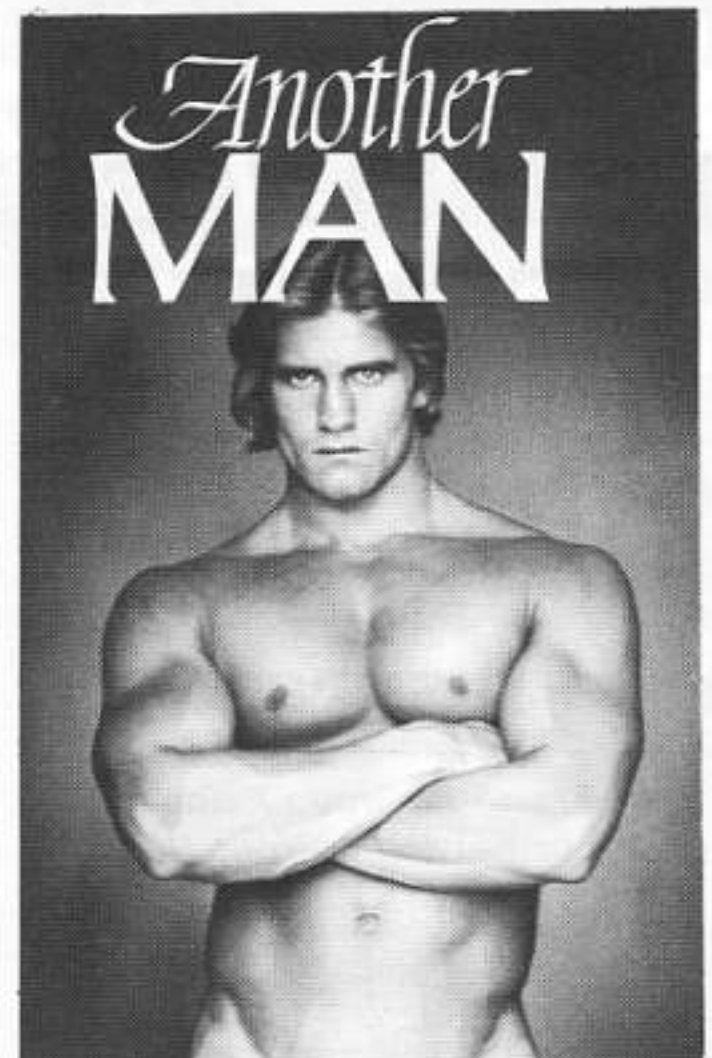
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IN TOUCH BODY



Recently, while in New York, visiting some body building friends there, I ran across some magazines displaying youthful, nude, slender teenage physiques of models, photographed in various natural settings. These pictures brought back memories of my younger days. I can remember looking at myself in the mirror, after school, wishing I

could have a muscular physique like the pictures of the body building idols that I used to almost worship in the muscle magazines. Pleasant thoughts of the many fantasies I used to indulge in at the local magazine stand came back to me. Upon inspiration of these magazines, and the encouragement of some older high school friends, I purchased a weight set and began training at 14 years of age. Our youthful bodies gained rapidly when we were beginners but to our dismay, we eventually reached stages in our training where gains would stop completely. With desperation, and youthful impatience, we would train even harder, thinking this would solve our problem, but it didn't.

Lounging about the apartment with my New York body building buddies we discussed various reasons why athletes reached such sticking points. Being older and more experienced, each of us body building for ten years or more now, we came to the conclusion that one of the most important secrets of body building is in our diets. Although gains are influenced by the effort we put into our

exercises, they will stop under all circumstances if the quality of our diet falls below that which is needed for our bodies to experience continued gains from all of our hard work. It was agreed by all of us, and I'm sure you will agree with it too, that a diet centered on refined starchy foods, is not good for your health.

All successful body builders tend to stay away from white bread, starches, sugar, refined foods, and cheap restaurants and franchises that serve these types of food only. Instead, they eat a diet centered on meat, fish, milk, eggs, cottage cheese, nuts and cheese for protein. Salads, fruits, and vegetables, and moderate amounts of whole wheat bread are eaten for vitamins, minerals, enzymes, and energy-giving carbohydrates. Those wishing to lose weight would benefit by eating smaller meals centered more on the protein category. Those wanting more bulk and muscle size should eat ample amounts of protein foods with sufficient carbohydrate foods, needed to gain muscle size at a slow steady rate. We discussed supplementation. An increased perfor-

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mance, moderate amounts of vitamin C, the B group, and E, and iron seem helpful. Protein supplements in cans were usually useful only in body builders in very advanced states to boost their protein intakes over three hundred grains daily and were useful then it seemed, for only short periods of time.

In other words, we mortals need not concern ourselves with extreme supplementations, especially if we are eating a wholesome, balanced diet. Both overeating and undereating either in an effort to gain muscle bulk or define, can be harmful. Food intake is somewhat variable and a certain calorie intake effects one individual differently from another because of size, metabolism, and absorption of nutrients through the intestinal wall, into the blood stream. Overeating will tend to make you feel listless and tired, or you may find it difficult to get up in the morning even when you have had eight hours of sound sleep, or aren't kept awake by your roommate all night. While training, you may feel all right, but may feel tired when not active. Too little food makes you tend to feel ner-

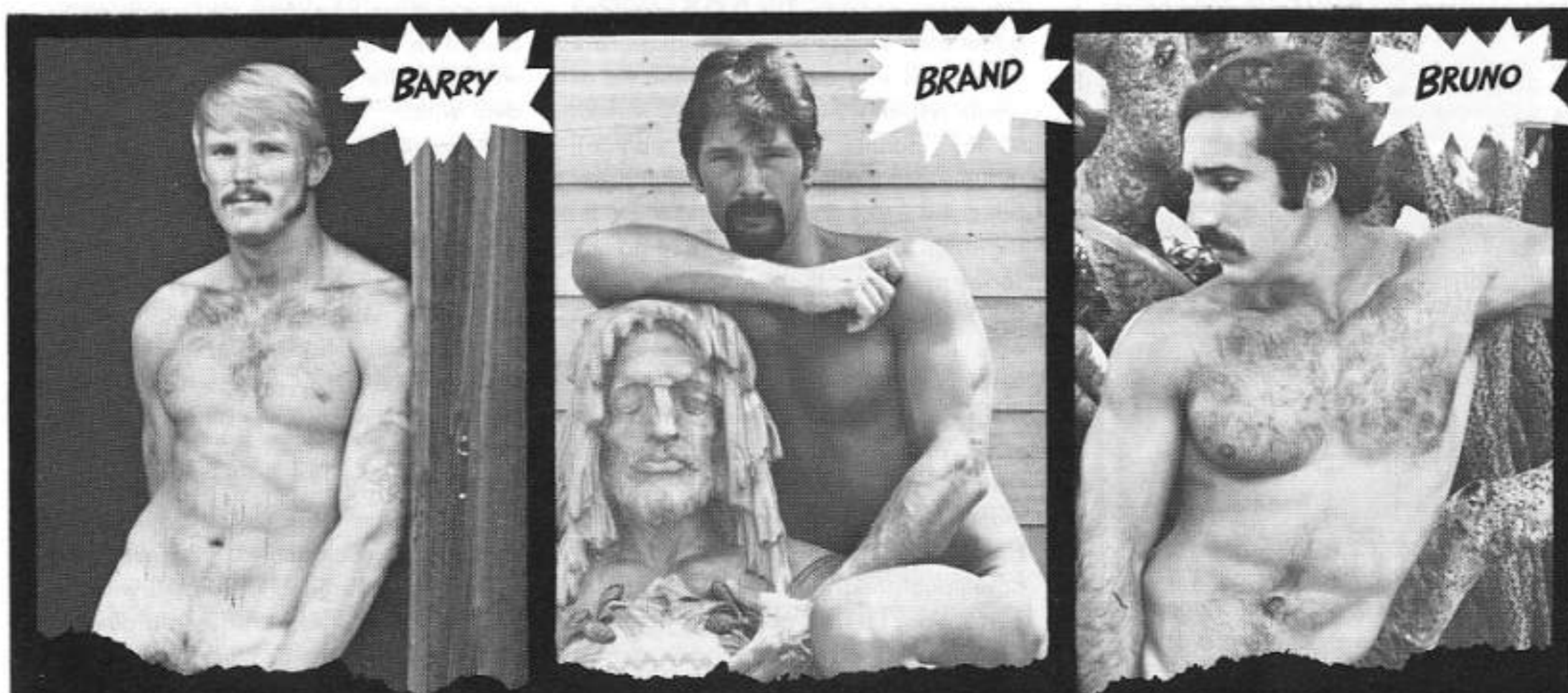
vous, irritable and you may have difficulty sleeping. Poundages in training sessions will rapidly fall and you may feel too weak to finish your usual workout at all. Too or three moderate well balanced meals are what are necessary for most of us, but if we want to gain or lose weight, it is best not forced too rapidly, or the problems we discussed may eventually result, halting our desired improvement.

We concluded that even those who did not work out would form an improved diet. It would help our bodies overcome the effects of moderate drinking, smoking, and healthy polluted air. Many magazines dealing with natural foods point up some pretty startling evidence that an unrefined diet, low in preservatives, adds a significant number of years to our life span and our youth. I myself cannot help but be alarmed at the possibility that the intake of white refined sugar may be the greatest heart attack factory of them all. Upon reading this particular article and upon discussing its bad effects with a great number of body building friends, I decided to stop eating foods containing it all

together whenever it was possible. We also looked at labels of various foods under the label of dextrose, a chemical name for white refined sugar. We also discussed whether one with a good diet could produce more antibodies that could ward off disease. Among the body builders gathered here, only two out of five of us has had a cold or flu in the last years. Certainly, if modifying our diet somewhat can help us perhaps reduce our chances of heart attack, increase resistance to disease, and prolong our youth, then this subject applies to all of us. In the beginning or advanced body builders, a good diet not only makes possible increased gains, but helps us avoid and recover from injuries as well. I chose this subject for my first column because these basic principles of diet seem to apply to everyone, and are often neglected by all of us.

Increased attention to your diet will help make possible the gains you desire and deserve from all of your hard work, and speed up progress to that lean, muscular, sexy, new you.

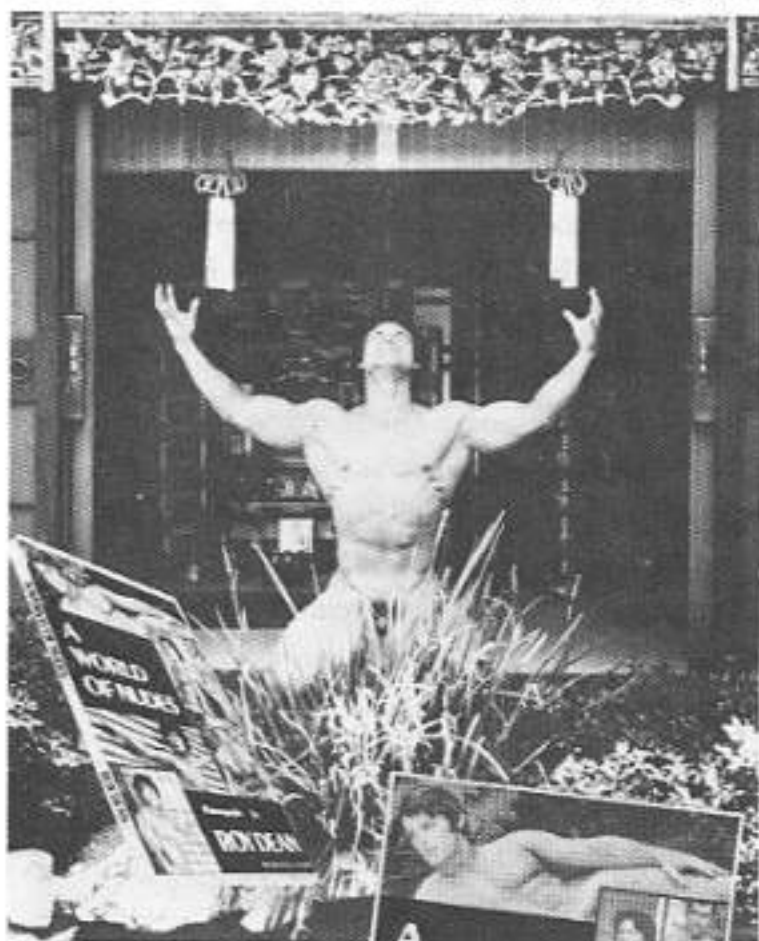
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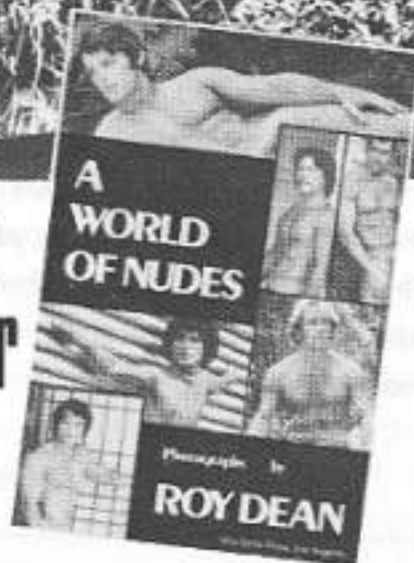
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GAY MEN/GAY WOMEN allies or antagonists?

Jim Kepner

IN TOUCH, as its choice of subject matter indicates, is directed largely to gay males. The gay cause and the gay community, however, include perhaps equivalent numbers of women, and the relationship between gay women and men is important for several reasons, and requires some consideration of the differences between genders within the gay world.

When America's first national gay organization began in Los Angeles 25 years ago, gay women were in a tiny minority as participants, but several were very hard workers, and much attention went to the question of how to improve female/male relations. But few of us males at that time noticed that gay women and gay men didn't always share the same goals or interests.

Many of us, female and male, were scandalized when we learned in January 1956 of the existence of the segregationist lesbian organization, the Daughters of Bilitis. The D.O.B. wouldn't admit men as members (even those rare individuals who regarded themselves as "male lesbians," wishing to love women in the manner of another woman), though they made a few of us honorary Sons, or S.O.B.'s. At a time when integration seemed the answer to all social problems, that was heresy. But we gradually saw that the D.O.B. was able to bring out some women who would never have been able to discuss their feelings in the presence of men.

I'd always felt sympathetic to the women and their interests. Like many male gays I'd considered Radclyffe Hall's classic novel a gay bible (no male novel published until 1950 matched its perception, literary quality or honesty). Even its pessimism, which may distress today's readers, and its acceptance of Freudian casual theory and of rigid sex-roles, were liberating, even optimistic, in the gay climate which prevailed from 1928 when it was written until well after I read it.

I was amazed that some gay males wouldn't even bother to read it because it was about a woman and presumably didn't concern them. The "Well" included well-drawn male characters, but,

more than that, Steven's experience seemed to me to capture the dilemma of most gays.

In gay clubs and in the movement, I enjoyed warm relationships with my gay sisters, as did many other gay males — even if I did my cruising elsewhere. But I was constantly reminded that some gay males and some gay females wanted nothing to do with the opposite gender, and did not feel that there was any spiritual tie between gay women and gay men.

At the second National Conference of Homophile Organizations (San Francisco, August 1966), one powerful lesbian must have been heard clear to the Ferry building with her roar, "If you goddamn males would stop screwing in the toilets awhile, the Homophile movement might have time to get on to some of our more serious problems!"

Tearoom sex was never my bag, and I knew that much of our energy went to helping those who, time and again, got caught in the tearooms. I agreed that we had more fundamental problems to deal with.

But a year later at a Los Angeles conference when some of the women began demanding consideration of their special problems, I honestly didn't know what those "special problems" were. Since then, variations of the following dialogue have taken place scores of times in mixed gay groups around the country, and no doubt in other countries as well:

WOMAN ONE: "The only reason most men want us in their organization is so we can cook and take the minutes. They aren't interested in us otherwise."

MAN ONE: "I've never seen a queen yet who'd trust the cooking to a dyke. But I enjoy having gals around, providing they're ladylike."

WOMAN TWO: "Where do you get off saying who's ladylike?"

MAN TWO: "But we MUST work together. Gays will never win fair treatment unless gay males and gay females cooperate and find additional allies to help us change the law and erase public bias."

WOMAN ONE: "Great! Providing

you're also interested in the issues which concern women, not just making the tearooms safe for male sex."

MAN TWO: "I've been getting along fine with women for years in the movement, and except for the fact that men get arrested more, while women have more freedom to wear pants and to kiss and hold hands in public, I don't see the difference. What ARE these special concerns of gay women?"

WOMAN THREE: "Then you haven't been listening: we've been saying it loud and clear. Problems of lesbian mothers; less pay on most jobs for doing the same work, and less chance of promotion, a harder time getting out of role-playing . . ."

MAN THREE: "Well, if you're lesbian, why have children in the first place?"

WOMAN THREE: "Because lesbians have generally more trouble coming out than men do. We have to adjust to being women in a male-dominated society before we can face the idea of loving other women. That's why lesbians seemed so much rarer than male homosexuals before Women's Liberation came along. And even in Women's Lib, the idea of giving Sisterhood an erotic expression was hard for many to swallow."

MAN THREE: "Now you're going to give us all that male-chauvenist-pig crap?"

WOMAN THREE: "I actually wasn't planning to, but it looks like you've earned it. You've got your male mind so hung up on your male problems, AND your male prerogatives, it's as if you don't hear us."

WOMAN FOUR: "That seems unfair. Before, when we worked better WITH the men, I don't think we women had our own heads together, and I don't think we've HONESTLY tried communicating since then. All the men hear from most of you is a lot of rhetoric calling them names. That may be good therapy for some women, but as communication, it's zilch!"

WOMAN THREE: "The poor dears! And we've never had to take a single insult from them?"

MAN FOUR: "I wish we could recapture the mystique that prevailed in the early homophile movement, the warm, loving pride, the feeling of being one big fraternity/sorority in the spirit. It was like that in the town where I came out — the guys and gals were very

together, very beautiful."

WOMAN TWO: "We aren't 'gals'. Your use of such a put-down term shows just what YOU mean by togetherness. 'Gals' are small female children. We are women!"

MAN FOUR: "I am sorry. I don't mean it that way at all, or I wouldn't have called men 'guys' in the same breath. I know it's a taboo term now, and I honestly try to avoid it, but old speech habits are hard to break. Still I don't see putting all this emphasis on differences. You say you don't like to be boxed into sex roles, but you're trying to set women against men. I think that the promise of the gay revolution is that we gay men and women are bridging the gender gap, and class and racial gaps, making the difference between women and men disappear."

WOMAN THREE: "Yes — androgyny is our future, the merger of male and female, the complete disappearance of women who conform to stereotypes of what women are supposed to be, and the surrender by males of all your male posturing and prerogatives — and don't think you gay males don't exercise those prerogatives."

MAN TWO: "What's all this got to do with the gay movement's goals? It's simply divisive. We need to concentrate on changing the law, changing the attitudes laid on people by church and schools, on guaranteeing equal employment rights. That requires cooperation. All this yack about turning everybody androgynous is irrelevant crap."

WOMAN FOUR: "I half agree. What's wrong with role-playing, if you enjoy it? Women who like being 'feminine' shouldn't be worked over by their radical sisters because their view of life doesn't conform to current dogma. We really have to avoid superimposing a theory which fits the lesbian impulse onto women whose heterosexual sex roles really do express their basic impulses."

MAN TWO: "That's still all theoretical. Would one of you mind telling me once and for all what your 'special concerns' are?"

WOMAN THREE: "It's male arrogance to make that sort of peremptory demands. All these years when we told you that women are more concerned with feeling, and men apparently more concerned with their erections, you simply haven't been listening. You keep

Continued on p.75

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CRUISING EUROPE

Roy Townsend



Practically everyone who has come back from a trip to Europe has some wild and wonderful tales to tell. The antics in Amsterdam, the sex shops in Copenhagen where you can also legally "rent" a boy for sex. The beautiful boys in Germany and the expensive teenagers in Italy. It sounds very interesting, but what they most often miss out are the "bad trips" and places where it wasn't quite so interesting.

It's impossible in such a short article to give an account of the gay life in Europe. Each country has different laws concerning homosexuality and they are vastly different from border to border. Obviously the best way to enjoy your trip is to buy an up-to-date gay guide and learn for yourself where it's at, if it's legal and what it's likely to cost.

Most tourists going to Europe for the first time, touch down in London for a few days. It's nice, they speak the language. It's not always raining. The theatres are reasonably cheap and the Underground, London's subway, is fast, clean and safe. There are a number of gay hotels usually listed in the guides and their prices compare favorably with other hotels in the area. It's monstrous what they do to a hamburger and in general the cheaper eating houses are ravaged by almost penniless students from all over Europe, who swarm into London during the summer "season". Homosexuality is legal in England for consenting adults over 21. Drag queens

can be seen on the street and in the gay bars, but before jumping to the conclusion that London is "wide open" check out the notorious men's toilet in the Piccadilly Underground station and you will be shocked. It's packed with hustlers showing off their assets . . . until the cops go in there on their round and make a few arrests for suspected prostitution. This will bring you back to reality and keep you on your guard. Check out the guide to find the nearest gay bar or cruising spot which is usually considered "safe" and strike the Piccadilly station off your list.

Amsterdam is usually a "must" on everyone's list and rightly so. The attitude of the Dutch toward homosexuality is very free. The age of consent is 16 and the gay bars and saunas are wildly popular. It is also well worth while to check out some of the smaller towns, Zandvoort, Breda, Rotterdam or The Hague. They all have a very lively gay scene and there is very little to be afraid of in these places.

West Germany comes highly recommended on everyone's list. Both homosexuality and male prostitution are legal over the age of 18 and the enterprising Germans have taken full advantage of their new liberal laws. New bars are springing up all over the place. Berlin (West) and Munich are especially delightful. Their gay magazine HIM lists quite a number of bars and it would pay to buy a copy as soon as you arrive. The

Continued on p.71

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Introducing DARRELL GILLETT

Story & Photography by Hy Chase

If a stage director, or a photographer or an artist were to get in a jam and need the best man in the business to do an excellent job of work . . . they would ALL call for Darrell Gillett.

Darrell was born in Alhambra, California, a suburb of Los Angeles. He comes by his artistic abilities very naturally, because his mother, Margurite Campbell was a well known singer on KNX radio for many years. She had her own show and was directly responsible for the emergence of Mary Martin as a star.

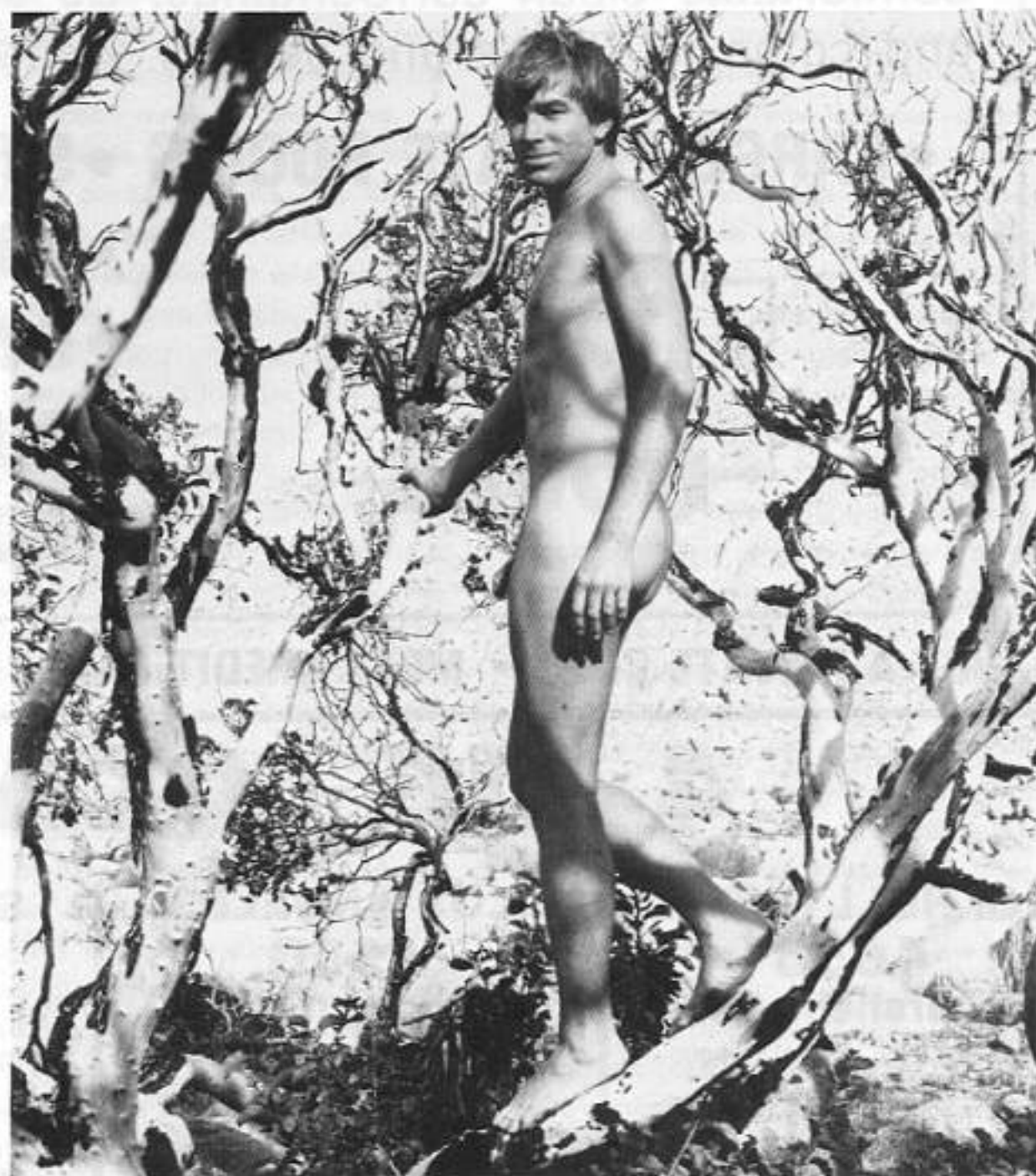
In his early childhood, Darrell was chosen by Walt Disney Studios to be one of the original Mouseketeers, a show in which he "sang and danced his way" into the young hearts of America. All during his school years Darrell won a series of honors as an actor, illustrator and dancer.

Darrell enlisted in the Navy Air Force at the tender age of seventeen (a big boy for his age), and was accepted into that branch of the service, ending up as a Gun Camera Man . . . again illustrating the old adage . . . "you can't keep a good man down" . . . ! Upon his discharge from the Navy Air Force, Darrell found his way into the world of dance . . . working with such luminaries as Katherine Dunham, Lester Horton, and Donn Arden.

His inherited abilities as a singer came to the fore when he was heard singing by the great Mme. Anna Fitzoo who offered him a scholarship and private tutoring, preparing him for his debut in the Hollywood Bowl. A rich baritone voice was the result of this fine training.

In an interview with Darrell in his most unusual pad in Hollywood he said:

"I'm a Taurus. I'm not a typical one,

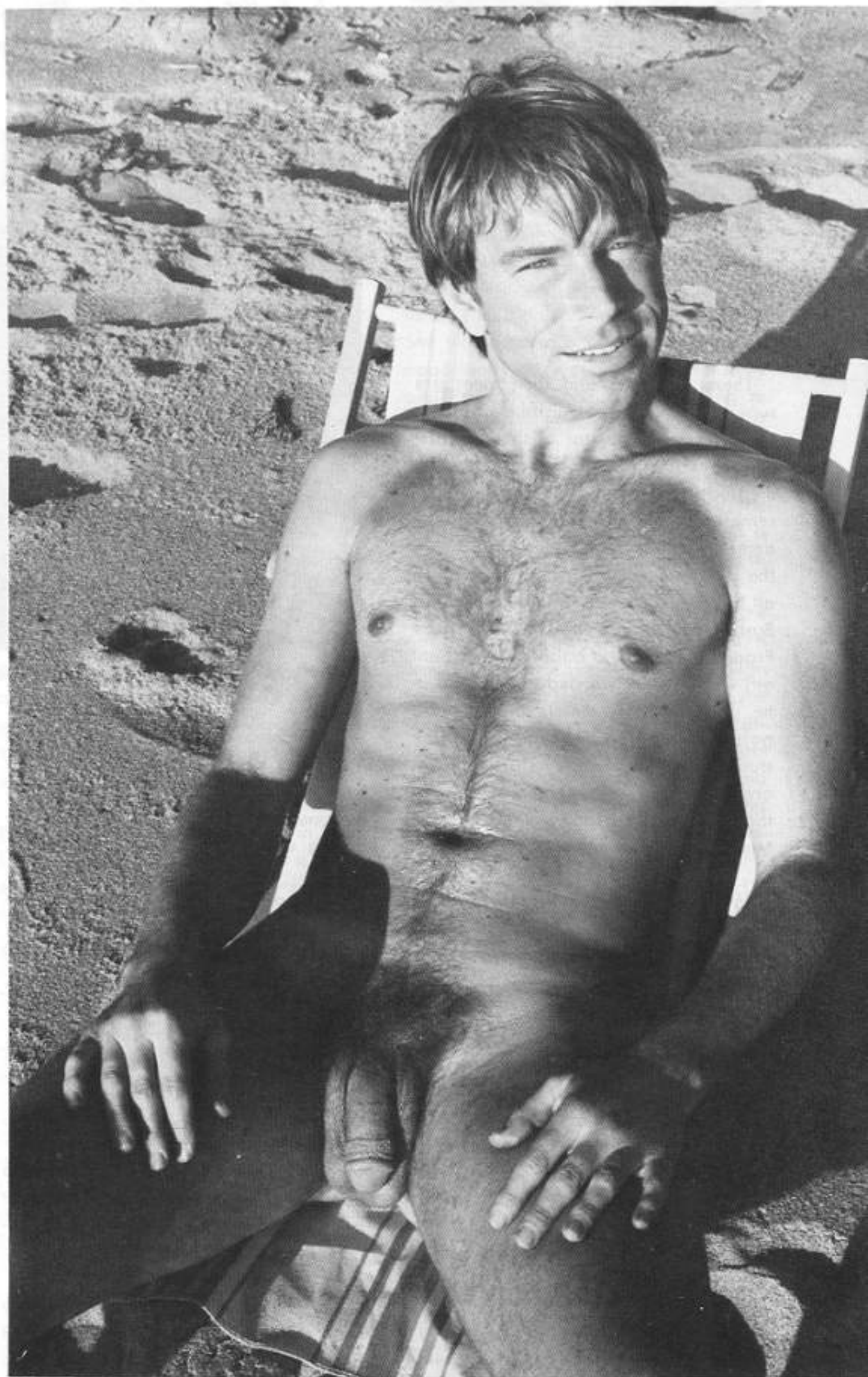




because most Taureans are home-loving people who need roots . . . I like to travel and see many places and different people."

Not long ago I had the opportunity to go to Hawaii . . . and I found the quiet island of Kauai with its primitive Ni Palli coastline to be the place for me. It's almost inaccessible as you have to "pack in" in order to reach its valleys of rich, ancient tropical landscapes. You can actually live in these valleys with little or no money because the earth itself can sustain you. Growing wild are oranges, bananas, papaya, guava and all kinds of berries are yours just for the taking. All you have to do to add life-giving protein to your diet is to cast your line into the surf and the fish will practically jump into the frying pan. As for surfing, one of my favorite sports, there is nothing like Poi Pu beach for a guy like me. The weather is so perfect all year around that all you need for shelter is a simple plastic tarp strung between two trees.

A busy and interesting young man, you say? "You bet your sweet -," as Darrell would say. ●





The Lady Is A STAR

By Hugh Harrison

There are stars and then there are superstars. Make no mistake about it, this lady is a superstar of the very first rank. She is the last such, in fact, to be created by a system that now seems as remote as the dinosaur, although its demise was less than a decade ago . . . the giant movie studio. Flashback to an all too familiar scene right out of an old Busby Berkeley musical: Little Miss Mary Frances Reynolds, a bubbly high school girl who's been awarded the coveted title, Miss Burbank, enters the splendid gates of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (the studio boasting as many stars as there are in the heavens) and emerges a mere three years and as many films later as Miss (never, never Ms.) Debbie Reynolds . . . STAR!

What was the particular thing that set her apart from the remainder of the small army of young performers that tramped through that same gate? That is difficult, if not impossible, to define. Call it what you will, charisma, luck, the right part at the right time, being in the correct place . . . whatever, it worked. She had, and still has, that certain thing that takes a few performers and sets them apart from all the rest, holding them forever in some kind of crystalline eminence. It doesn't matter how it is or what it is, only that it is. What ever it is, she has it. What is really important about Debbie Reynolds is that her own particular magic held her apart and away from the trouble that seemed to dog the other stars created by the same system. This ability has breezed her through the troubled pats of success and rescued her from the tragedy of a Judy Garland or Lana Turner, a pair of the



In the chaos backstage at a performance, Debbie is never too busy to give an autograph to a fan.

super luminaries also created by the M.G.M. complex. To be sure, the studio was wise enough to let her play and become her own image, without imposing one on her — that of a cute, breezy, uncomplicated, all-American, girl-next-door, something Miss Reynolds was and still is. Perhaps the only thing they did try to tone down and cover up was her raucous off-centered, flippant, quick-with-the-comeback humor. Although, her own crackling delivery conveyed this off-the-wall quality in even her most marshmallowed roles. This snappy approach to everything, from acting to her relationships with her fellow actors, coupled with a strictly no nonsense, healthy upbringing must have been a strong factor in her steady, uncomplicated upward climb to the complex heights.

She still maintains a strong, steady grip on that stardom. She prepared herself for it and worked very hard to get it. There is no intention on her part to let go now. If she missed something in her youth . . . by having to attend classes in the morning and worked before the cameras in the afternoon

. . . there's no hint of it. Such a suggestion only brings a slightly startled look from her. Performing didn't rob her of anything when she was young. Performing was everything to her, it was and became her youth, preparing for what she always knew would happen.

This position has weathered everything from her share of bad roles (she admits a few real clunkers with a rueful but good-humored laugh) all the way to a string of embarrassing television commercials for a discount house in Los Angeles where she professed to do all her Christmas shopping. That little item has been lampooned by every comedian in the country and no one laughed harder than Debbie. With a sly smirk she reminds you of her own ability to poke fun at other performers. Remember the T.V. show, "The Copy Cats," where she did such a devastating Mae West? She seems to have retained the easy ability to cope with any situation, by bringing calm to chaos or matching each witicism with her own sharp wit.

This is nowhere so evident as backstage at the annual Prevention of Blindness Telethon. The very last place in



Debbie with Ida Meyers, current president of the Thalias.



Patsy Kelly's jig from "Irene," watching are Debbie and Hans Conried.



Arriving at the T.V. studio after a performance of "Irene," at right, Ron Husmann and Ruth Warwick.

the world to try and talk to anyone in this industry, from stagehand to star, is during all the hectic confusion of such a benefit. This one was no exception. It will always be to Miss Reynolds credit that she was constantly charming and gracious. She quickly responded to each question openly, simply and directly, plus cheerfully posing for pictures. This is really amazing considering the hour, somewhat past midnight — a time in the early rising town of Hollywood that most lesser luminaries have turned into hausfraus and retired for the night to prepare to face those early make-up calls. It's even doubly amazing since Miss Reynolds had come to the telethon straight from the second performance of the day of "Irene," that old chestnut of a musical that Harry Rigby has rewarmed and retailored to her special talents. Almost anyone else would be either blithering idiots or so dead that they'd simply zombie up in front of those zoom-in, tell-tale T.V. cameras and that screaming clutch of fans, not to mention a string of questions. But . . . Debbie Reynolds? Not on your tammy! This incredible lady looked like she'd come from nothing more strenuous than just getting ready for this particular appearance. She looked so startlingly young as to be almost unbelievable, not very different at all from that dewey, young M.G.M. starlet.

Actually her film debut was for Burbank-based Warner Brothers in "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady" as a result of a screen test, part of the prizes that came with her Miss Burbank title. They, unwisely for them but very lucky for her, dropped her option. She had managed to attract the attention of Metro, who signed her. In her first appearance for them she was cast in one of their well known, all star extravaganzas, "Three Little Words," mouthing the original recording of Helen Kane doing "I Wanna Be Loved By You" (Boop-Boop-E-Doo). Her portrayal of the Kane character attracted instant attention from the public and the industry along with a set of excellent reviews. Her coupling in this film with Carlton Carpenter lead them to being cast in tandem again in "Two Weeks With Love," a totally forgettable film except for the fact it contained a hit recording, "Aba Daba Honeymoon" by the rising, young personalities, lifted from the sound track of the film. It was the first

such sound track recording to reach the Hit Parade. The billing on that million seller read Carlton Carpenter and Debbie Reynolds. It was the last time she took second billing to her other young contemporaries. The next film she was assigned neatly took care of that.

That recording and the film appearance from which it was taken, along with the instant public reaction, proved to Metro that they had a young lady on their hands with a very special appeal. That success garnered her the female lead in "Singing In The Rain." In the classic Hollywood tradition, a star was born. Actually, in her opinion it was more like a star was worked. Understand, she didn't mind the hard work. She was used to a very active life. The opportunity to work with Gene Kelly and Donald O'Connor was thrilling to the fan part of her . . . you find it's still deeply imbedded. This classic musical — one of the very best ever made — is a perfect example of that right part at the right time. There's no doubt that this is the one that pushed her over the top to stardom . . . especially to her.

She's never forgotten all the help she got from her two co-stars in that film. It was a dream come true for a high school girl. That lesson of help is one she never forgot. It's very evident in her attitude toward other young performers today. She is always offering help and encouragement. This attitude spills over into her work with various charities. She's deeply involved with the Thalias, a well known Hollywood charity organization. She is a past president



Her first MGM film, "Three Little Words" with Carlton Carpenter.



Between scenes from MGM's "The Catered Affair."

and still a very active member. They, along with William Lundigan — an old friend of Miss Reynolds — are sponsoring this blindness prevention telethon. It is nice to see someone in a position to be of real help, use all her abilities to do some good. Much the same can be said of her loyalty. This extends to her involvement with the Girl Scouts, a particular pet project of hers, right on to her old high school friends, many of whom she remains friendly and keeps in constant contact. Cloying? Not one bit! After meeting the lady you'll understand it perfectly.

It is with a certain respect and even gratefulness that she treats her stardom. It's like she's made herself a promise when she was working her way up and now intends to keep that promise. A guard at the television station was trying to hold back some eager fans. She gave him a withering look and cheerfully motioned them over. After signing their autograph books, she even took the time to chat with them a while. Equally important is her attitude toward the business that has given her so much. That, and the fan in her that treats it with such awe, has given her still another pet project, the Hollywood Museum. She took the reins of that floundering project and has managed to get it on some steady ground.

Her star status was assured when she managed to sparkle through a series of less than memorable roles in even lesser

movies. They would have torpedoed other talents but she was bright and frothy, attracting a wider and wider audience of fans. One particular bright spot for her was "The Catered Affair." For the first time since the Helen Kane role, the critics greeted her performance with kudos, saying that she'd shaken off all her starlet dust and emerged an actress. The film and other stars met with far less enthusiasm. Her amazed, amused reaction is still slight disbelief getting better reviews than Bette Davis!

With most performers, it's hard to fix that moment when they leave simple stardom and enter the heights of true superdom. Not for Debbie Reynolds. "Tammy and The Bachelor," a role with which she is still identified (and trying to live down . . . she turned the sequel down cold, refusing all sorts of money) not only brought her to that special place but began a new career as a recording star as well. The title song, "Tammy" brought her a second gold record, a hit L.P. and exposure to still another phase of show business. There was no question about the billing this time.

She has always been very serious about her craft. Although a snappy come back was the standard reply to the bad reviews, they still affected her. She worked doubly hard, learning all she could from the good directors when she was assigned to do films with them. Her performances began to improve with her growing stardom. In "The Rat Race," one of the first films she did out from under the watchful eye of M.G.M., when her contract expired, she caused even her severest critics to sit up and take notice. She had to be especially careful now, since she was making her own film deals as an independent. She did very well indeed. Only a couple of years later she followed that critical success up with a role that she wanted very badly, campaigned hard for and finally won. It was "The Unsinkable Molly Brown" back at the old studio, Metro. All the work paid off. It let her really tear up the place, exposing her roudy, good-humored charm to an adoring public. It remains her favorite role to date, one that made two high school dreams come true, an Academy Award nomination (she feels that just a nomination, in itself, is a great honor) and footprints in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater.

It was a natural choice. There has



With Walter Brennan as her crotchety grandfather in "Tammy and the Bachelor" (Universal 1957).



The real Debbie Reynolds is finally revealed to a horde of fans that ate it up. It was her biggest box office hit and won her an Oscar nomination and footprints in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese



Curtis Harrington's "What's the Matter With Helen," with Shelly Winters (United Artists 1972).



Left to right, Miss Reynolds, Gene Kelly, Jean Hagen . . . in her Oscar nominated role . . . and Donald O'Connor, from "Singing In The Rain" (MGM).



Theatre. In this scene she is doing the famous "Belly Up The Bar, Boys" from "The Unsinkable Molly Brown" (MGM 1964).



Exchanging Norman Lear's barbs with Dick Van Dyke in "Divorce American Style" (Columbia 1967).

been no other role so close to her own personality and afforded her the opportunity to show off her tom-boy charm. It did help the public to find something more in her than the too sweet girl-next-door, for which she will always be grateful. Once this side of her personality was exposed and accepted, it didn't take much for the fans to adjust to a wild appearance on the Johnny Carson Show that involved a funny, semi-striptease, done behind his desk, of course. That wild humor and those snappy come-backs, so well known in Hollywood circles, finally became public. This opened still further avenues of success to her and as a result of that show she decided to try the nightclubs of Las Vegas, which had offered her a very lucrative contract. She was a smash success and still returns to play the best rooms in the city. Shortly after that first club act came the part most critics still consider her best screen performance to date, "Divorce American Style." Sadly, it was not widely seen and the sharply funny script, although Oscar nominated, losing to the limp "Guess Who's Coming To Dinner," is one of her best. Miss Reynolds was more than up to Norman Lear's barbed lines. It is a film that's well worth watching the next time it's shown on T.V.

The only things that have managed to approach it recently was the co-bout she and Shelly Winters had in Curtis Harrington's "What's The Matter With Helen?" and her age spanning charter in "How The West Was Won." Her most recent appearance was as one of the tour guides through the vaults of the old M.G.M. musicals in "That's Entertainment." It was a chore she thoroughly enjoyed. Her enthusiasm is very evident on the screen. She even helped organize a charity premiere and personally called, wrote or visited as many of the M.G.M. stock company as possible asking them to attend that now historic party in Beverly Hills.

It seems strange that she waited so long to tackle Broadway. Not to her though, at first she was just too busy, or always under contract — regarded as just a film star by the studios — then, later, there seemed to be no suitable scripts. Her humor may be off-center but never is off-color. Two rules govern all of her appearances, either film or stage, no nudity and no obscenity. "Irene" was a good choice for her to conquer the

Great White Way. It was a total conquest, her reviews were great! Her own high voltage managed to keep it afloat for two years on Broadway. This same voltage, along with her reputation and image, helped to set new house records when she took the show on the road. Currently she holds the record for attendance in her home town of Hollywood.

A page appears to alert her that it's almost time for her appearance. She thanks him, gives me a final smile, poses for one quick, last photo and glides away. It suddenly occurs to me that reserve she's displayed backstage was for a reason . . . she was direct but seldom showed those wild, witty flashes she's famous for. I thought it must be because of her hectic pace of the day. Well, that was only the start of it. I'm sure she was a bit weary but was saving her energies for that all important appearance. As she stepped into the pool of light just out of camera range that vivid, vivacious girl re-emerged. Wouldn't you know? She was saving it for her fans!

She is introduced by William Lundigan and sweeps on camera. If there's a tired muscle in her body you surely couldn't tell it. All the young television up and coming actresses stop what they are doing and just watch a real star in action. For them, it's almost like a class in just being. That impact she has on the other people in the industry is almost as important to the observer as her own image, in trying to find out about Debbie Reynolds. As everyone is observing with rapt attention I hear a young actor behind me murmuring, with total reverence, about how she handles herself, holding in backstage then going out there and just giving herself totally. He urges someone else close to him to watch, adding that it's her smile . . . she always smiles . . . his final conclusion is that is what a superstar is all about. You know . . . he's right!



More Stars Than There Are In Heaven. Assembled for MGM's gala 50th Anniversary Reunion Ball Friday night (5/17) following the World Premiere of "That's Entertainment." Miss Reynolds in middle row — fourth from right.



THE NEED FOR HUMAN CONTACT

DAVID ROTHENBERG

Sexism — and the contempt which many heterosexual men have for women — dominates any real discussion of homosexuality in male prisons.

To reflect on homosexuality in a male prison, it is necessary to discard most notions of what gay life is on the streets. Sex in prison has little to do with being gay. It has much to do with human sexuality and the need for human contact. The manifestation of homosexuality in a male prison is a clear microscopic view of sexism and sexual duplicity in our society.

The prevailing ambiance in prison is clearly the absence of choice. Also, prison officials have traditionally used sex as a weapon — to control and to punish the prisoners. Homosexuality, specifically, is used by authorities. It is publically condemned but it is used, internally, to pacify and contain the inmate population.

The most publicized and notorious aspect of prison sexuality is the gang rape. These assaults are usually made by ostensibly heterosexual men. They clearly seem to reflect unleashed anger rather than sexual lust. It is the inevitable result of placing large groups of people in a confined and oppressive

atmosphere.

The object of the prison rape is often someone who is scorned by the attacking mob. In one prison riot, a few years back, several prisoners were indicted for gang-raping a guard who was intensely hated by his assailants. Psychologists would do well to make inquiry into the utilization of sex to punish a symbol of the enemy.

* * *

In the mens' institutions an inmate is not burdened with the label "homosexual" if he participates in a homosexual act. In the strange sub-culture of prison life you are homosexual if you assume the passive role. It does not matter if it was by choice or by force. If it is his preference, an inmate is a "girl" or a "queen." If an inmate does a "prison switch" he is labeled a "punk."

Social status can be maintained if the role as sexual aggressor is maintained. To be the "old man" is O.K. The passive homosexual's status in the social hierarchy is usually a notch or two above the child molester and the informer. And the acknowledged "queen" gets a wider latitude than the "punk."

Conversely, the obtrusive homosexual in the women's prison ("the butch" or "the man") is at the peak of the social ladder. She gains acceptance from staff

and is sought by the femmes as masculine protection.

This logic might appear to be convoluted but it is encouraged and perpetuated by the prison authorities. An obsteporous convict in a male institution will be told by an official, "get yourself a kid and settle down." The "kid" has little choice once he is designated. If he is the sexual target, the prisoner has a few alternatives. They are the following: (1) he can become "owned" by the assailant; (2) he can become public property; (3) he can commit suicide; (4) he can knife or pipe the attacker(s); or, (5) he can "rat" on the attacker(s) and would then need to be placed into isolation for protection. The latter choice is tantamount to doing all his time in solitary confinement.

Michael Chaytor, a Trenton (N.J.) convict, refused all of the above options after he was raped in his cell. He sought confrontation with the system which permitted these limited alternatives and wrote politicians and newspapers. He received little support from within the institution and his political daring made him a continual target.

* * *

John Herbert, author of the prison drama, "Fortune and Men's Eyes," often reflected on his own initiation into jail.

This experience, of course, served as the catalyst for his seering drama of sexual manipulation within an institution.

As a 16-year old, new to prison life, John Herbert was gang-raped during his first week in the prison. John made a personal commitment to himself in jail, that although his body has become public property, he would not permit the destruction of his mind and spirit. He survived the ordeal. Because he was homosexual, prison officials did not believe that sexual assaults upon him were a serious problem.

It is this same sexist notion which permits officials to conjecture that prostitutes cannot be raped. One law enforcement person barked, "they sell it, so somebody took one without paying." Yet most manufacturers who sell products would not have the same attitude if someone took a television set.

* * *

Pat, an acknowledged homosexual, was once given to a federal dormitory as a bonus. It had been the cleanest dormitory and therefore was to be rewarded with a "girl" to do with as the residents pleased.

* * *

Rickey, a young gay who was sent to

prison, was not into drag or role-playing when he arrived at Elmira (N.Y.). Male inmates insisted and threatened that he do so. He was beaten up for not complying quickly enough. Had he failed to role play (while some of the men found him attractive) it would have threatened their sexual rationalizations.

* * *

There is no prevailing philosophy or policy, on the part of prison officials, on how to deal with gays. In numerous institutions, gays are totally separated from "the men." Mash notes and prison cunning are utilized by the men to reach "the girls." In other institutions, gays are permitted to be in population. This is rationalized, to critics, that it lessens tensions and reduces the possibility of rape.

It is unlikely that the neanderthal mentality of the American Correctional Association has ever considered the many inherent difficulties of homosexuality in prison. It is never on the agenda at their annual conferences.

Most male convicts, and ex-convicts, when discussing prison sexuality use a similar phrase over and over again. It goes . . . "my mother sent a son to prison and she's not going to get a

daughter back." For years I accepted that as a reaffirmation of heterosexuality.

However, since I publicly announced my homosexuality, many men have been more candid with me in revealing their institutional sexuality.

When a male prisoner asserts that he will not become a "daughter" or a "girl" he is not excluding the possibility of homosexual involvement. Men in prison are very emphatic about assuming the male role and thus rationalizing sexual acts with other men. It is part of the self delusion and sexual ambivalence which emerge in such an oppressive atmosphere. Prisons, which indeed create sexual anxieties and aggressions, pose as non-sexual places. The on-paper philosophy is that you check your sexual urges at the door when you enter the joint . . . and pick them up on your way out. Of course it doesn't work that way.

As men assume homosexual relations in prison the assumption of role becomes paramount, but who role-plays the man and who role-plays the woman dominates the sexual atmosphere. That love can (and does) emerge hardly obscures the pretense and the curious



Inside Attica



Scene from John Herbert's "Fortune & Men's Eyes"

contempt for what is called womanhood.

To be the aggressor or "the old man" is to be the anal sodomizer. The passive partner assumes the girl's role. I was perplexed enough to make inquiry about fellatio — assuming that the man who is receiving the "blow job" is passive and the "girl" is being aggressive. Not at all, I was reassured; though the girl does the work (aggressive) she still is the receptacle of his manhood.

The mind boggles.

A friend of mine (call him Frank) approached me after my public "coming out." He indicated to me that he, too, might be gay. Frank is in his mid-30's, obtrusively macho and handsome. He grew up in orphanages, reformatories, and has been in and out of prisons most of his life. That he might be acquainted with homosexuality was hardly news. What was surprising was to learn that since he was last released from prison, four years ago, he was living as "husband and wife" with a male. Frank and his lover were never together in public, lest he be considered homosexual.

Reared in the prison sub-culture, Frank, knowing that he was a man, a male, a person with a penis which he

used for his sexual pleasure, honestly believed that he was a heterosexual. He identified little with the gay movement. Indeed, the relationship is so cemented in role-playing that his lover must understand both feminist and gay movements to survive their relationship.

* * *

It is admirable but sad to read of gay "street" organizations attempting to raise prison consciousness by convincing wardens that they be permitted to counsel gay prisoners. Gay organizations could drain themselves in such an undertaking. To approach change in the prison system with such fragmentary tactics is to apply band-aids to gangrene. Gays, who seek new opportunities and new horizons for imprisoned homosexuals, should not solicit prison administration approval so that they can enter the jails and prisons to apply salve to the wounds.

I think that it is necessary for gay groups, concerned about re-structuring our criminal justice system, to join hands with allied groups to accelerate such changes.

Gay groups can continue to deal with prisoners on a one-to-one basis in order to achieve visibility and legitimacy for the prisoners. The danger is that "street

groups," seeking an "in" with prisoners attempt to legitimize themselves with the prison. A trade-off is usually the result. Outside groups are given a small handful of people to save and the prison officials use that to ward off structural and substantive change.

The system must be altered so that it addresses itself to basic issues of the human condition. Outsiders must be cautious not to "adopt" one prisoner and put themselves in the role of soul saver.

Perversely, many gays used their homosexuality to explain why they are in prison. Although it is true that the police, the courts and the prisons are historically oppressive to gays, it must also be noted that it is too often an easy way out. Gay prisoners must begin to assume responsibility for their own behavior, self-destructive or anti-social.

Since heterosexuals also go to prisons, gayness is not the sole reason. It is similar to gay alcoholics explaining their drunken state as a result of the sexual orientation, which can hardly explain millions of heterosexual alcoholics.

There has been very little honest discussion of homosexuality in prisons — by inmates or administrators. Prison sex has been ignored or sensationalized, but rarely realized as an inevitable aspect of human sexuality.

This must begin. It is essential for all people in prison, irrespective of sexual persuasion.



A CRISIS EVERY DAY

By Allan Leopold

Photography by Hy Chase



DAVID GLASCOCK looks like a sagacious owl behind his horn-rimmed glasses and anyone who talks to him for any length of time comes away from the interview knowing that the Gay Cause in the County's Hall of Administration is in very good hands indeed.

"I think this is a tremendous breakthrough for Gays in this city," I began. "Your appointment by Ed Edelman was a courageous thing for him to do and a tremendously significant one; a landmark for other cities across our nation to pay close attention to and to emulate to their benefit as well."

David smiled.

"It never ceases to amaze me the effect my appointment had. The tremendous media coverage when it was announced surprised me. Let me describe to you what happened. First of all, our Press man began receiving phone calls. From Los Angeles Magazine, from the City News Service, the Los Angeles Times

... from all the media representatives ... asking if it were true that Ed Edelman had appointed a homosexual to his staff? And, of course, he said that it was."

"How did the news that you were a homosexual filter through to the media?"

"We assume it was the Advocate that was responsible. They ran a detailed story on my appointment and, apparently, someone read it, thought we were trying to hide something from the straight Press and they all decided to rush up here, en masse, and put us on the spot. Of course, we were not trying to hide anything. I was grilled for about thirty minutes with probing questions."

"What was the exact nature of these questions?"

"Mainly what I thought should be the priorities in this office in regard to Gays. What I hoped to accomplish as a gay person working for Supervisor Edelman ... One question which I found in-

teresting was: 'Do you resent being called a homosexual?' All this attention was a surprise, a shock. There were announcements on every television station, on every radio station."

"Did your parents get wind of this?"

"My father who lives in Atlanta, Georgia said it was in the Atlanta Journal."

"Did this upset his home life?"

"Oh no. My parents have known about me for a long time, now. They're very cooperative and understanding."

"The town that you grew up in didn't know, did it?"

"It really doesn't bother me. They know now. Friends of mine wrote that the Puerto Rican papers carried the story and they read it while vacationing there. There were other ramifications. A staff member here has a girlfriend who lives in Virginia. Her parents picked up a paper there and asked their daughter what kind of a man Ed Edelman was who would hire a homosexual? So it became a national thing and I don't think anyone else in this office, including myself, thought that it would. Three days later all the media descended upon this office again and demanded to speak to the Supervisor. Our press representative asked what they wished to talk to him about and they refused to say. So we all got together here to see if we could guess what was in the wind. The general consensus was that it probably had to do with my arrest record."

I arched my eyebrow.

"You were arrested?"

"Yes, it's no secret. When I was nineteen, twelve years ago, I was arrested for having sex with a fifteen-year-old boy."

"Did you serve any time?"

"I was incarcerated for eighteen months at the Wapon State Prison in Wapon, Wisconsin. As a matter of fact, back in 1972 (when I first became active in the Gay Rights Movement), the Advocate ran a story about me and this information was included at my specific request. I didn't want anyone throwing this up in my face later on and accusing me of hiding it."

"My dear friend," I interrupted. "You have great guts. I admire you. Please continue."

"Well, the upshot of the whole thing was that Ed finally saw this contingent of newspeople alone in his office at

about 5:30. At 6 they all trouped out and appeared to regard me in a friendlier light. I, subsequently, learned that Mr. Edelman took a very strong stand in regard to me. My appointment was no sudden thing on his part. He knew me and he believed in me and the Past was a dead issue as far as he was concerned. I had served my time, I had paid Society back for whatever wrong they thought I had done to it and he wanted this town to give me a chance to prove my worth in a public office. It was a marvelous gesture and about the sort of behavior I have come to expect from him."

"How far does your friendship with Mr. Edelman go back?"

"To when I first began working with the Gay Movement in Los Angeles."

"You helped put Mr. Edelman in office?"

"I was asked a year before the Supervisorial Race to set up a meeting for Mr. Edelman with leaders of the Gay Community and I did so. At that time he expressed grave concern for the rights of Gays and asked to be supported by them in his campaign. Some commitments were made at that time from the Gay Leadership. From that point on, Supervisor Edelman has never backed off in his fight for fairness in regard to our issues. I was contacted and asked if I would be willing to coordinate his efforts on behalf of the Gay Community and I said that I would. I was not salaried as a campaign member. However, my expenses were paid. I was given a desk and telephone in his office and I worked very closely with his Chairman. As an end result, Mr. Edelman won by a plurality of 89% in some districts. This is an incredible achievement for which I do not take sole credit. Gays got out and voted for him. It wasn't an easy task to reach them for they are spread out extensively throughout the city. And The Advocate cannot logically consolidate their thinking as it has only 40,000 of the gay readership according to a poll taken."

"With its new change of format, it will now have a readership of 5,000."

"No comment. Anyway, we worked to get a Sexual Orientation Clause on Supervisor Edelman's standard campaign literature. This is the first time in the history of any election ANYWHERE in this country where a politician has been that up-front on an issue. In the

past, special brochures were created for the Gay Community and for the Het Community and they have never mixed the two. In this case, history was made. And the time must have been right for this because Mr. Edelman won the election."

"Were you instrumental in putting Burt Pines in?"

"Let's just say that I worked very hard on his campaign too. My work in this office has nothing to do with what goes on in his but I am in constant communication with him."

"What strides are you making?"

"Let's begin by saying that I am the first known Gay and the first Ex-Con ever to hold an appointment at this level in County Government. It's quite a burden to carry."

"Do you care to divulge your salary?"

"My salary is a matter of record. I make \$12,760 a year. As a matter of fact, Chief Ed Davis has quoted my salary around town many times. I have wanted to meet with him but he absolutely refuses to see me under any conditions. Furthermore, he constantly criticizes my appointment."

"I would not lose any sleep over that."

Glascok shrugged his shoulders. "I do not lose sleep over Ed Davis."

"He's a cross we have to bear."

"But the weight will be lessening as time goes on."

"However, all the zaps that we have made on him have proved to be fruitless."

"Well, I think that we have probably gone in the wrong direction. We should now turn toward his Constituency and begin educating the people. As this occurs and people are enlightened, his political base will begin to crumble. You may remember what happened to the tyrants of Rome. The asinine statements he makes about homosexuals will eventually convince very few of his listeners and, as a direct result, he will either have to shut up or get out."

"Your exalted office is bound to inspire all of us to look to you for Leadership. Has this office caused your private life to come under fire?"

"I have learned through private sources that the Hollywood Vice Squad, upon learning of my appointment, arrested some young men for prostitution and offered to drop their charges if

they would get something on me. This doesn't surprise me because this has been going on for a long time. Not only do they want me, there are other people that they want. I think this shows where their heads are at. This indicates the mentality of Vice Officers. I have taken certain precautions. I have moved out of the Hollywood area into West Hollywood. I live a very private life now. You see, I cannot afford to jeopardize the position of the Supervisor who has stuck his neck way out for me. Not only for me but for the whole Gay Community as well. So I have to be very careful. I don't want to jeopardize the Gay Movement in any way, shape or form by em-



barrassing them. It's very exhausting to think of the symbol that I now represent but it's also very gratifying to have worked so long and so hard and to know that I have achieved it."

"How long is your appointment for?"

"For as long as my boss wants me."

"What does your typical day consist of?"

"I get to the office about 8:30. I handle a tremendous amount of paper work. I get about 40 phone calls a day relating to problems within the Gay Community. I have many constituent problems of a general nature. The majority of them right now are in the area of Welfare Recipients who are having problems of some kind . . . County employees who have a beef with their department for some reason or another

... problems of urban renewal ... all kinds of things. It's an incredible learning process I'm going through right now. This I can tell you I have learned. People who work in government, this office at any rate, work HARD. The assumption they don't earn the money they make is wrong. There is a lot of pressure. There's a crisis every day. As soon as you overcome one, another comes along instantly to take its place."

"David, do you think the Slasher has homosexual overtones? No women have ever been involved."

"Well, first of all, it bothers me that the press would arbitrarily label him homosexual. There is no proof of this.



They have no way of knowing it. The police department have inferred the same thing and I feel this is completely unfair to the Gay Community. For instance, when have either the police or the media labeled any specific crime as having 'heterosexual overtones'? When homosexuality is involved in a crime, it is always played up. When heterosexuality is involved, it is simply never mentioned. It is my feeling that when hate is preached against anybody by officials at the highest level of our city it can actually encourage homophobes to go out and kill."

"I think the most ridiculous thing I have ever heard of is this police sketch of the so-called Slasher, depicting him for no reason with long blond hair, and then arbitrarily grabbing a young boy

with long blond hair out of the Copper Skillet Restaurant the other evening and, with no evidence to go on whatsoever, mauling him unmercifully. It's incredible. But, to get on, what are your goals for your office?"

"I don't think they are MY goals. I work for Supervisor Edelman. They are HIS goals. Mr. Edelman is a Civil Libertarian. He is very personally committed to protecting the civil rights of every person. I think he wants to see every citizen in this County treated fairly no matter what minority he belongs to. So these are my goals too. As far as specific aims are concerned, I would like to see the County government confront the issue of Gay juveniles. They presently have nowhere to go except to Juvenile Hall. They have no one they can go to who understands their problem and can help them deal with it."

"It would be nice if it were legal for a single man to adopt a gay child."

"Well, there are many options and many ways of handling this. We're going to look at them all before deciding what direction to take. I would like to see Gay men and women appointed to appropriate positions in County government. I would like to see them on sensitive commissions, where they could affect County policy. I have every reason to believe that, at least, one gay person is now being considered for a Commission and I am hopeful that this will expand in the future. I am interested in funding Gay organizations that need help. The Gay Community Service Center has already received some County funding."

"How long have you been in office?"

"The Supervisor took office December the second and I took office on the fifteenth."

"Can you point with pride to some accomplishments so far?"

"Yes. In regard to the issue of Food Stamps and people on fixed incomes. I supported Federal legislation that will put a freeze upon the cost of Food Stamps. I prepared a motion so that Congress could deal with the problem. The Supervisor made this motion and it was passed unanimously by the Board. It makes me feel good because any time I effect change I feel good. I've had people who've come in off the street with no place to stay and no food to eat and I've been able to get those people a place to sleep and food through our Department

of Social Services."

"Too bad that Beulahland was shot down."

"It's my hope to do something in that area too someday. Juvenile problems take very high priority in my mind as well as in Ed Edelman's. Particularly Gay juveniles. Because, as I've said before, there's nowhere for them to go and no one to help them and, as a result, they end up being male prostitutes and living a very degrading life. That is not to infer that all male prostitutes feel degraded. But some juveniles simply can't handle it and they weren't born to be prostitutes. It's a way of life thrust upon them because they were hungry, without resources, with no one to turn to. So they sell the only thing they can: their bodies."

"Have you had any contact with your fifteen-year-old in the last twelve years?"

"No. That was a spur-of-the-moment contact. But there is a love in my life now."

"Would you care to discuss it?"

"Certainly. No objections at all. But, first, let's go have lunch. My stomach is beginning to rumble."

We had a leisurely repast on the top floor of the courthouse building and then we strolled about on the roof, the city a tapestry of hurrying humanity below us.

"Charles is twenty-four."

"What's his last name?"

"Augugliaro. He's an Italian from Detroit, Michigan."

"How did you two meet?"

"I met him driving a cab and a year later I met him at a party. We've never separated since that party. We've had the usual problems that couples with a ten-year difference in their age span have."

"What year were you born?"

"November 12, 1940 in Cincinnati, Ohio. My astrological sign is Scorpio."

"Does his family know about his relationship with you?"

"I don't know. I doubt it. I suspect his mother knows but it's never discussed."

"Do you have any brothers?"

"A younger brother."

"Does he know about you? Does he approve?"

"He holds no animosity toward me."

"What kind of work does Charles do?"

"He's a chauffeur."

"Tell me something about your life together."

"We enjoy each other. We have a lot of fun. We read a lot."

"Who do you like?"

"Joe Wambaugh. I think he describes police work as it really is. I like his work because I think he's honest and I think that's why he's no longer with the police department. I don't think he necessarily has a great idea of Gays, though."

"Getting back to your lover and your life together . . ."

"We lead a quiet life. Occasionally we go to The Other Side, a gay club in Hollywood. We know Chris Cox and Scott Harvey, the owners. We enjoy the atmosphere there."

"How do you feel about the Gay Liberation Parade every year?"

"I strongly support it although last year there was an ugly incident with the police. Pat Rocco and I met personally with the Hollywood Chief and he was very hostile. It involved what I choose to think was a deliberate confrontation with gays crossing Sunset at Cherokee. He wrote a very negative report to Police Chief Davis. I think they are willing to try anything every year to prevent the parade from taking place but it must as I feel it is a very essential part of our Movement. As a member of Supervisor Edelman's staff, I cannot involve myself in this area but, as a member of the Christopher Street West Steering Committee, I can and I do in a behind-the-scenes way. But, as I told you before, Police Chief Davis will not discuss any matters with a Gay and he won't as long as he is in office."

"How long is that?"

"For as long as he wishes or until he retires."

"Is Police Chief Davis in public office to serve his own ends or those of the people?"

"That's a good question."

"You mean to tell me that District Attorney Burt Pines cannot reason with this man?"

"I'm sure he's tried many times but to no avail. And I am powerless because I work for the County and not the City and I must not make waves in regard to City matters. However, as far as the Sheriff's Department is concerned, I have tried to improve conditions between sheriff deputies and Gays within the County."

"Give me a typical example of the

gay problems you wrestle with on a daily basis."

"There are many Gay restaurants and bars that require special Zoning licenses. Some have trouble with the Regional Planning Board or the Health Department or whatever. There are all kinds of problems that have to be ironed out and solved."

"Tell me what you think of the orgy of sexual stores that have blossomed on Santa Monica Boulevard in your territory since the advent of 'Deep Throat' at the Pussycat Theatre. There are Institutes of Oral Sex, signs inviting people to come in and wrestle with a nude woman, girls now actually sitting in the windows like they do in Hamburg, Germany and a veritable hornet's nest



of massage parlors. And they're all eyesores. Gays are not permitted that sort of open license."

"It's not as out in the open as it might appear to be because the actual truth of the situation is there's really very little sex in those places. They're all Rip-Off Joints. They've been checked out numbers of times by the Vice and there's legislation now in the works to force those places to post at their doors what services they give exactly for what amount of money. Do not think that, for thirty-five dollars, anyone is getting Sex. Oral Sex, so blatantly advertised, is simply Conversation. And they're off the hook, there, because you can't get arrested for talking about it. That's what the Institute of Oral Sex boils down to."

"Hmmm. Well, then, why was the

Circus Maximus closed down?"

"You'll never believe this but it's true. I can vouch for it because this is in my territory and I'm concerned with what goes on in my bailliwick. They were zoned improperly and, when this was discovered, they were simply shuttered because their Parking facilities were not adequate. This is the true reason for the Maximus closure."

"What is your opinion of all these hole-in-the-wall Hard-Core Porno Movie houses?"

"I, personally, do not feel threatened by Pornography."

"Tell me, you mentioned earlier in our interview that you have a lot of paper work to do each day. What causes the bulk of it?"

"Well, there are 63 County offices all responsible to us for reports. They are all, naturally, interested in impressing us with their functions so veritable rivers of paper pass my desk daily to be read, annotated and passed along to others. It is an unending task. Really, I've never seen so much paper work in my life."

"Well, you know, for certain activities you need paper out of necessity . . . tell me, are there any important homosexuals in key City positions?"

"Yes. There's Terry O'Brien, Pat O'Brien, the actor's son. He's one of Burt Pines's aides. He's also President of the Gay Community Services Center. He's on the City payroll and he's an attorney."

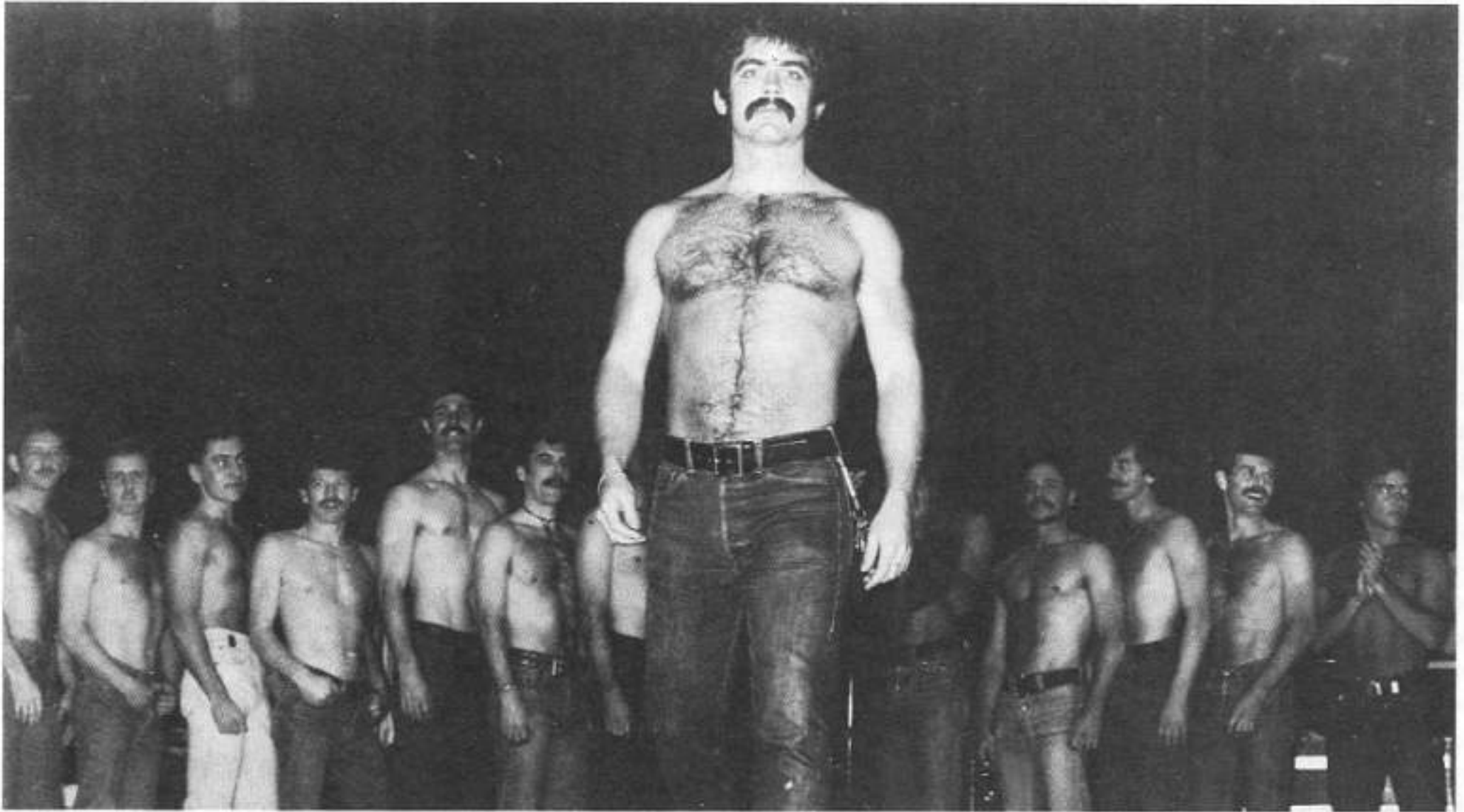
"This gives me an idea. It just might be interesting to interview Pat O'Brien and see how he feels in regard to his gay son. But, then, there are a lot of celebrities with gay sons and daughters. There's nothing new about that. It's a fact of life. Have you anything you particularly wish to cover that we haven't so far?"

David thought a moment.

"Yes, I do. I should like to point out that if Gays ever expect to get their rights they're going to have to support the people who are up-front fighting for them. I mean, morally and financially. I know that I've starved a long time before I've come in out of the rain and the shelter of this rare job. I know that Jim Kepner, who writes for your magazine, has starved for years and no one has stepped forward out of the Gay Community to help him or sponsor him. I could name you many others . . . Morris Kight . . . I think these people

Continued on p.76

Douglas Dean's Bay Area Beat



Steve Edwards Acme Man of the Year with other contestants. (photo by Exactly That Prod.)

SAN FRANCISCO — Many of us are not so sure that the finals for the Acme Man of the Year, an event which packed California Hall on January 31st, enlisted a large number of hunky contestants, and was claimed to be a "benefit" for the local gay community, was so magnanimous a gesture by that beer company as it appeared on the surface.

Acme Beer got a lot of publicity out of the deal, that's for sure, and no doubt the S.F. bar owners made a buck or two on the build-up, also. They say that the coffers of S.I.R. were enriched by \$3,000 from the evening's take. But it was the gay community itself which supported the contest and paid the admission price which went into S.I.R.'s treasury — not straight sympathizers nor the beer company.

The winner, who won a \$1,200 modeling contract and will work his tail off to earn it, was selected by a panel of straight judges. No Gays were invited to participate in the judging. (S.I.R.'s idea or the beer company's?) And was it just coincidence that the winner happened to represent the bar (and the bar owner) who engineered the contest in the first place? Not that the winner isn't a nice guy and very attractive. He is — but

there were a half dozen others in the line-up just as hunky.

Further, members of the gay press were required to buy tickets to get into California Hall to cover the contest, although the straight media and TV cameramen were admitted without charge. (Hardly an acceptable way to treat the press in ANY community.)

Acme Beer, the bar owners and S.I.R. are so jubilant over how things turned out that they've announced they will repeat the event in '76. Just to help the gay "community." Naturally. What else?

* * *

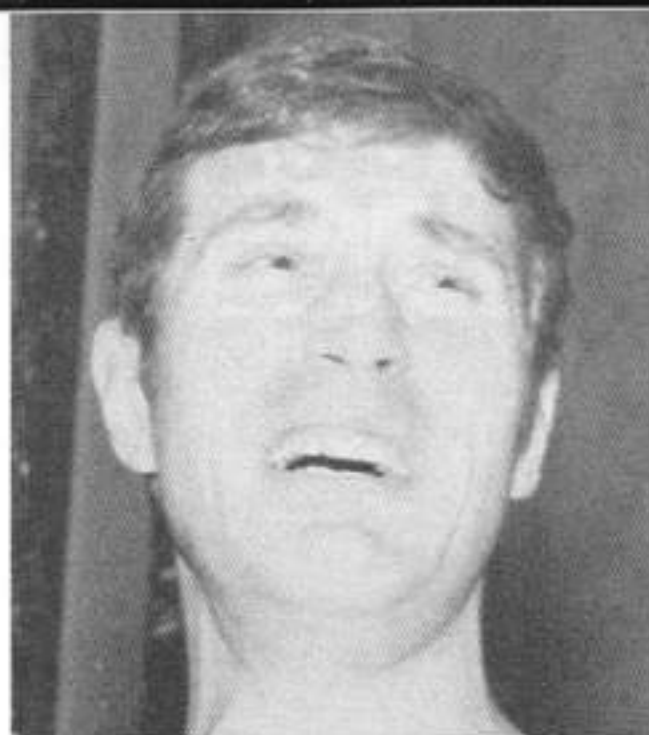
CURTAIN UP. If the American theatre is ever to develop a classical repertoire of its own it must have companies and directors who are willing to give new productions to hits of yesteryear, rather than permitting these plays to gather dust on the library shelves. That's one of the services which the American Conservatory in San Francisco performs; every season it stages some American drama which may not have been presented anywhere in several decades.

Elmer Rice's "Street Scene" is this season's offering, and director Ed Hastings has done a masterful job of re-

creating this somewhat turgid melodrama of 1929, supervising a large group of actors in a wide variety of characterizations, and in interpreting the script so that it has significance in modern times. The problems of the little people who meet on the stoop of the New York tenement are still real and human and touching, and as relevant today as they were forty-five years ago. (I do not agree with some of the local critics who believe that a play is dated merely because its characters dress in a different style or use the idiom of a different era.)

Barbara Dirickson is winsome and appealing in the rather colorless role of Rose, and Michael Hume makes her young Jewish admirer convincing if not terribly attractive. Elizabeth Huddle is heartbreaking as a lonely warm-hearted woman whose extra-marital affair brings on the climax of the play (with her lover's murder) and Rose Kobart and Marrian Walters are amusing as harpies who gossip about all that goes on in the neighborhood. I also liked Megan Cole who gives a moving performance as the Jewish boy's spinster sister.

Since my last column appeared ACT



Peter Decker—Mr. Gay S.F. '75



Tammy Lynn—Miss Gay S.F. '75



Kimo

has added three other plays to its season's repertoire: the musical "Horatio," a revival of "The Taming of the Shrew" and Tom Stoppard's leg-pulling "Jumpers."

"Horatio" threw no new light on the life or character of its hero, Horatio Alger, which might have been forgivable if the show had been mildly diverting. It wasn't. Somebody was really out to lunch when the company's directors decided to do this turkey. "Horatio" can't even be considered a worthwhile failure; it's hard to understand how anybody saw the slightest merit in it from the beginning. I will spare the actors who got caught in it by not mentioning their names. (The show has since closed.)

"The Taming of the Shrew," with Anthony Teague replacing Marc Singer as Petruchio, is still a lively offering and will no doubt please theatre-goers who haven't seen the ACT production and who don't mind a larger dose of Bill Ball than Bill Shakespeare. Fredi Olster is beautiful and energetic as Katherina. Teague has an ingratiating personality, but it's far better suited to musical comedy than the Bard of Avon; in "Shrew" one constantly expects him to burst into "Where Is the Life That Late I Led?" at any moment. As for the other actors, they have all been minutely choreographed by Ball and they move where they're directed to move WHEN they're directed to move, all gestures perfectly in time with percussion instruments which beat out their rhythm. It may be good vaudeville, but is it good Shakespeare?

"Jumpers" is a bit of a put-on by author Stoppard. I didn't find it as enigmatic as some of the local critics did; if one has the patience to indulge

the playwright his fits of mental gymnastics and stays in one's seat till the final curtain one discovers that the play is really existentialist in what it has to say: Life is absurd, none of it makes any sense, but the striving is what makes it all worth the effort. (Remember "The Myth of Sisyphus?") William Patterson and Hope Alexander-Willis give stunning performances in this pot-pourri which, I suspect, ACT will not revive next season.

* * *

DEAN'S DIVERSIONS. A dozen or fifteen years ago there were five or six major "resident" theatre companies (so named to differentiate them from touring shows which played the Geary and the Curran) which used professional and near-professional actors in this area to present high calibre productions.

Then, with the appearance of ACT on the scene in the mid-sixties, these companies floundered, gasped their last breaths and closed their doors. The competition provided by major league financing proved too much for them. Many fine actors and directors have remained in San Francisco, however, frustrated and with no place to work — because ACT, with a few exceptions, has not employed local artists.

Real creative drive, however, is difficult to stifle. Recently these actors and directors have started to band together again, have opened shows in store fronts and community center basements, have garnered good reviews from the critics, and — perhaps because the current ACT season is not very exciting — are starting to draw appreciative audiences.

The Poverty Theatre, managed by Philip Pruneau, is aptly named. No money is wasted by this group on super-

ficial trappings. Its shows are presented in a cellar on 16th Street near Mission, and during performances noise from the water pipes is often distracting. Set and costume decorations are absolutely minimal. But a number of dedicated people attend classes during the week at the Poverty Theatre, and on different weekends I saw this company present productions of "Stalag 17" and Pinter's "Old Times" which were surprisingly effective. William Wilson and Elizabeth Kellar have acted in the Bay area for years and years; they give polished and subtle performances in the leading roles of the Pinter play which, as this column goes to press, is still drawing good houses in the tiny make-shift theatre.

Way out on Clement Avenue another group called The Open Theatre is presenting Arthur Kopit's "Indians," in a store front which accommodates only fifty people in its audience. I felt positively claustrophobic when I walked in the door of this place; it's just a narrow room not more than thirty feet long and with no stage whatsoever. It also depressed me to think that Will Marchetti and Robert Cowell, who have contributed so much to local theatre over the past twenty years, should have to perform in, shall we say, such modest surroundings and without pay, simply because there's no place else for them to go. But Marchetti and Cowell and an actor named Joseph Whipp (strikingly magnetic and moving as Sitting Bull) give vigorous performances in "Indians" and they made me forget the embarrassment I felt over the conditions in which they had to work.

All the while these gifted and dedicated people labor in such less than desirable circumstances. Cyril Magnin entreats the wealthy people of San

San Francisco to subsidize ACT, a company which employs most of its artists and technicians from other parts of the country. The local Equity members go without jobs or much recognition. I don't mean to put ACT down; its contribution to the S.F. cultural scene is immeasurable. But I think it's about time that San Francisco money — or at least a part of it — went to employ San Francisco actors. How about it, Mr. Ball?

AROUND TOWN. The finals for Mr. and Miss Gay San Francisco, held at the Bellevue Hotel, was one of the most pleasant and successful of these events so far staged by H. L. Perry, who originated the titles and began awarding them a few years ago. Peter Decker was so moved when he was declared the new Mr. S.F. that he burst into tears as he accepted his trophy, but Tammy Lynn remained cool, lovely and elegant when announced Miss Gay San Francisco for 1975. The noted entertainer Kimo was m.c. for this event.

Michell played the Palace (Hotel ballroom) to celebrate his twenty years as a star in the local firmament, and the grand ballroom was filled to capacity on a Saturday and Sunday evening as the well-known and greatly loved impersonator did his thing. He paraded on a ramp, changed costumes four or five times during the show, and was backed by a line of twenty chorus boys and a twelve piece orchestra. Michelle doesn't have much of a singing voice, but he does have style and presence plus an instinct for the theatrical, and his patter with an audience is unfailingly delicious.

"This show is my way of saying thank you to the community," Mike told me in a personal interview a few days before his performances. "It's about time Michelle played the Palace, don't you think?"

Mike (as he's known to his intimates) came to the Bay area after a Navy discharge in the mid-fifties and opened his own beauty shop in the Castro area. He claims to have been the first gay business in that section. Show biz, though, has been a secondary career for him. "I still love my little blue-haired old ladies," he says, referring to his loyal salon customers, "but I like to trip the fantastic once in a while!"

He was a great success as the lead in "Hello, Dolly!" ("I have more freedom in a one-man show, but a book show is

good discipline for me," he admits.) He still wants to do "Gypsy" someday and also thinks that "Minnie's Boys," the story of the Marx Brothers which was a flop on Broadway, could be a hit with himself in the Shelley Winters-Mama role — if the musical were staged and directed properly. Could be. The S.F. gay community, and a lot of its straight and bi-people too, are fond of Mike and would probably root for his success in almost anything.

DOUG'S DOODLES. It was George Bernard Shaw who said it. "Independence? That's middle class blasphemy. We are all dependent on one another, every soul of us on earth" . . . Just another way of saying, perhaps, that we should all do our best to get along with each other . . . Artist Mark Muelleian, profiled in our Feb.-March issue, was on TV news three nights in succession recently when he spent 72 hours on the sidewalk guarding a collection of his paintings. Many of Mark's canvases are so large he's had trouble finding suitable studio space. However, after his appearances on TV, several people have come up with ideas to help him and it's probable he'll have a suitable roof over his head very soon . . . Mark's father, mentioned in our article, recently died. His lover, Ron Raz, is scheduled to be our Discovery man in an early issue . . . The campaign for S.I.R. elections got a bit messy, with a couple of the candidates engaging in some mud-slinging. However, with the new officers now installed, the talk is all "Unity! Unity!" Doug De Young is the happy new president and Bill Plath, a write-in candidate, was elected vice-president. (The two men competing for the office on the ballot were highly controversial, with the result that Plath walked off with the vote.) . . . Kathy Ross, the little girl who used to stuff envelopes in the Actors Workshop office and then went on to Hollywood fame in such films as "The Graduate" and "Butch Cassidy," got panned by her home town critics for her performance in "The Stepford Wives," although the Hollywood trade papers and other periodicals said she did a good job. What's that I hear about prophets in their own country? A propos of this, and also what I said about ACT not employing local actors, here's another tidbit. The TV series "Streets of San Francisco" casts only extras and bits

from the ranks of S.F.-SAG members. Karl Ellis, a graduate of ACT theatre school and a model in IN TOUCH a few issues back, had to go to Hollywood to cinch a part he played in the series episode aired in early February. It's all rather ridiculous, isn't it? . . . At the same time, I have a producer for my play "Special Friends," but haven't yet raised enough backing for it — while S.I.R. put up cash for production of a play called "Kiss The Sky" (a play in progress, I should say) written by a man who is totally unknown on the local scene . . . Oh, well. Even William Faulkner was known to his neighbors as "that man down the road a piece who writes books" . . . Ex-S.I.R. president and his friend Gardner were hosts for the Second Tuesday club in February and treated an enthusiastic group to a carefully planned dinner in Chinatown. Amiable Pat Butler and the very nice Bud Flounders were seated on my left and right, respectively . . . The Golden Gate Business Association, which I have just been asked to join, is an organization of gay businessmen who have banded together to help each other and to discuss mutual problems. You'll be hearing more from me about this group in the future . . . That's thirty for this time. But remember, although America still worships youth, being young is no special accomplishment. It's how long you live and what you do with your life that truly matters. ●



Anthony S. Teague featured as the Boastful suitor in "The Taming of the Shrew."

PORNOGRAPHY IN CHICAGO

Andre

From Wakefield Poole's "Boys in the Sand"



Once upon a time the supreme court said:

"Let there be obscenity on film."

And in the land there blossomed forth theaters in New York, and Los Angeles. Which begat many more theaters in those urban centers. In Chicagoland only two flowered and they were called the Newberry, and the Bijou. All the homosexuals rejoiced, as male nudity at last could work its wonders in the city by the lake.

The Bijou, became decorated, coffeed, modernized, but alas clean and small. Those that rejoiced, did not exactly attend in droves to see new films at La Bijou.

Whereas, the Newberry theater was

want to grow dirty, cold, and flooded, nevertheless the gay community rejoiced in its larger auditorium.

But like dragons in fairy tales are oft likely to do, it spit up a number of managements. None of these purges were to benefit the gay rejoicers. Nay, in fact they became ever more strangled by the near monopoly the malordorus Newberry has.

Meanwhile back on high the Supreme Court, castrated its own law. It decreed that while boys may be boys, by looking at boys on film, never may the same films cross state lines.

"Aha"! Says Newberry dragon. "While it may be possible for theaters in New York, San Francisco, and even little

Bijou to cope with this new situation, we dragons can't."

Here the tale ends and rank reality begins. The Newberry's problems seem to be so inordinate, that they are forced to exhibit the film "Magnificent Cowboys" no less than ten times in 1974. At this juncture a list of tactics employed by the Newberry seems in order before proceeding further.

Incessant rehash of old films.

Repeated misrepresentation of old films both on the marquee, and in the newspaper ads.

Continued technical problems, such as lack of sound track, lack of synchronization of same.

Constant substituting of music tracks when dialog is obviously apparent.

Item: For two weeks running there was a group of trailers which lasted twenty five minutes. The trailers were of films already seen at the theater, including two that were actually playing at the same time.

Item: Whenever a new film is shown, it is invariably shown with an old film. On the second week running of the new film, they simply add another old film, and announce a whole new show.

Item: Complaints about practices are met with a "we can't do anything" attitude, or blatant lies. As recently after "Knights In Black Leather" was concluding a two week run (shown eight times in 1974), the management decided to hold it over. Indignant inquiries about this nerry decision were met with the announcement at the box office, that the film was held over by popular request.

Item: At this very writing, two new films advertised for the weekend are not, indeed, the films being shown. Callers on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday were told that the new films would arrive momentarily. If you didn't call they didn't bother to inform you of this slight discrepancy at the box office.

* In December three Chicago adult cinemas were bombed, with dynamite, no less. Two of these houses featured hetero films, and the third? You guessed it, our beloved Newberry! Fortunately only one person was slightly injured.

The newspapers speculated as to whether it might be the work of some morals fanatic. On the other hand, there had been pickets in front of the same theaters, objecting to the use of non-union projectionists. The police were in-

clined to subscribe to the latter of the possibilities. One is certainly tempted to believe it was a customer gone bezerk after seeing "Light In The Second Story Window," for the twelfth time. There hasn't been any further information available about this case to date. Typically the seats shattered in the explosion were left in disarray for over a month.

Union disputes have not improved the competence level in the projectionist's booth, alas. The booth continues to be a hangout with televisions, radios, and card games blasting louder than the soundtrack. The projectionists have been of some use however, namely looseness of tongue. According to projectionist lore, the Newberry grosses at least one thousand five hundred dollars a day.

In contrast to this figure, the health department might be interested in familiarizing themselves with the charms that make the Newberry. Starting with a single toilet that never flushes, complemented by stagnant pools of water from recurrent flooding. An auditorium inadequately heated to say the least.

Obviously the first question that comes to mind is a simple one. Why go there at all? The answer is just as simple. There is not much choice of male films, and if theater cruising is your bag, there is no alternative. Further still, one might say — who in the hell watches the movie anyway? So why spoil a good thing?

Perhaps a hypothetical example will illustrate the condition better.

Alex Gay who lives in Evanston checks the paper on a Friday night to see that the Newberry has two new films this week. The films are listed as "Life On The Second Floor," and "Torture Dungeon." So A. Gay drives all the way in to Chicago. He pays \$4.00, is in his seat for a few minutes only to realize that he is viewing "Light From The Second Story Window," a film he has seen three times before at this theater. He repairs to the box office to complain. He is informed there that this film has been shown maybe once before. Also the newspapers never seem to print their ads correctly, not to mention the misunderstanding on the marquee. He is assured however that the second film is new.

A. Gay returns to his seat. Ten minutes later notices that he is quite cold, but after complaining once he doesn't wish to call attention to himself.

After all, this is an X-rated house and possibly one should accept what one gets. The second film begins and the credits reveal it is "Chained Males," a film A. Gay has seen on numerous trips to the Newberry before. Again at the box office he is hassled. If he creates a scene, they may give him a pass. A pass that excludes use on the weekend, that is — a weekend which has no price differentiation, and no new films either.

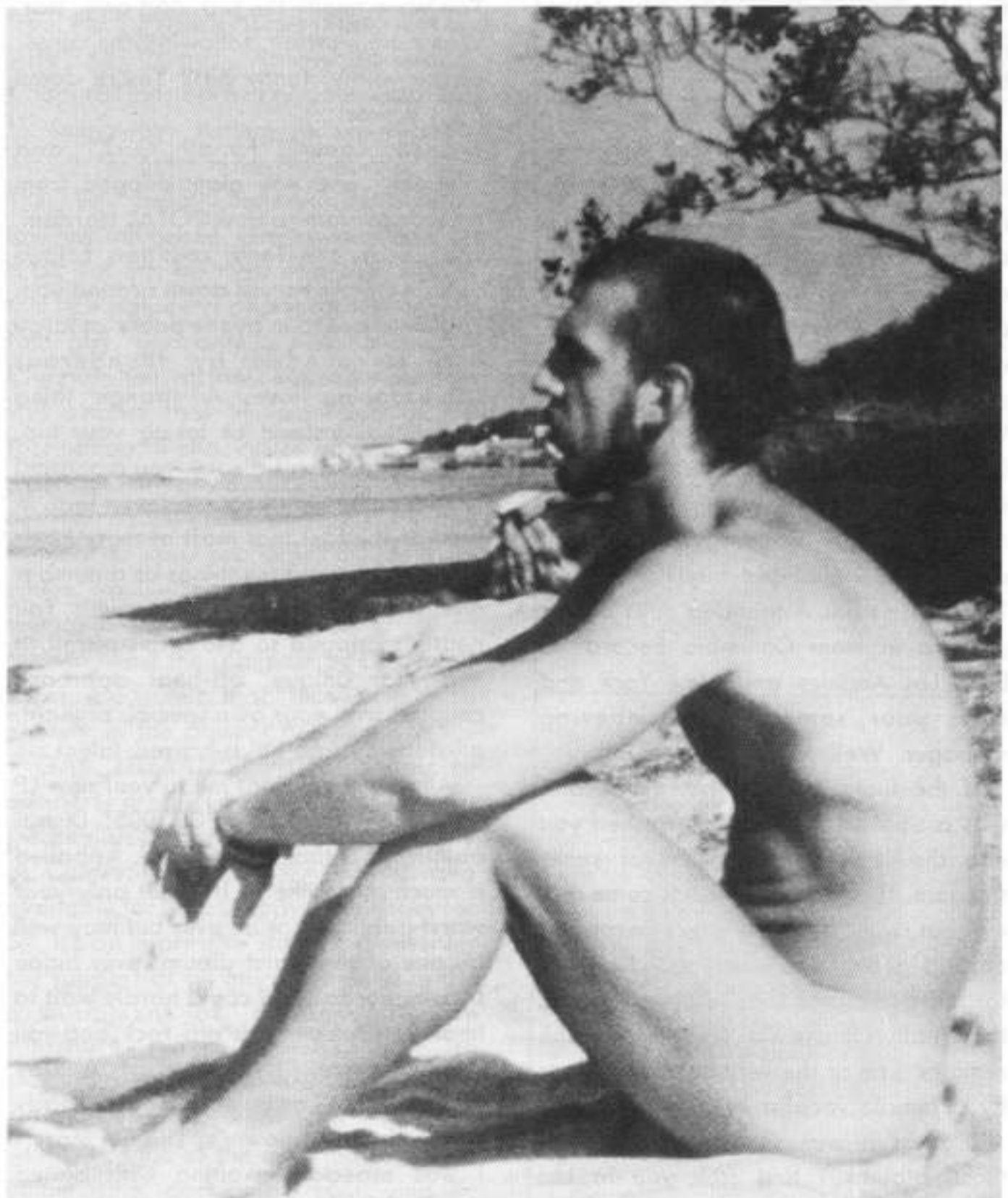
What really hurts about all this is the lack of organized indignance on the part of gay groups. To add salt to the wounds, a gay organization known as the "Free Spirit Fellowship" maintains a public service phone in the Newberry lobby. The phone issues forth taped message informing people of various gay events in Chicago. The tapes are sponsored by various gay businesses about the city. Plastered all over the theater bulletin board are announcements of gay activities such as

Gay Pride Week, etc.

Gay organizations in Chicago seem to always concern themselves with civil rights, in relationship to the hetero society. Long overdue is an investigation by the same groups into the ripoffs perpetrated within the gay world itself. Instead of meeting for tea parties, drag shows, and screaming at the police, a little action might help us more. The economic power of gays can reverse the monopoly that the bars, theaters, baths, etc. have in Chicago. Organized boycotts are tangible pressures that an informed gay community can effect to stop shameful situations like the Newberry.

To my mind worst of all the indignities committed against gays in the Newberry situation is the apathy of gay groups to do something about it. Possibly one concrete thing to take pride in on Gay Pride Week could be the rectification of at least one ripoff . . . ●

From Wakefield Poole's "Boys in the Sand."



My Dear Ms. Streisand,

First, you must let me thank you for the many, many memorable musical moments you have brought into my life. That series of spine tinglers began for me quite a few years ago, dating all the way back to the old Mike Wallace A.M. Show and a funny, gawkey, Jewish girl with a large nose and an even larger sense of humor. No one, having seen her, could forget her or that thunderous, innate talent she so obviously had.

It ran right on through a memorable, but rather unpretentious, album called simply *The Barbra Streisand Album*, almost exactly eleven years ago. I still recall with more than a touch of amusement (and a slightly twisted smile) the Columbia promo man describing you as . . . "having a, well, special but very limited appeal . . . sort'a like Mabel Mercer . . . can build up a small but loyal following." As far as I knew I was the only person at that sales meeting . . . I was working for a very large music company at the time . . . who had ever heard of you. I was sure I was just the first drop in what was going to become a flood.

Being in a position to help sell an album and a talent I believed in — and it was so easy with you and that uninhibited, brilliant voice — we set up that first LP as our album of the week for an entire month, playing it in the store and featuring it on our radio spots. We, as it's called in the music business, broke your LP. We expected a good reaction. We were hardly prepared for what followed. Your album was an immediate smash, out selling anything we'd had in months, people flooding to hear this strange, new girl and buy her record. That wasn't all. Astounded calls began pouring in from Columbia Records in both Los Angeles and New York and from your somewhat disbelieving manager. Well, you know the rest.

If the first LP was a hit, the second was a smash and the third pushed you into the heady stratosphere of super stardom. The way those songs came rolling out with that big voice wrapped around them is something I'll never forget. It was the third album, though, that really clinched it. It was, and still remains, one of the very best recordings by a female vocalist ever made.

I guess it was somewhere between those albums I first saw you in Las Vegas, as the lead-in act, supporting

Butterfly



someone I don't even remember. But, oh boy, do I remember you! Then the television appearances started, like the *Ed Sullivan Show*. Finally at the Coconut Grove, I saw you become a headliner. You were finally the top, and only, star. Was it all worth it, following the career of the wildly, funny girl? You're damn right it was!

Then came "Funny Girl" and "People," and you giant-stepped from record stardom to true, TOTAL stardom. The Oscar, the Tony, countless Emmys and Grammys rained down around you. You were pulled in by the public at large and surrounded by thunderous handclapping love. A strange thing happened, instead of losing your hip, avant'e-guarde audience, you managed to take them with you. No mean feat, in light of the fact that most of these kinds of fans sneer at such things as a number one LP or single, like "People". You neatly managed to avoid this pitfall. It was that unique, off-beat approach coupled with your own special, brilliant, all-stops-out, no-holds-barred talent.

All of which brings me to your new LP "Butterfly" (Columbia PC33005). Disappointment is too mild a word. Appalled is much more like it. It is not only your worst public exposure ever but may well be one of the worst albums ever made by a major talent. I could hardly wait to hear you tackle such old rock and roll chestnuts like "I Won't Last A Day Without You," or have a far-out, heady spin with David Bowie's "Life On Mars". I was especially waiting with baited breath for you to wrap those vocal-

cords of yours around the old Ray Charles number "Crying Time." My breath remains baited.

Thanks, but no thanks. I'm afraid I'll stick to the originals.

Dear lady, there is no doubt that yours is a thunderous and unique talent. Now let's keep it that way! You have had a good go around with the rock and roll approach, most clearly with Laura Nero's "Stoney End". It was an experience. You made it so, by making it simply your's alone. That's been true of every song you've approached. So, the question remains, what's happened here?

It seems now, you've seen fit to let someone guide your recording who is not only eminently unqualified but has absolutely no taste. No one should try and shove that big, beautiful, overflowing voice of yours into some small, limited cubby-hole. You have chosen, because of a personal involvement, to let someone do just that. Rock and roll is not the answer for your particular, unique, brilliant talent. I don't need to tell you how unimportant those chart numbers are when it's a career that's important. Oh, I'm sure the record will sell. I'm sure you could sell a recording of the New York phonebook. But the fans can't and won't and shouldn't accept this sort of thing from you for long. You've allowed yourself to be pushed into a hum-drum sound just like any other ordinary rock and roll singer. That's not what you are all about. I really don't mind who produces, or in this case mis-produces, your albums. No, that's not true — I DO! I DO! But — does it have to sound like he's standing on your vocal cords, too?

Sad to say, even though I realize the production problems, still the fault must be laid directly to you, since you of all people know, just instinctively know, what's good and right for your particular talent. And, you've been absolutely right, up to this point. You realize that a superstar must know, must control. You then must know that you can't suddenly relinquish all these important things over to anyone, no matter how personal the involvement. It can't all just happen for him in a snap. He has to learn step by painful step. Association with talent won't insure talent for the associate.

Hugh Harrison

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

BOOKS

A crown jewel volume to grace your coffee table is Roloff Beny's bréathtaking *IN ITALY*, richly bound and jacketed with an enchantingly bitchy little epilogue by Gore Vidal (taking off from the foppish performance he gave for Federico Fellini in *ROMA*). We have here almost 300 brilliant, full-page plates, lovingly catching this congress of cultures in hundreds of moods: solarized shots of crumbling columns in sepia; temple ruins, gardens and cathedral apses in full, stained-glass brilliance; artfully unguarded poses of a bridegroom, of several workers, of two exquisite lemon pickers at the Ischia residence of Sir William Walton; poetic visions of grottoes, streets, fields; a haunting glimpse of the Appian Way; crumbling monuments magically juxtaposed against modern business; masterful photo-record of a love affair with a tremendously rich and varied country — at \$40 and worth it from Harper & Row.

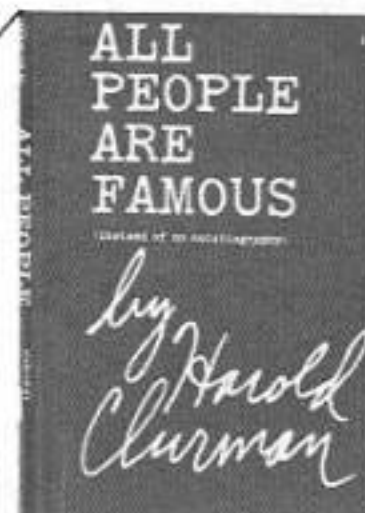
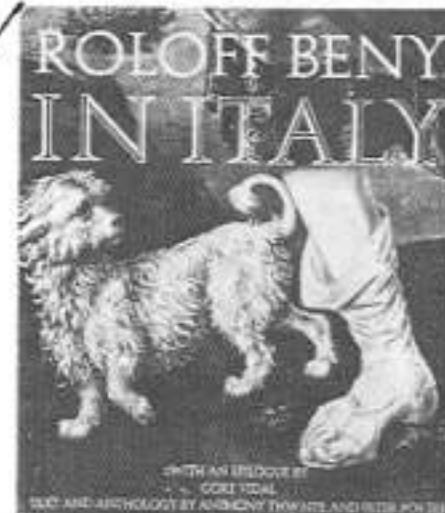
One of the most elegant and rewarding of the current crop of beautifully produced art books, well supported by a fine text and an anthology of quotes about Italy assembled by Anthony Thwaite and Peter Porter. Almost fair compensation for one like myself who had not yet seen Italy in flesh and stone. . . .

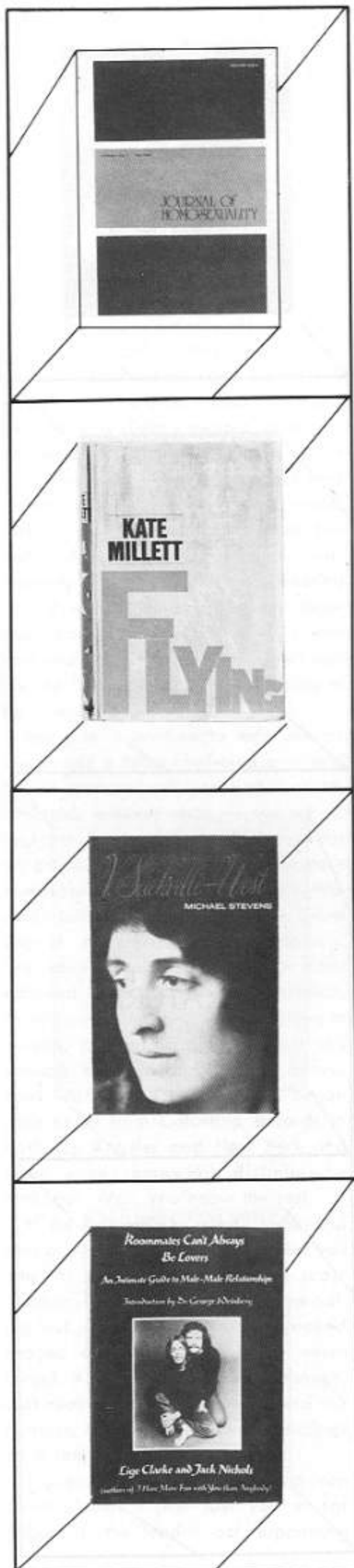
A breathtaking gay novel of revenge is the self-published *OTHER SIDE OF THE WIND*, by Thomas L. P. Swicegood (my review of his moving and accurate account of the founding of Metropolitan Community Church, the Pyramid paperback *OUR GOD TOO*, got lost when my book column was crowded out of recent issues.) *OTHER SIDE* is a fast-paced and tightly written action story set in two gay baths where action is hot and furious. Swicegood is the sort of writer who rivets your attention and your emotions, so this, like *OUR GOD TOO*, is a book most readers will finish in one sitting, whether they originally intended to or not. Every gay who has ever suffered the indignity and terror of entrapment will be bursting at the seams as Don, the secret owner and towel-boy at a down-

town Los Angeles bath executes a well-planned act of vengeance on the vice squad. Remember the Mikado's song, "My Object All Sublime . . . To Make the Punishment Fit the Crime, the Punishment Fit the Crime"? To say more would be to spoil a really delicious suspense story. . . .

ALL PEOPLE ARE FAMOUS by Harold Clurman "(instead of an autobiography)" Harcourt Brace Johanovich, \$8.95, is a gentle account of the famous director's (he directed, between 1935 and 1969, such classics as most of Clifford Odets' plays, several by Simonov, Inge, O'Neill, Anouilh and others; McCullers' "Member of the Wedding," Inge's "Bus Stop") encounters with theatre people and others ranging from the theatrical Adlers (Stella was his wife) to Camus, Aaron Copeland, Chaplin, Christopher Fry, John Garfield, Hemmingway, Arthur Miller, Picasso, Alfred Steiglitz, Izzie Sonnabend, Kurt Weill and literally hundreds more — all low-key, all gentle. Gay readers may be a bit put off, for most of the persons in this rich potpourri of anecdotes were in fact gay, and only a few times does Clurman hint at that. But some readers will suspect that his marriage to the fascinating Stella Adler reads like a marriage of convenience . . . If many of the names here are not initially familiar to you, you might ask yourself where you've been during the entire twentieth century . . . Or you might take to heart the comment by Clurman's impressive father, that "those who dwell entirely in the present are pigs."

GAY LITERATURE is a handsome quarterly produced by Daniel Curzon at the English Department, State University of California, Fresno, CA 93740, and available for \$2 per copy, four issues for \$7. It's an impressive start, and deserves the support of all gays interested in the development of independent gay literature (which doesn't have to pass muster from hetero editors with rigid ideas of what the "queers" will buy). One of the most moving items in the issue, part of the continuing installments on the coming out of Allen





Young, appeared also in the current issue of the Boston paper, FAG RAG. Robert Bentley's (HERE THERE BE DRAGONS) one-page short story is almost worth the cover price, as are Robert Hopkins' fine photos of Gay Pride Day in San Francisco, 1974, and as Frankie Hucklenbroich's fine verse views of Sappho would have been but for the acceptance as fact of the hetero invention that Sappho killed herself for love of a young sailor. Dan Allen's chunk of a novel-in-progress seemed substandard even for a High School literary annual, but his verse is stronger. Curzon (author of the strong novel, SOMETHING YOU DO IN THE DARK) turned in a lively telling-the-family short story, a plot worked over several times in old issues of ONE Magazine. Associate Editor Tom McNamara's good review of THE FRONT RUNNER was marred somewhat by a title which bit off more than the article chewed. . . .

The best single-issue gay publication I've ever seen was published in November 1974 as the official journal of the National Council of Teachers of English. Volume 36, No. 3 of COLLEGE ENGLISH, available at \$2 from NCTE at 1111 Kenyon Road, Urbana, IL 61801, is an unexcelled survey of "THE HOMOSEXUAL IMAGINATION: In Literature; In The Classroom; In Criticism." The issue is guest edited by Louie Crew who teaches at Fort Valley State College in Georgia and contributes to GAY SUNSHINE, VECTOR, and magazines like HARPERS' and Rictor Norton, a London resident who is a regular contributor to GAY NEWS there and to THE ADVOCATE and GAY SUNSHINE. They contribute a fine discussion of how homophobic critics and biographers (often homosexual themselves) have censored out much of the evidence of gay writers in the past, leaving only the iceberg tip of visible gay contributions to world literature. (Example, the flagrant suppression after 1845 of explicit details of Sir Francis Bacon's homosexuality. The remark that only 100 copies of the reprint edition — and 10 of the first — of Symonds' "A Problem in Modern Ethics" exist is simply uninformed. This edition was much pirated. I've handled well over a hundred copies myself — besides its having appeared in several anthologies since 1956.)

This nonetheless contains some of the most valuable theoretical discussion of gay culture I've seen, including a sparkling interview with Eric Bentley, who was a mine of gay information even in his closet days, and a spectacularly high level of other articles and poems. Alone in the issue, Julia Stanley's thoughtful article on the implications of gay jargon is invalidated by her reliance on the undependable definitions in THE QUEEN'S VERNACULAR: A GAY LEXICON by Rogers. The differences she notes between male and female gay psychology show a lack of familiarity with the range of character-types, male and female.

Not to be missed. But instead of just the November '74 issue, order issues 2 through about 6 or 7 to get the full range of the dialogue stirred by this high-quality special issue.

I had confused the JOURNAL OF HOMOSEXUALITY, whose advance billing I've been seeing for some time, with THE HOMOSEXUAL COUNSELING JOURNAL, available at \$10 a year from 921 Madison Ave., NY 10021.

The first issue of the first-mentioned publication is now out, at \$12 a year for personal subscriptions, from Haworth Press, 130 West 72nd Street, NY 10023 (subscription is \$25 unless you state it's for individual use only) and it is without qualification the handsomest, most impressive issue of any magazine I've seen in this field.

Noting the abundance of specialized journals that line the shelves of medical and university libraries, editor Charles Silverstein, proposes "probably the first specialized journal to disseminate multidisciplinary research in the areas of homosexuality, transsexualism, sexual roles, gender identity, and alternative sexual life-styles."

Not perhaps the first. Hirschfeld's massive YEARBOOKS, in German, covering 1899-1923, still are shelved in several American libraries, and ONE INSTITUTE QUARTERLY: HOMOPHILE STUDIES, which I edited through 1960, had the same objective, and fulfilled it fairly well, despite poor circulation.

But this fat and exceedingly handsome publication, edited with great skill, is filled with fully professional and well presented articles. The overall approach may be too clinical for most gay readers, but some of the articles ought to be read by everyone seriously con-

Continued on p.70

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

THEATER

By Allan Leopold

THE DYBBUK



Nehemiah Persoff (right) performs sacred rites as (from left) Charles Briscoe and Alan Bergman assist in "The Dybbuk."

MY theatre-going at the Mark Taper Forum had not prepared me for the remarkable experience S. Ansky's "The Dybbuk" turned out to be. It is a play of shape, size and substance and it has been directed with astonishing virtuosity by John Hirsch who also wrote the adaptation. Some research backstage unearthed the information that five of the key people involved (including the director) are from Canada and that this production was envisioned there, became a great hit it deserved to be and enjoyed an extensive run of nearly half a year before materializing here. It represents some of the finest creative ingredients the theatre has to offer: an exemplary cast of actors who are simply marvelous in their roles, inspired direction that is endlessly inventive, a lighting scheme that is a pictorial wonder, sets and costumes by Maxine Graham and Mark Begin that are perfect evocations of the mood and incidental music by Alan Laing reminiscent of "Fiddler on the Roof."

The play, a sort of Jewish "Exorcist," considers the plight of a girl possessed

by the spirit of a young rabbi who dies suddenly under mysterious circumstances. In an attempt to exorcise her demons, the deceased returns and claims her soul. The performance is riveted to the stage with such power that, at the moment of fulfillment, my companion almost jumped out of her seat beside me. This type of theatre is entirely new to the Taper that generally goes in for tracts that preach messages instead of delivering drama. "The Dybbuk" engenders the latter to an enormous degree. It has been orchestrated and choreographed like a piece of fine music and its visual effects are works of art. At one point the cyclorama is awash with Hebraic symbols floating in the air and I haven't the foggiest notion how this has been accomplished. The actors who join forces on this ethnic hymn to: "Nothing of God's creation is lost forever"

cannot be faulted. I had no idea there were so many gifted actors working in Canada. Marilyn Lightstone's Leah is absolutely superb, a controlled piece of bravura acting that extends across the

footlights and leaves scars on the heart. Nehemiah Persoff's Rabbi Azrielke is a lovely compendium of light and shadow and resonant intelligence. You respect and revere his august personage and you are indeed privileged to spend the evening with him.

The Frada of Helene Winston is equally fine. I have known this actress over the years as a brittle comedienne. Here she takes wing under the heavier weight of tortured emotions and she proves herself as adept in the classics as she is in the cream puffs. Marvin Kaplan, a former colleague of my college days, brings a rich vein of humor to Meyer and Alan Bergmann's Rabbi Shimson is a tender, heartwarming portrait of a troubled man.

If I must carp at anything I would advise Jean-Paul Mustone that you cannot pitch headlong onto the stage floor and die, surrounded by hysterically grieving Hassidim, and continue to breathe heavily. Perhaps a coat could be thrown across the corpse or maybe his death could be staged in a different way. But death onstage (as in life) must be final and vestigial remains destroy the illusion of it. Breathing actors cannot be logically mourned.

But enough already. "The Dybbuk" is a triumph for all concerned. It is a nosegay to the genius of John Hirsch and ought to be transferred to New York when it concludes its engagement here. For Broadway will love it and, from what I hear, they are in dire need of this kind of theatre these days. ●



Jean Paul Mustone as an impassioned young rabbinical student in the terrifying spiritual tale of "The Dybbuk."

THE CONSTANT WIFE

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM tried throughout his lifetime to achieve critical success in the theatre but he never wrote a successful play. Shakespeare observed:

"The Play's the thing wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King."

This King's conscience was never caught by anything in "The Constant Wife" at the Shubert nor even titillated. The zippy plot deals with a cuckolded wife who decides to return her treatment in kind. At the final curtain she is off to Paris with a male companion at the expense of her husband. This particular plotline is so old-hat Miss Bergman spends considerable off-stage time changing hers. In an arid evening of polite drawing-room metaphors, I jotted down four worthy of note:

"Has Martha come out by now?"

"She's come out and gone in again."

"It was one of those operations when, once you start cutting, you don't know where to stop."

"She is too crafty a woman to invent a new lie when an old one will serve."

And, finally, the classic query of its kind:

"I don't know whether I love him or not."

"Could you use his toothbrush?"

Miss Bergman, a Swede with large bones and feet to match Garbo's, her Countrywoman, is an odd choice for an English drawing-room comedy of the Twenties. After tripping over several speeches, she finally got control of her material and deported herself with the legendary Bergman grace.

Brenda Forbes, very stylishly turned out as her mother, brought experience and authority to bear upon her performance, a veritable model of high-style characterization.

The fashionable beige Parliament House setting is the work of Alan Tagg with lighting by H. R. Poindexter and costumes by Beatrice Dawson.

But "The Constant Wife," no matter how fussily mounted circa 1975, still remains an impeccable bore. ●



Ingrid Bergman in "The Constant Wife" at the Shubert Theatre.

MAG



Vanessa Redgrave and Charlton Heston in

METHINKS 'tis not the Thane of Cawdor nor his missus in the Ahmanson production of "Macbeth" but a mirage of an overripe film star gone plump that will melt into the mist and verily depart from the memory as if it had not been thought up at all. For never in the history of this dour drama have such a pair occupied yon Scottish castle. Only in the "Out! Out! Damned spot!" speech does Miss Redgrave create a smidgeon of her character and Charlton Heston, a face that has become a national screen monument, wanders about the stage dolefully in search of the close-up camera. Never once is his voice heroic or persuasive. Never is he capable of dark, foul deeds and never does he seem able to handle visions. To aid him in this endeavor, director Peter Wood brings a spectre onstage dripping gore to perhaps inspire this Macbeth to horror. Even then, Mr. Heston's reactions are seldom above the histrionic level of the nearest high school. (And, I daresay, a lot of high schools boast better actors).

What, then, can this production be proud of? H. R. Poindexter's lighting and settings are truly magnificent. They set the scene for the sweep of this heroic tragedy that never transpires. Moreover, the severely raked stage (almost perpendicular at one point)



scenes from "Macbeth" at the Ahmanson Theatre.

literally swallows up the ghost of poor Banquo. This is a marvelous device and it works supremely well. The duels are fought with style and gusto as befits the man who created "El Cid" for us in Spain. But Mr. Heston has an annoying way of daintily picking his way up and down flights of stairs that has nothing of the bravura of the male stage star image about it. To offset this, he grabs Vanessa at regular intervals and gives her a most un-Sixteenth Century smack on the lips. Of the large cast, an 11-year-old boy in a single scene gives far and away the best performance. Billy Simpson as MacDuff's son is quite splendid and his mother tells me he has just completed the record album of "The Little Prince" opposite Richard Burton. At the conclusion of the play, Heston's head is lopped off and an amazing likeness of it is skewered on a pole and held aloft to symbolize the end of a tyrant. All well and good. Against the shadows of the castle and the flickering sconces, it is one hell of an illusion. But there it stays at the curtain call and Mr. Heston even comes out to take a bow in front of it. This reduces the whole thing to a tacky Halloween prank. But, then, perhaps it fits right into the overall design of this catatonic conception of a great play. ●

ALL MY SONS

AT THE BISTRO blowout following the opening night performance of Arthur Miller's tired old 1952 chestnut, "All My Sons," I asked producer Zev Bufman why he elected to revive this play.

"Because it has definite relevance to Watergate."

If this is so, it is mightily camouflaged. Actually, this production is a compendium of some of the worst errors any producer is capable of serving up to the public. For one thing, the War emotions that cause the principals here to engage in some of the most incredible breast-beating you've ever seen are highly spurious in the light of Anno Domini 1975.

The casting of comedian Jack Klugman as Joe Keller and Sada Thompson as his wife are mistakes of gargantuan proportion. Mr. Klugman makes his living as one end of the TV sitcom series, "The Odd Couple." That is his metier. A heavy dramatic actor he ain't and his readings of several of Mr. Miller's juicier lines must be heard to be believed.

Sada Thompson always plays in a little pool of her own devising. She never relates to anybody. She is always giving a performance. And every time she makes an exit she fully expects applause for it. Well she won't get any from this quarter. On the other hand, as a splicer of stringbeans, she is without peer.

Peter Coffield (in the key role of Chris) screws his face up in anguish and gets rather hysterical but he is not much of an actor. You feel he is attempting to win a contract from a Hollywood Talent Scout. Loretta Young's daughter, Judy Lewis, (Loretta was very much on hand in the audience) attacks a small role with gusto and gives it a hard edge of bitchery.

As one character after another parades on in that James A. Riley backyard (that looks exactly like a set for a play), I began to nod off in boredom. But, as soon as Stephen McHattie appeared, I snapped right out of the doldrums and watched him walk away with what was left. This brilliant, dynamic personality IS George Deever. Here is no actor giving a performance but a living, breathing person. He etches his characterization so sharply and so indelibly that he permeates the play long after he has departed. Trained in Shakespearean classic roles at Stratford, Ontario, Mr. McHattie has learned the rudiments of his craft and it's a pleasure to report that, single-handedly, he saved my evening from ending up entirely in the ashcan. I should like to see him someday in a play worthy of his mettle, not in a company that is showing its threadbare patches. I rather fear he has gone slumming this time. ●



Jack Klugman and Sada Thomson from "All My Sons."

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

MUSIC



Bob Dylan's "Blood On The Tracks" (Columbia PC33235) is one of the most reassuring records of the past two years. Reassuring because if you grew up in the '60s you discovered Dylan to be a rare poet whose music and lyrics reflected the despair and hope of a generation. He opened up a whole new era in pop music — as the Beatles were doing in another area. Dylan went straight to our own mythic resources, the conceits and deceptions of the American Dream, and he transformed them whether he wrote about life and politics as in "Blowin' In The Wind" and "The Times They Are A-Changin'" or life and love as in "Don't Think Twice It's All Right" and "It Ain't Me Babe." The flow of rock music that fountained at Woodstock sprang from Dylan's roots.

But lately it seemed that Dylan had lost the special quality that informed his songs. His voice under Johnny Cash's influence was less strained but also less immediate. The urgency was gone. His country western trip gave us good songs but not great ones.

This new album brings Dylan back full circle. Once more he emerges as one of the finest songwriters this country has ever produced — and that is very reassuring to all of us who first heard him that way. There isn't a song on this album that isn't superior in every way from the opening cut "Tangled Up In Blue" with its familiar Dylan trademark of strumming guitars and harmonica, and its rich lyrics celebrating love, par-

ting, growth, and wandering to the closing cut, "Buckets Of Rain" with its gentle lover's insights.

The entire album is marked by love, as if everything one can learn in life — every observation — every truth or lie begins with that four letter word. Listen closely to "Simple Twist Of Fate," "You're A Big Girl Now," "You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome When You Go," and especially "If You See Her Say Hello." Somewhat different but no less effective is "Idiot Wind," a classic Dylan song, lengthy, with a wailing refrain and full of blinding, stimulating imagery. "Lily, Rosemary And The Jack Of Hearts," is folk lore Dylan, the part of him that is the West and Mid-West spinner of intimate tall tales. Finally, "Shelter From The Storm" is a probing religious overview with Dylan as an American Christ.

As much as I may rave about this album, I ought to caution you that Dylan is not an easy singer to take. The voice is graveled, somewhat nasal, at times it wavers. If you are looking for beautiful singing don't look here. Dylan's trademark as a singer doesn't rest with beautiful tone, it rests with his conviction as a balladeer and his ability to keep a listener fully enthralled.

The musical backing on the album — Tony Brown on bass, Buddy Cage on steel guitar, Paul Griffin on the organ and Eric Weissberg and Deliverance — is quality stuff. The album notes by Pete Hamill are excellent. My only objection is that Columbia didn't provide the lyrics, which in Dylan's case seems a shame.

To turn from Bob Dylan to Joni Mitchell's "Miles Of Aisles" (Asylum AB202) is another step along the same path. Here too, is a superior artist at work. Here again is a voice less beautiful than moving. Joni's voice quavers and sometimes hangs onto the notes like a pair of hands desperately grasping the edge of a cliff to keep from falling. Yet the beauty of Joni's voice is there for those willing to open

themselves up to her music.

Ms. Mitchell's music and lyrics are far different from Dylan's. Where his songs are broad, passionate and rambling, Joni's are as intricate as snowflake patterns on a window pane.

This album was recorded live during last summer's concert tour with the L.A. Express, a group that provides excellent backing but sounds fairly one dimensional when performing alone (fortunately they do no solos on the recording). As anyone who has ever been to a rock concert can tell you there's an immediacy to the event that is tremendously exciting. With a great performer the situation can be positively electric, and as these songs will attest a special charge sparked the evening.

If you don't know Joni Mitchell — if you haven't worn out her "Blue" album and had to buy another copy — then this is your chance. There are some



great songs here from past records. Songs like "Cold Blue Steel And Sweet Fire" which has the same kind of subtle mysterious quality that you find in a film like "Chinatown." There is the very personal "Woman Of Heart And Mind," the delightful decadence of "Carey," "Both Sides Now" which Judy Collins immortalized at a time when Joni Mitchell was too shy to perform her own songs in public. There are also two new songs, love songs as only Joni can write them, "Jericho" and "Love Or Money" with the lyrics to both included in the album.

Before I'm accused of being prejudiced in favor of great songwriters with "unusual" voices, let's get into Olivia Newton-John's latest record, "Have You Never Been Mellow" (MCA-2133). This beauty may never write a song of her own and no one will care as long as her

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ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE



Antics paid off for 12-year-old Alfred Lutter's screen debut in Warner Bros.' "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore." Shown here with Ellen Burstyn.



Harvey Keitel, co-stars with Ellen Burstyn.

EVERY NOW AND THEN a movie comes along with performances for which everybody predicts an Academy Award. Such a movie is "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and Ellen Burstyn and Diane Ladd are the candidates. Miss Burstyn is no stranger to Oscar as last year's "Exorcist" should certainly have made him hers. Through the inevitable oversights of that august body the nomination came without the statuette. "Alice" should rectify that. For here is a heart-wrenching performance

so exquisitely shaded, so captivatingly honest and, subsequently, so moving that you are simply not prepared to lose contact with her when she trudges slowly into the sunset. You sit there, unwilling to get up, wanting more. So, inevitably, like "The Godfather," a sequel will invariably result.

As if Miss Burstyn's brilliance were not enough, Diane Ladd's foul-mouthed hash-house waitress, Flo, merits a supporting award. This blond newcomer plays with gusto, relish and a clarity of

vision that goes straight to the heart of the matter and nails down your interest whenever she is on view. The scenes she plays with Ellen are high-water marks in a film fairly bursting with them.

Alice has a 12-year-old son played by Alfred Lutter and he quite remarkably IS her son. No schticks, no attacks of the cutes, no acting seams showing. I don't think I have seen a better child actor on screen since Freddie Bartholomew's "David Copperfield" and that is saying a good deal. As his girl friend, TV's Jody Foster is equally gifted.

What makes all these actors shine so spectacularly? The direction of Martin Scorsese. That's what. "Mean Streets," his last film, was over-praised but it pointed the way toward "Alice." In it Harvey Keitel indicated a flair for sullen savagery that he brings to fruition here as the psychotic sadist Alice meets in a bar and who ultimately causes her to flee her job and the town she has adopted in panic. Keitel is such a menacing presence you sympathize with her plight and, logically, flee with her. Kris Kristofferson, the composer-singer and ex-Rhodes scholar, is thoroughly believable as the tower of strength she finds in her new life. Every time I see this actor I like him more. He is always an asset to any film although I do wish movie leading men would not sprout beards.

"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" is, perhaps, fragmented but it has urgency, style and power. And it possesses more originality than any film I have seen for too long a time.

—ALLAN LEOPOLD



Kris Kristofferson shares the romantic honors with Ellen in "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" directed by Martin Scorsese.

SPECIAL REPORT

IN THE ACT.

By Douglas Dean

Photography W. D. Ganslen - Hank Kranzler - Larry Kwart

Turn on your television set or go to the movies these days, and you'll encounter scores of actors and actresses whose faces are unfamiliar and who (as far as anyone knows) have had little professional experience but are already skilled and polished in their craft. Where did these artists come from? More important, how did they ever get to be so good at what they're doing? Were they just born gifted, with that mysterious quality we call talent making a study of technique unnecessary, or did they have to work and struggle to develop themselves — and if so, how did they manage it?

In the heyday of the major film studios, a young man or woman was picked up from a university or drama school, or from a filling station or athletic field, or from a seat at a soda fountain, put under long-term contract and "groomed" for stardom.

"We were permitted to be bad," Bette Davis once explained. "We were cast in B films and supporting roles in A films, and we were allowed to experiment and discover ourselves. We learned from our mistakes. Then when we were ready, the studio put us into important parts in major pictures . . . I pity the kids of today. They have no studios to protect them and guide them. They're put into a top role their first time out and they've got to deliver the goods immediately. If they don't click right away, they're finished."

What Miss Davis says is largely true. Many young actors fail their first big opportunity because they're not prepared and have had no previous training and experience. There are others, however, who come to films and television with a wealth of skill and solid knowledge behind them — from an apprenticeship served in the legitimate theatre.

I'm not talking about the theatre of Broadway or off-Broadway in New York, although it's certain that many

good actors have come from there. My reference in this article is to the dozens of regional theatres and professional repertory companies which have sprung up all over the United States during the last ten or fifteen years and to the actors who have studied and worked with them.

A long time ago I spent one summer as an actor and associate producer with the Suffern County Playhouse, just a few miles outside of New York City. Helen Hayes, a top ranking star of films and the Broadway stage and considered by many as the First Lady of the American theatre, lived nearby with her playwright husband Charles MacArthur in a town called Nyack. Miss Hayes invited me to a cocktail party at her country home one afternoon. Assembled there, I remember, were included quite a few celebrities and well-known people — among them famed columnist Danton Walker of the Daily News and Kurt Weill, the distinguished composer of the classic "Three Penny Opera" and such Broadway successes as "One Touch of Venus" and "Lady In The Dark."

Miss Hayes didn't invite us to her party for purely social reasons. At that time there was much talk about the so-called "de-centralization" of the American theatre, and Helen explained that she wanted to do her part to help build professional theatre outside of New York. (Year-round stock companies, once institutions in major American cities, had disappeared from the scene.) She had a plan in mind. On her own farm in Nyack she wanted to convert the barn and some other old buildings into the Rockland County Art Foundation, a place where each year there could be a kind of festival — a celebration of music, dance and drama.

We all thought this was a fine idea. Such notions, however, even in the late '40s, required financing, and it was hard to raise money for the project. (This



Deborah May and Ray Reinhardt from *Cyrano de Bergerac*.



Above: Michael Learned, tossing about on a sofa with Paul Shenar in ACT's "Private Lives."



Below: Marsha Mason, as Nora in Ibsen's "A Doll's House" with Peter Donat.



Also in Noel Coward's "Family Album."



Above: Sada Thomson shares a scene with Marc Singer, upcoming TV and film star.

Below: Rene Auberjainois — star of ACT's "Charley's Aunt."



was several years before the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations started doling out substantial sums to aid the arts, and government subsidy wasn't even considered.)

I don't think Helen Hayes ever quite got her scheme off the ground, but she did manage to convert the barn into a theatre of sorts and it was here, finally, that she played her first performances of Tennessee Williams' "The Glass Menagerie."

The real de-centralization of the theatre in America didn't begin in earnest until the late '50s and early '60s, when the Ford Foundation gave large grants to the Arena Stage in Washington, D.C., the Alley Theatre in Houston, and the Actors' Workshop in San Francisco, among others. Professional actors and directors were at last given Equity contracts with a guaranteed season's work in these locations, many other "jobbers" (local union members who were employed from production to production) also had occasional employment, and the roots of fine regional theatre were finally planted.

It's not my intention here to trace the history of the several excellent repertory companies now operating successfully throughout the country — the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis is another theatre which comes to mind as I write these lines — but I would like to tell you something about the beginnings and growth of the American Conservatory Theatre in San Francisco, a company whose productions I frequently review in the pages of IN TOUCH.

A long list of stellar personalities and fine actors have come out of ACT. Marsha Mason, nominated just last year for an Academy Award for her performance in the film "Cinderella Liberty," is one of them. Marsha had had some experience in New York before she came to San Francisco, and she had played a good role in the film "Blume In Love" opposite George Segal, but it was her season with ACT which brought her talents to their peak and really called attention to her and helped get her the part in "Liberty," which was shooting near here. I think Marsha Mason's performance in "A Doll's House" was the best Nora I have ever seen. She has now, of course, married Neil Simon and last season played an important part in his play "The Good Doctor," with

Christopher Plummer in New York.

Did you see the excellent television drama "Things In Their Season," starring Patricia Neal, which was aired last Thanksgiving eve? If so, you probably noticed a young man named Marc Singer who played her son. Marc was with ACT for two or three seasons, playing a wide variety of roles, but it was his Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew" which brought him to the brink of stardom. His astonishing performance in this production — virile and pyrotechnic, with athletic feats which nightly left audiences gasping — was nothing short of spectacular. Marc appeared on the cover of After Dark and he was also on the cover of IN TOUCH, Vol. 2 No. 1 (see Allan Leopold's feature story in that issue.) Critics reviewing "Things In Their Season" gave all due credit to Patricia Neal for her beautiful work in this television special, but many of them contended that it was really Marc, as the son, who held the moving drama together. In late February Marc also scored a personal success with his performance in a TV Movie of the Week, "Journey From Darkness," in which he played a blind medical student.

The public is sure to be seeing a great deal more of this young actor in the future.

Michael Learned is another actress, a graduate of ACT, who has achieved phenomenal success. Her role of the mother in the series "The Waltons" earned her an Emmy award last year. Michael played a lot of different parts with ACT, everything from Cleopatra to Amanda in Noel Coward's "Private Lives." The diversity of her talents, developed in repertory theatre, are just now being recognized by the TV producers and she is being cast in other kinds of roles, apart from her continuing Olivia in "The Waltons."

In the upcoming film "The Hindenburg," starring George C. Scott, audiences will also meet Peter Donat and Rene Auberjainois. Peter is the nephew of the late great film star Robert Donat ("Goodbye, Mr. Chips") and was for several seasons a leading man with ACT. He played so many great roles, and played them so well, it's difficult to single out any of them for special mention. Suffice it to say that his characterizations in "Sleuth," "An Enemy of the People," and his stellar performance in the original production

of "Cyrano de Bergerac" attracted much acclaim. Rene Auberjainois was with ACT when the company first came to San Francisco, and his work in "Tartuffe" and "Charley's Aunt" certainly helped to get everything off to a good start at that time. Rene went on to appear with Katherine Hepburn in "Coco" on Broadway. Both of these men will become increasingly familiar to film and TV viewers as time goes on.

Sada Thompson, another award winner in New York for her dazzling performance in "Twigs" (she got the Tony for that one) played opposite the late Michael O'Sullivan in "Dear Liar" for ACT and returned a year or two ago to appear with the company in "The Cherry Orchard." Lee McCain, mother in the TV series "Apple's Way," is another ACT alumnus; she played opposite Peter Donat as Cleopatra in Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" (Michael Learned played Shakespeare's Cleopatra when the company presented this double bill.) Lee was seen as Stella in a recent Ahmanson Theatre production of "A Streetcar Named Desire" in Los Angeles. Paul Shenar, who scored a great personal success in "Tiny Alice" during ACT's first season in San Francisco, and Barbara Colby (seen in character roles on many television programs) are two other artists who are also now gaining some commercial success.

None of these actors were ever, or are they now, completely wedded to ACT. Most of them had some experience before they joined the company, that's true; nevertheless, it was ACT which gave them the opportunity to stretch themselves, to learn by playing a wide

variety of roles they might never have had the chance to play elsewhere, and which gave them a reasonable amount of financial security while they did this — which permitted them to grow as artists before they went on to their current commercial success. It is assumed that the doors of ACT are still open to them, as the doors of the great British repertory companies have been open to Gielgud and Olivier when, on occasion, they have desired to return to the legitimate theatre.

I had lunch a few weeks ago with Ed Hastings, a former stage manager for David Merrick in New York, who is now one of ACT's leading directors and an instructor for some of its students. Ed is a good-looking personable man (around forty, I would judge) slightly reserved and quiet in manner but obviously devoted to ACT and its general manager William Ball. He graduated from Yale before he started his career on Broadway.

"I discovered Bill in a production of 'The Lady's Not For Burning,'" Ed told me with a smile, "and then later I was a stage manager for him in an off-Broadway version of 'Ivanov' . . . This was in the late '50s. A lot of us had come from the universities to descend on New York — Bill and Ellis Rabb, who had been roommates at Carnegie Tech, in addition to myself. It was a time when many rep companies from other countries were visiting our shores — the Comedie Francaise, the old Vic, some German companies — and it started everybody thinking. We didn't really have any rep companies here in the United States. Stock companies, yes, and regional theatres performing plann-

ed schedules, but no companies actually working in repertoire, the way the opera or the ballet functions. So what could we do about it?

"Bill and Ellis had beer and wine sessions that went on until two or three in the morning. Ellis had started his own company, APA, in New York by then . . . Bill took all the complaints. They discussed the problems, pro and con, and with Allen Fletcher, their former teacher, they worked together in Shakespeare festivals around the country."

"ACT was finally formed in mid-sixties, wasn't it?" I asked.

Ed nodded. "In Pittsburgh, 1965. Our original idea was to play six months at home base and then spend six months in New York or on the road. The Pittsburgh Playhouse invited us to stay, but we were undecided as to just where we wanted to settle down. We were still looking around . . ."

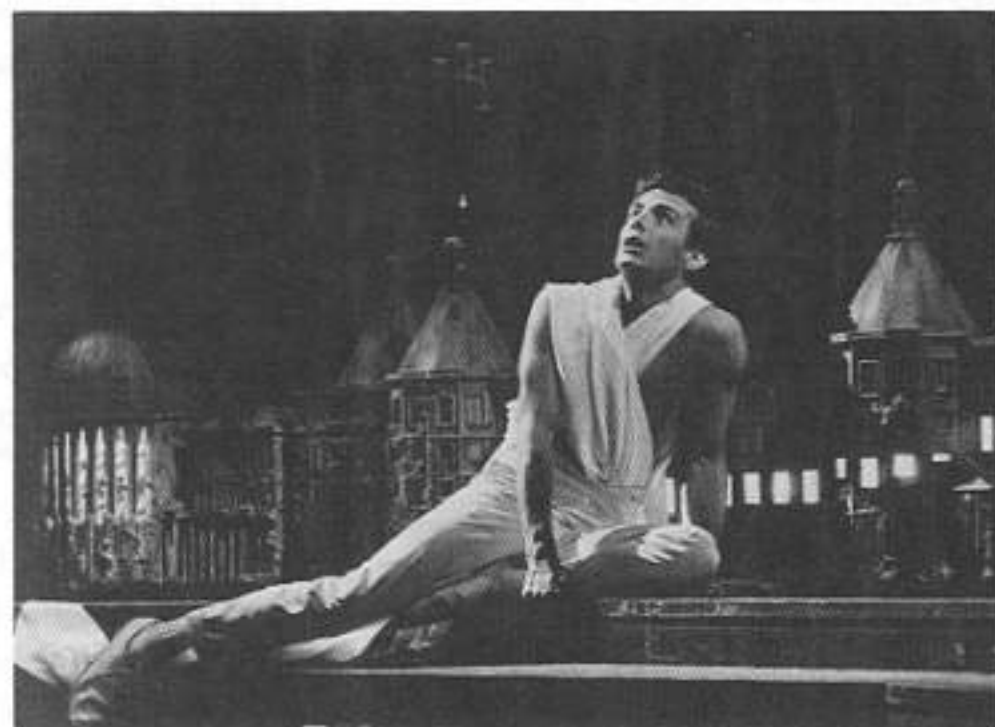
In the summer of 1966 ACT was invited to perform a series of plays at Stanford University in California. In four and a half weeks the company presented nine plays, including "Tiny Alice," "Charley's Aunt," "Misalliance" and "Uncle Vanya." When I expressed amazement at such a schedule Ed laughed. "It wasn't as difficult as it sounds. You have to remember, we had these plays in our repertoire. We were not coming to them as fresh, new productions."

Then, in January of 1967, the company staged its first offerings in San Francisco — "Tartuffe," "Six Characters In Search Of An Author," and "Tiny Alice." This last play, the work of famed

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E. Kerrigan Prescott joins top ACT performers Peter Donat, Lee McCain and Paul Shenar in "Caesar and Cleopatra."



Paul Shenar attracted much attention for his compelling performance in ACT's "Tiny Alice."

TOURING UNDER THE C.L.O. TAG

Civic light opera is rapidly becoming a national institution. It has spread from the major cities in the country to almost every small town with an available auditorium. The quality of the performances varies, naturally, with the quality of the performers and other people involved. The larger cities can frequently attract top professionals to stage, and star in their shows. This ability, by providing excellent pay and attracting a large audience for a name's star turn, can be both a blessing and a curse. But, as a showcase for young, local talent, for which most of these series were originally designed, this star system is damaging, soon giving way to totally professional, imported casts right down to the last chorus girl. This, in turn, creates another problem, rapidly accelerating costs.

This cost/star problem has recently given rise to a dull series of slapped-together packages, raggedly produced, to tour under the Civic Light Opera tag. When it was begun, sadly, it most affected not the major cities . . . which are far from immune, especially recently . . . but the smaller ones, where fresh, new talent, who had such limited opportunity, could at least get its feet wet in show-biz and learn at the same time. Besides, it added greatly to the spirit of community involvement. Those cheap, quickie productions with a name T.V. star do tend to depress such ideas.

In the really big cities we have still another problem. Take, for instance, the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera. During its thirty-eight year history it has grown into a completely professional showcase, shutting the productions to a sister organization in San Francisco. Almost always big, splashy and very expensive, the originals are done with a very definite eye to a possible Broadway run. That does create problems. Those high costs have caused even them to let the banner accommodate a number of road companies of Broadway hits or pre-Broadway tours. I'm well aware the money raked in by such shows is hard to resist, but it still isn't quite what the

program was supposed to be all about. It would seem that this would leave our newer talent at a loss in the Southern California area. Not so. Very interesting, very good things are being done just a quick trip away. The Long Beach CLO gave us a semi-pro but smashing "Cabaret" along with a sell-out "Applause". San Diego has had a long string of excellent productions. San Bernardino is constantly adding to its rapidly growing reputation.

In fact, it is the approach used by the San Bernardino CLO, now celebrating its twenty-eighth season, that seems to be the best and most productive. They bring in a major star or stars for the bigger roles, almost always insuring a success, hire a professional stager and musical director and, then, fill out the balance of the cast and orchestra with local talent. This is by no means a new idea. Most other CLO's are doing just that or have finally come around to it. It's working and working quite well. Take, for instance, the recent San Bernardino CLO production of "South Pacific".

About the most important thing this old war horse needs is a firm handed, capable stager/director. They have very definitely found that in Don Wortman, very familiar to Southern California audiences (IN TOUCH, January 1974). He, having done this venerable old musical in over twenty-two productions, understands it very well indeed. His talent is, of course, without question. The only thing I was really in awe of, with his staging of this production, was the neat way he managed to dovetail the professional and amateur actors without one seam showing. That's something many fine directors have gone down in bloody defeat attempting.

Alas, Michel Perrier, the musical director, didn't fare so well. I suppose he is a bit weary of that long, well known string of Rodgers and Hammerstein hits. Unfortunately, he managed to spread this to his otherwise excellent and obviously well rehearsed orchestra and,



eventually on to the cast and, finally, the audience.

This lack of rousing quality in the music didn't seem to bother the star. Howard Keel, very familiar to CLO audiences across the country, may have looked a bit more like a Southern plantation owner than a French island planter — but he did manage an excellent . . . if at times unintelligible . . . accent. BUT, when he opened his mouth and wrapped those big tones around those memorable melodies like "Some Enchanted Evening," nothing else mattered. Linda Michele, as Nellie Forbush, is another story. It appeared to be not so much a musical problem as one of mis-casting, her singing was just fine, in spite of the lack of sparkle in the music. The problem was not how she sang but what she sang. Hardly a "Cock-eyed Optimist" and eons away from a Little Rock, she looked and acted more like a charm school graduate from New York, slumming. Oh, she looked lovely, sang charmingly . . . if without conviction . . . and was constantly proper — but, Nellie Forbush she wasn't!

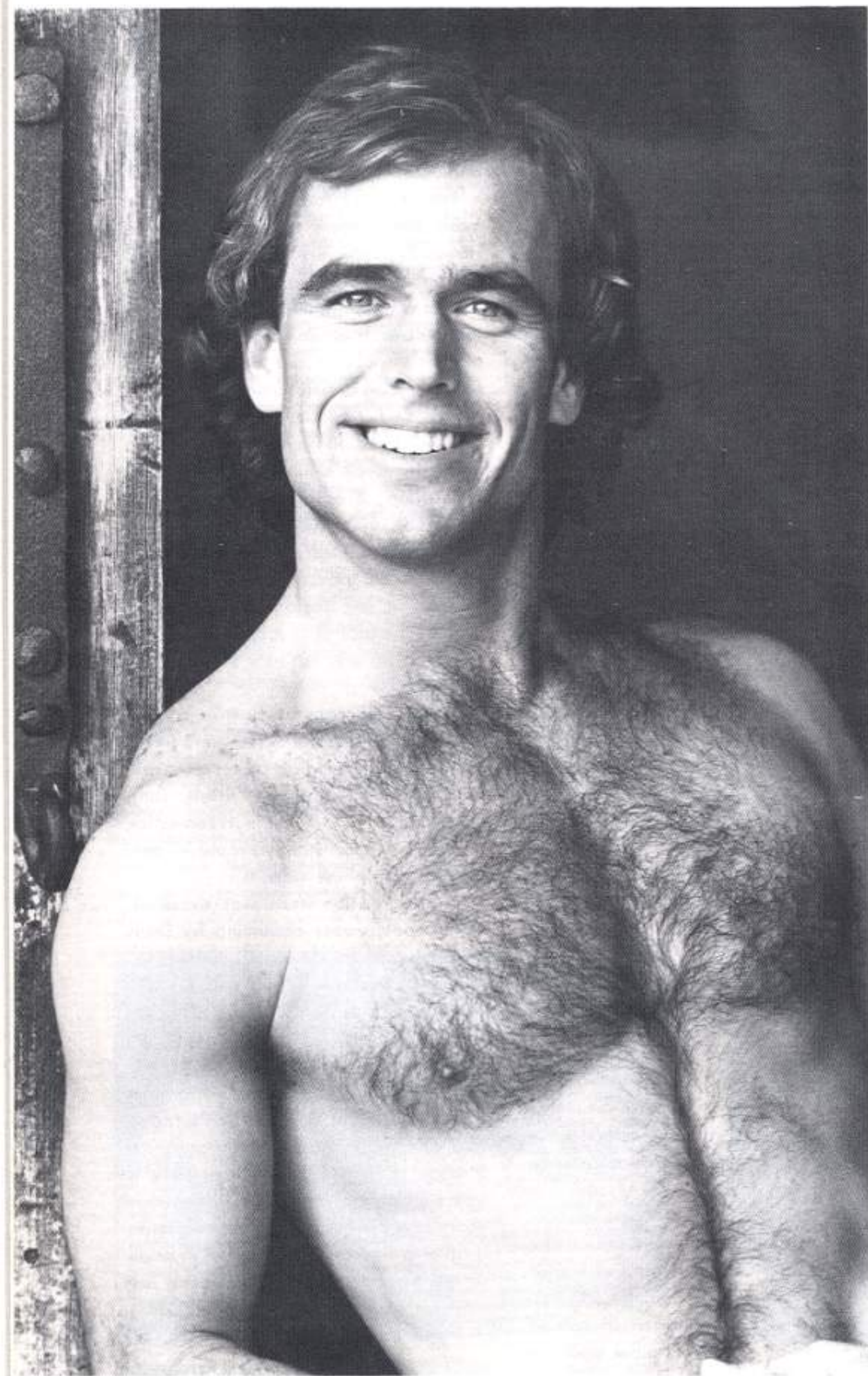
The production itself was excellent, with good, proper costuming by Doris Hoagland and J. Stuart Campbell, excellent lighting — the L.A. CLO take note! — by Minor Dixon and truly spectacular sets, well designed and executed by Virginia Lindsley. There really isn't too much that can be said about the play at this point. It is now some faded valentine from another, long ago era. Strange to think of it like that since it was such an innovation only a few short years ago pre-Hair, etc. That Wortman is able to find any reverence in it at all or manage to breath even fleeting life into it is only a further testament to his skill and talent.

Hugh Harrison

A MAN CALLED BEAUTIFUL

By Tod Jonson

Photography by Hy Chase



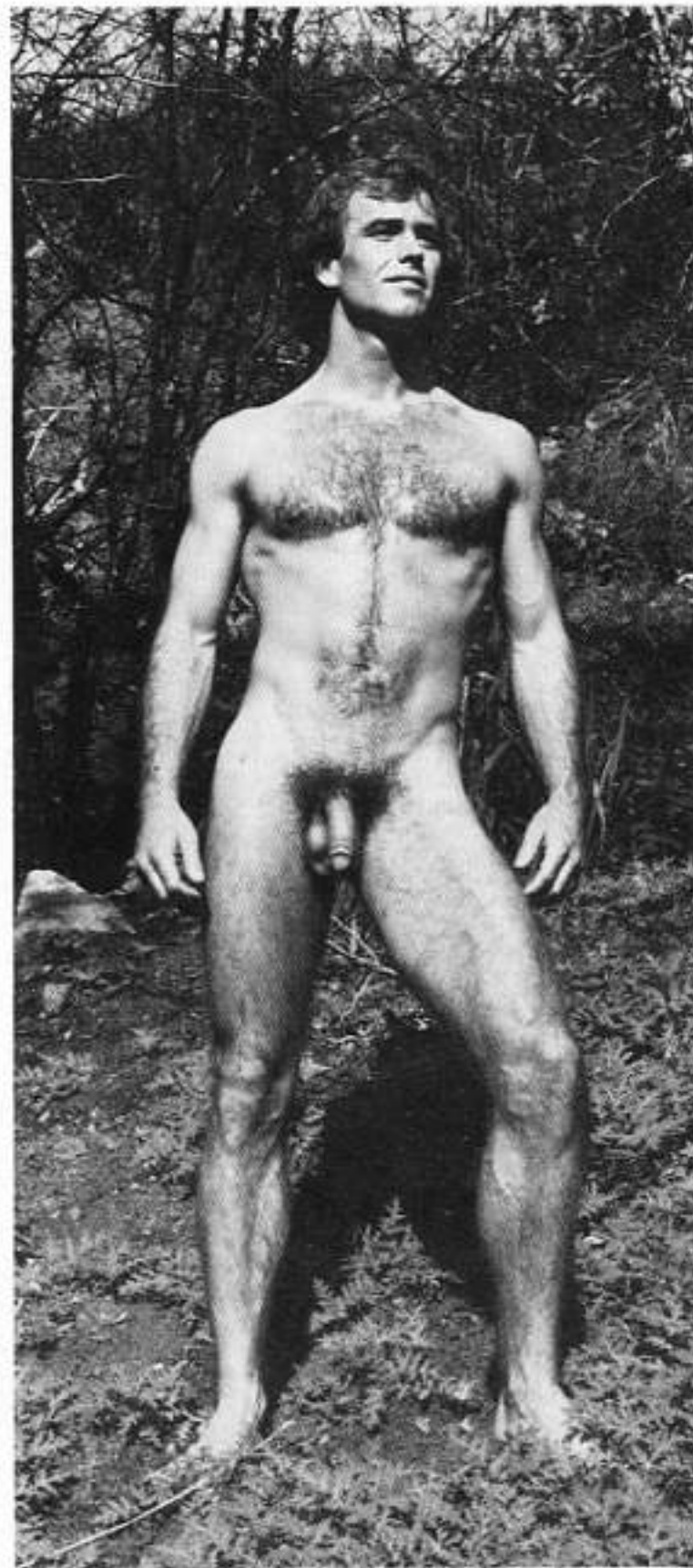
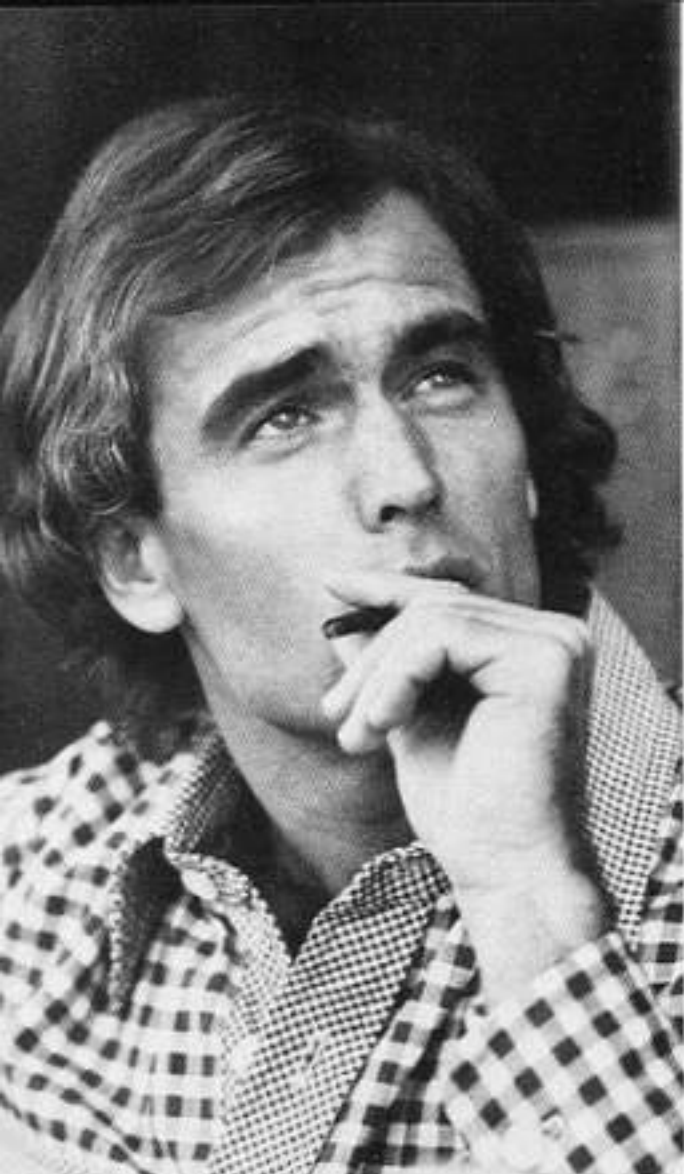
Over a period of years, each of us meets other people that impress us through a variety of attributes. If you want a truly electric charge, you must meet Jack MacMasters. Although he is barely twenty-six years old, he is as turned on to the world and all its problems as we would expect from someone much older. He is aware that the world has imperfections, and he is willing to help it out of any rut it might find itself in, just for the sheer enjoyment of helping. Usually a straight guy at this age collects a multitude of inner-complications. Jack wouldn't know what a complication was. He is far too forward and vital to be hindered by the simple imperfections in the world around him. They wouldn't deter him because he has much too healthy an outlook.

Being a Fitness Enthusiast (excellent in Rugby and most ball sports — plus daily Yoga, swimming, running and general body building) his entire body seems electric with energy, with vitality, with strength. "Hey, it's the only body I'll ever have . . . why not take care of it. This physical house I live in works for me very well. I wouldn't dream of dulling any sensation I feel!" One would agree that any sensation dulled by any means would be a crime against MAN, when you look at the molded beauty that the eye beholds when looking at Jack. He certainly is a standout in any crowd.

It is most evident he has lots of feelings. Expressive hands aid his enthusiastic conversations with such force, I found myself exhausted in attempting to keep up with his energetic pace. Jack gives the impression he could never be lethargic about anything.

Jack gets up each morning to a new world! A new world that may provide the adventure that will beneficially alter his life's work. His jovial attitude is one that stimulates both himself and everyone around him. Being extremely logical, but full of aspiration, his continual enthusiasm is contained but





spirited. He is a joy!

Most people's concept of beauty, when applied to a person, usually infers a softness, a delicate fragility, a certain passive quality. In Jack's case that is not true. His vitality is electrifying. Eyes that sparkle and dance, a smile that is EVEREADY, a quick wit that would at all times express his deep interest in the person he is talking with . . . even a casual acquaintance. With these attributes going for him, he is lucky that he has chosen the theatre as his field of endeavor. These very qualities are the most desired, sought after, demanded, necessary ingredients to secure success in showbusiness. With Jack they are as natural as breathing.

Jack is currently studying diligently with one of Hollywood's best known coaches in the method school of acting, Jack Garfine. Being a student of the theatre is no small effort, since it consumes one's every hour from 6:00 a.m. to midnight, seven days a week. However, this man's very presence would establish values influential to other students of the performing arts. His dedication is unquestionable. His great store of creative energy is constantly demanding outlets for expression! Because of his need to "say", Jack could never withdraw from the arena of society into private concerns, relationships and dreams. He must ride the exhilarating wave of a progressive and dynamic surge, producing each moment clear reflections of his spirit. It is that spirit which makes him beautiful.

He is sensitive to a fault. He goes to any length to make one comfortable. His gracious manner and sense of concern puts one instantly at ease. The fact that his good taste and logic are so evident insures his magnetism, and by this magnetism he communicates in such a subtle but strong manner . . . like classic poetry. There is no doubt to his dedication in becoming a bold and respected actor. He has developed his being. He has developed his being to the point of acquiring the sort of taste that goes beyond normal notions of tastefulness. It expresses downright delicacy yet is surrounded by a masculinity not to be questioned. He is a studied man who has succeeded in not losing spontaneity.

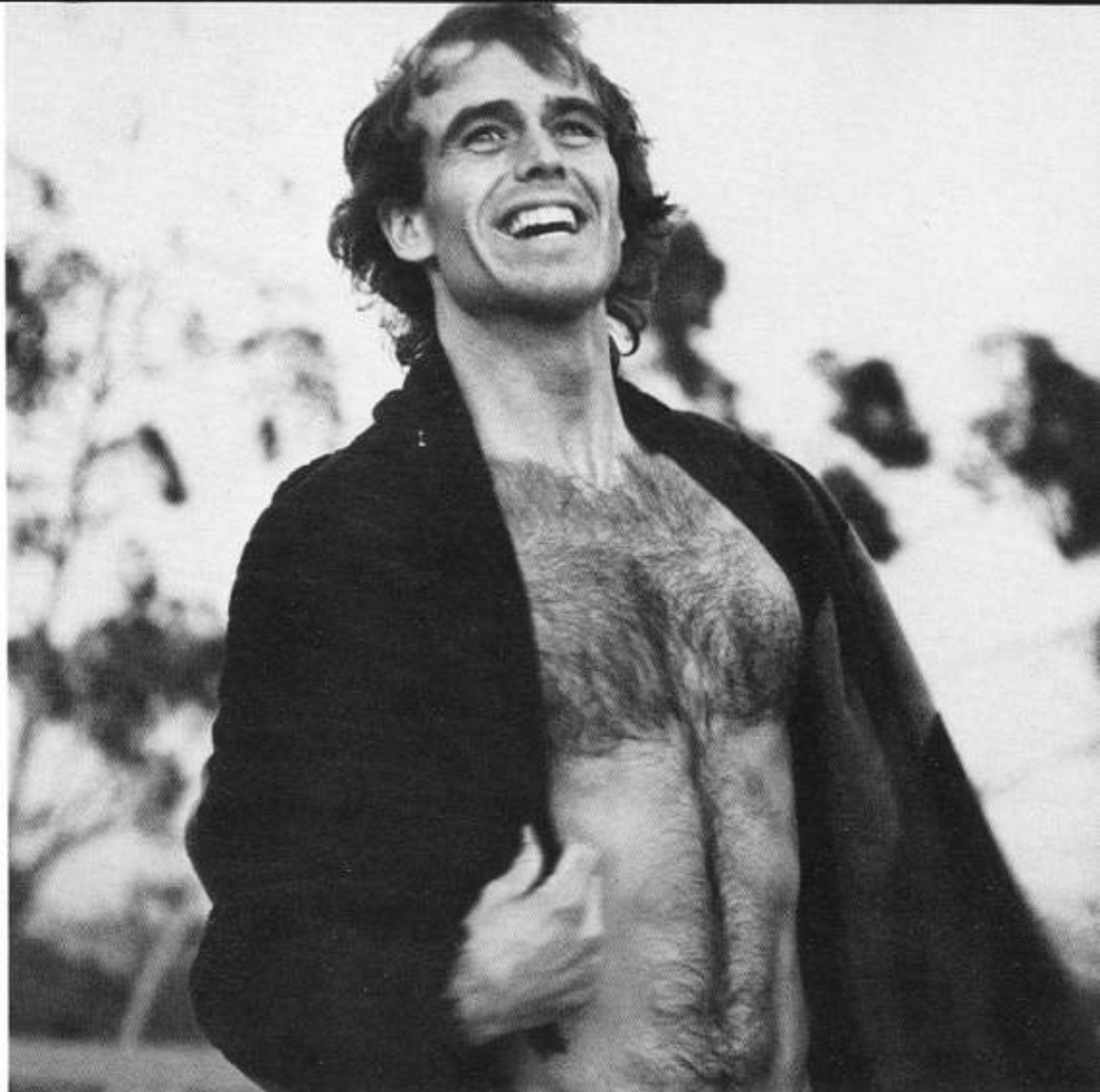
It is tough for him to deal with the present without being overly romantic and trendily nostalgic one minute, while

literal, basic and pornographic the next. There's a basic duality to his nature that in the mixing emerges as a beautiful enigma. Jack's mind is so regimented, his every movement is one that counts! He progresses one step at a time, eliminating any "get there quickly" scheme! By this method he is destined to be a brilliant performer. He detests rumors about himself or others. In many cases, he would rather be dead than to hear untrue, unjust things that might be said about him.

Honor is of the greatest importance to Jack, even more than prestige or money. He cannot, however, stand to be beaten at anything, and will work endlessly to overcome any problem that may arise in his life. He admits to becoming angry and will lose patience when a project he is working on does not go well.

All of Jack's friends, both straight as well as gay, love him for his open-minded views. He sees all sides of every situation by his x-ray reality. He hates corruption and decadence.

Surely everyone would agree that if a man possesses this much understanding of the world, himself, and his friends and associates, he has to be a man called Beautiful!



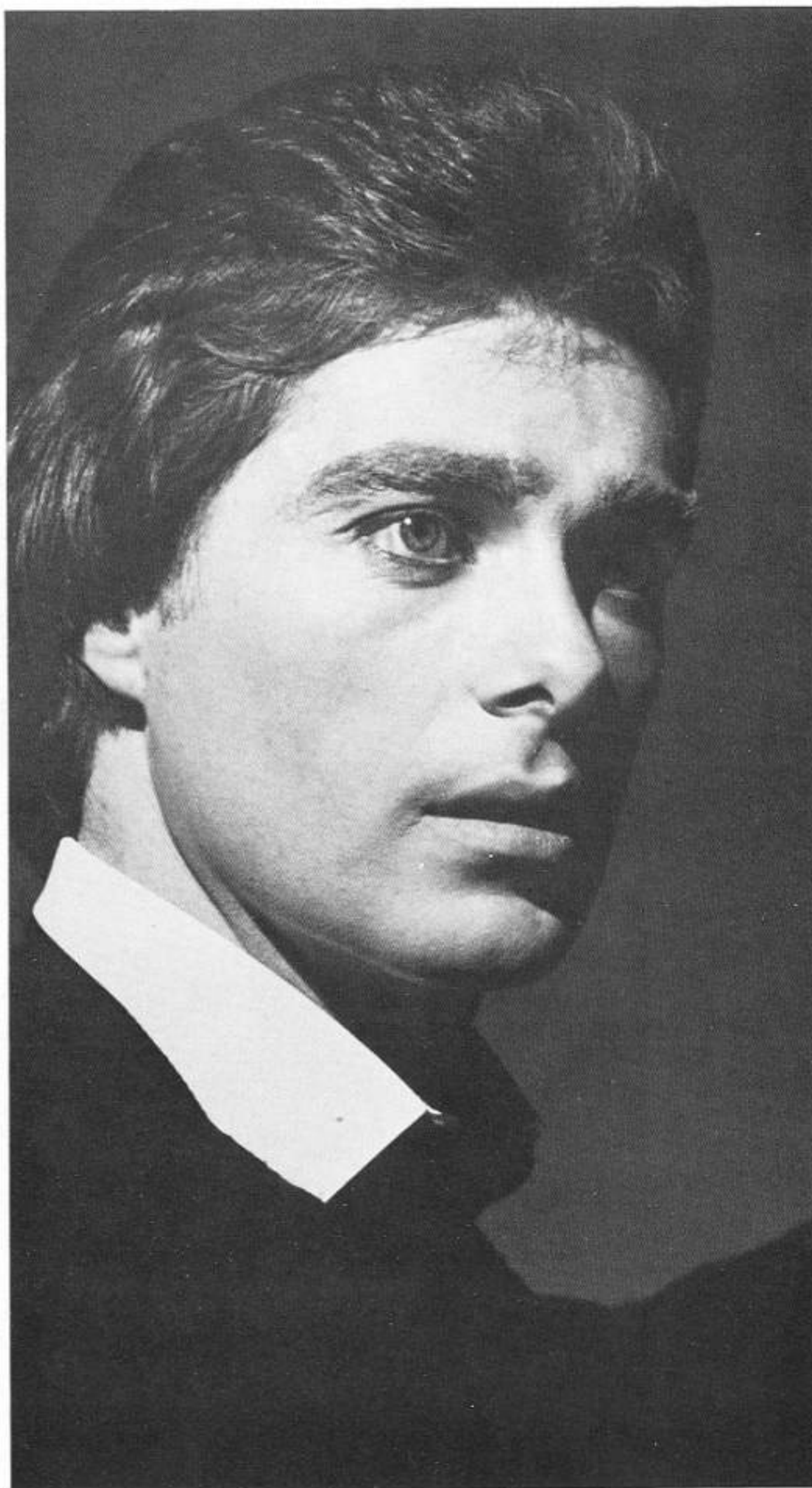


GALLERY OF RISING STARS

★ GRAIG DUDLEY

By Joseph Y Arsenault

Photography by Roy Blakey

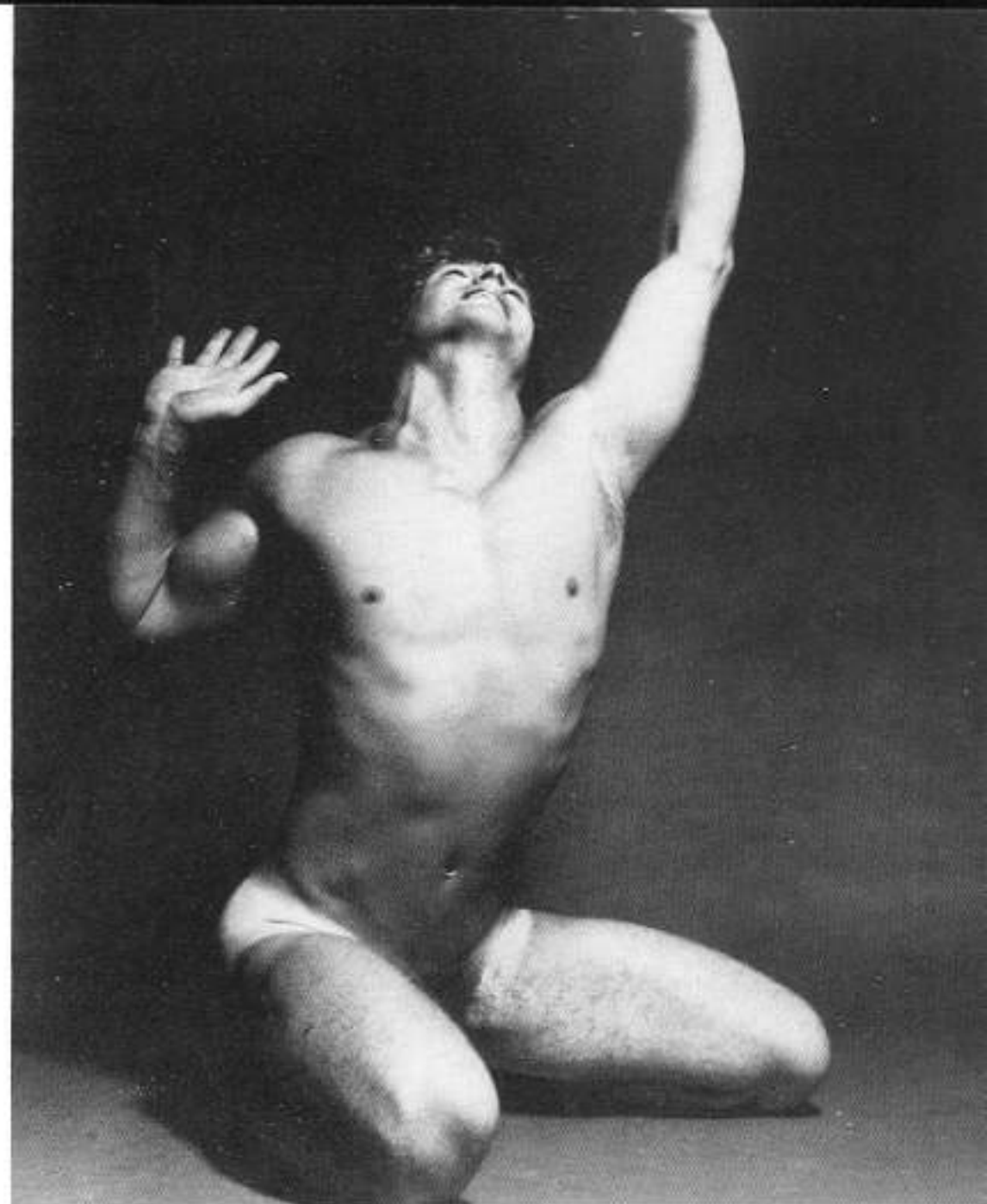


When Craig Dudley smiles, it's all over. He's disarming, captivating and electric.

He's a Renaissance man, actor, athlete and intellectual with a diamond bright presence that makes for real excitement and tantalizing appeal. Of course, his love, his all is the theatre, and no wonder. With that startling male animal bone structure, there's no doubt that he can drive any audience wild. Brown haired, bronzed and beautiful, he captures your interest and holds it effortlessly. It's as if he were a magnet, drawing you magically into his special world. And that world is one full of the stage, with the roar of the crowd and the smell of the greasepaint not far behind. Some might say he's a bit affected, but only the envious who are jealous of his perfect diction and bright smile. This star quality and genuine approachability makes Craig Dudley bigger than life and yet utterly human.

Craig prepares for every role like an athlete. Always improvising, he spices conversation with vignettes from his past performances or he alludes to great actors with whom he has hobnobbed. Bits of dreams and experiences flow in and out, creating the impression that a book is being written and that this narrator is rushing toward a new secret, another exciting development. More often, though, it's an unexpected twist that keeps you on your toes, which is part of his training. An actor who bores is a contradiction; and Craig is a living spark and the furthest thing from dull.

When Geraldine Fitzgerald, grande dame of Broadway, asked him to accompany her to a Shakespeare festival, he was delighted. As they promenaded together, she pinched his strong elbow and grumbled, "Craig, everybody is looking at your pectorals." Craig, the suave companion, replied, "They're only looking because I'm with you." She laughed and the evening was saved. Debonaire and every bit the gentleman, he controls the scene with the same assurance that George Sanders had in



"All About Eve." Cultivated yes, but more, absolutely sexy.

I ask, almost too directly, "How could a talented Shakespearian actor like yourself play a wildly outrageous sex-tiger at the glittery, glamorous, in every way decanent cabaret revue, *The Blue Angel* in Manhattan?"

His eyes light up cunningly, "You may not believe this, but I've learned more about entertainment from the *Blue Angel* than from the years spent in England. You see, on the legitimate stage, it's subtlety that counts. But at times, and of course, Shakespeare knew it, you must grab your audience by the balls with bravura, and sheer energy. I discovered the poetry of theater, the nuance but I still missed the gut reaction. Theater is poetry in action; that action is often violent. At the *Blue Angel*, when I parade on stage with a sequined jockstrap and silver boots, there is no room for politesse, just legkicking excitement. And listen, when I sit on that little chair with my legs spread eagle and point my finger, they lap it up. That audience out there loves it. And if they play nonchalant, I go jump on their table, rub my thigh in their face, and I

guarantee you they notice. Everybody is paying attention not only to me, but to the performance. They may be as red as beets, I mean quite embarrassed but they'll tell everybody on their block that I jumped on their table and paid attention to them."

"You're really out to give your audience a time they'll never forget," I ask.

"More than that, I want everybody to feel that I'm playing specifically for them, live and in person. I want everybody to say that Craig Dudley paid attention to them, put his leg near theirs and gave them one hell of an experience."

Craig sits back all aglow.

"You see, people live basically solitary lives. And yet, each of us has a little performer tucked in some corner inside. When an actor shares his spotlight with them, even if it may seem embarrassing, it's still a moment of glory and utterly flattering to their ego. You see, for them it's the greatest moment of their lives, a moment they'll never forget. That is why I did it. Strutting in silver sequined jockstrap taught me how to grab an audience and involve it in the

performance. I didn't learn that in London."

Fascinated, I ask about London, "What did it teach you?"

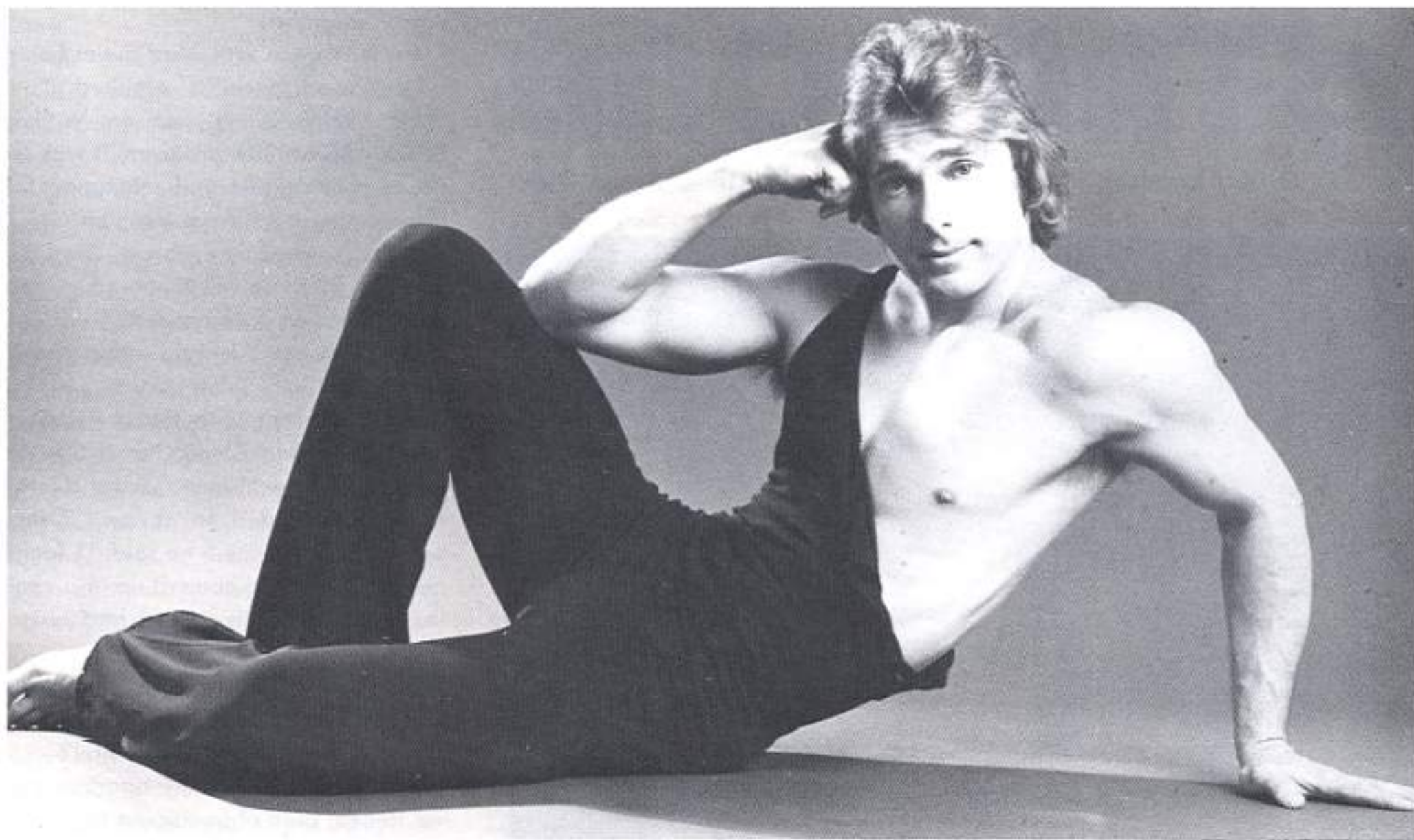
"How to be polished, how to make every improvisation look absolutely professional. It built a confidence in my abilities, and developed my poise. It gave me a complete training in my craft. When you've played as much Shakespeare as I have, you can tackle anything."

His roles in London included "Hamlet," "Taming of the Shrew," "Julius Caesar," and "Macbeth." When he returned to New York, he impressed critics with a damned good Richard II. The only other Richard in recent times was John Gielgud's no less.

Raised and presently living in Brooklyn, Craig lives, sleeps and dreams the stage. Because of that, he works out four times a week to keep that strong muscular physique intact. He is aware how important it is to remain handsome to keep attracting the crowds.

"Well," says Craig, "I've seen so many young actors who've had more commercial exposure than I've had completely fall apart after only one gig.



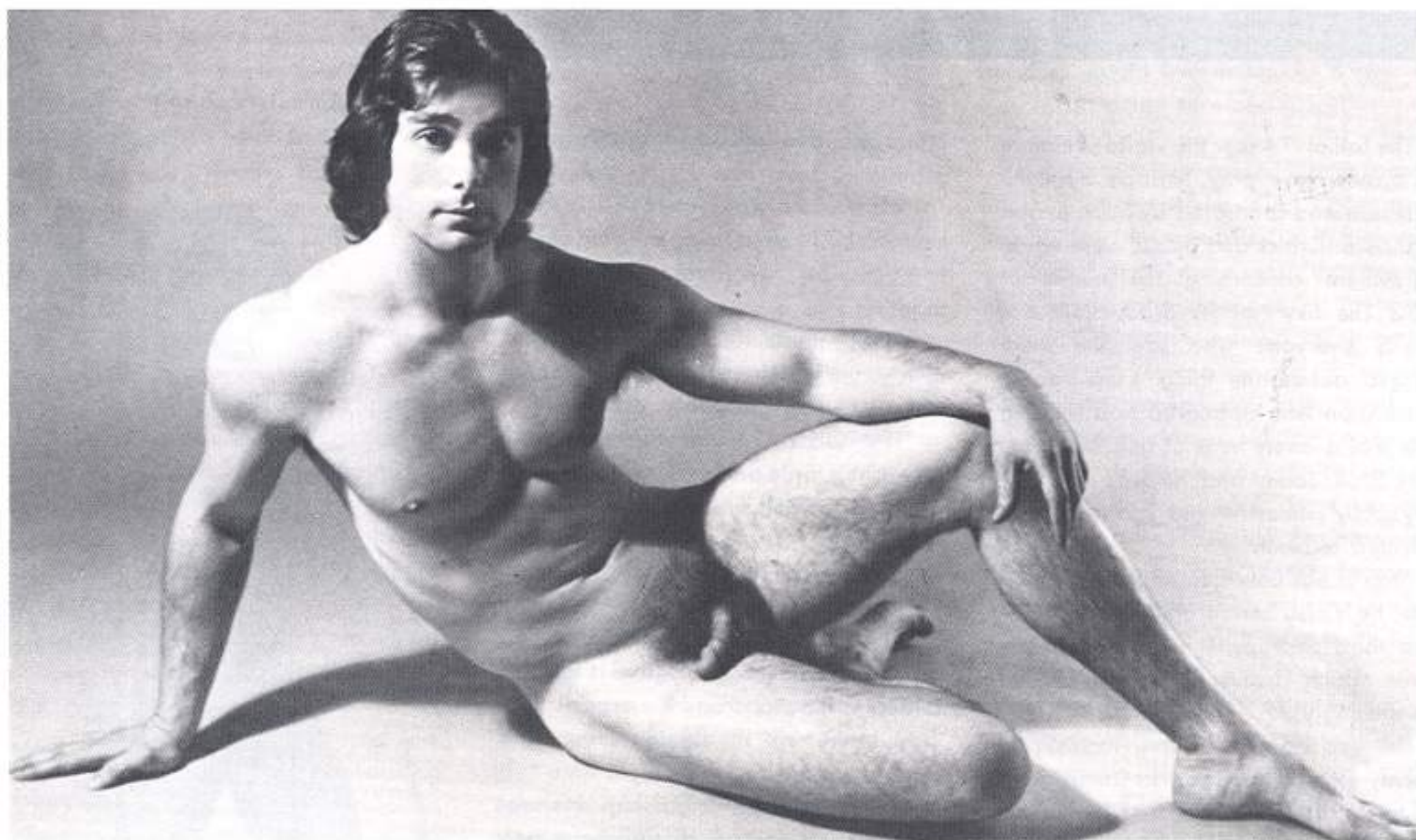


They drink, smoke, do dope, you know just plain overindulge. But for me, working out and maintaining a proper diet is part of my total lifestyle. You need one if you want to survive and really make it. It's all there just waiting for you if you can stick it out."

With self confidence like that, Craig is

on his way to a really big time. In fact, his future plans include a long, sojourn to California to work in television. A Shakespeare company in Colorado has asked him to work for them in the summer. The road ahead looks promising for this very talented actor.

Craig Dudley has a smile that magnetizes. You'll probably hear his name in Hollywood. A bon vivant, he loves life and enjoys sex. That's one area that he relishes. Being so close to his ripe masculinity is an absolute turn on, the possibilities are mouth watering. ●

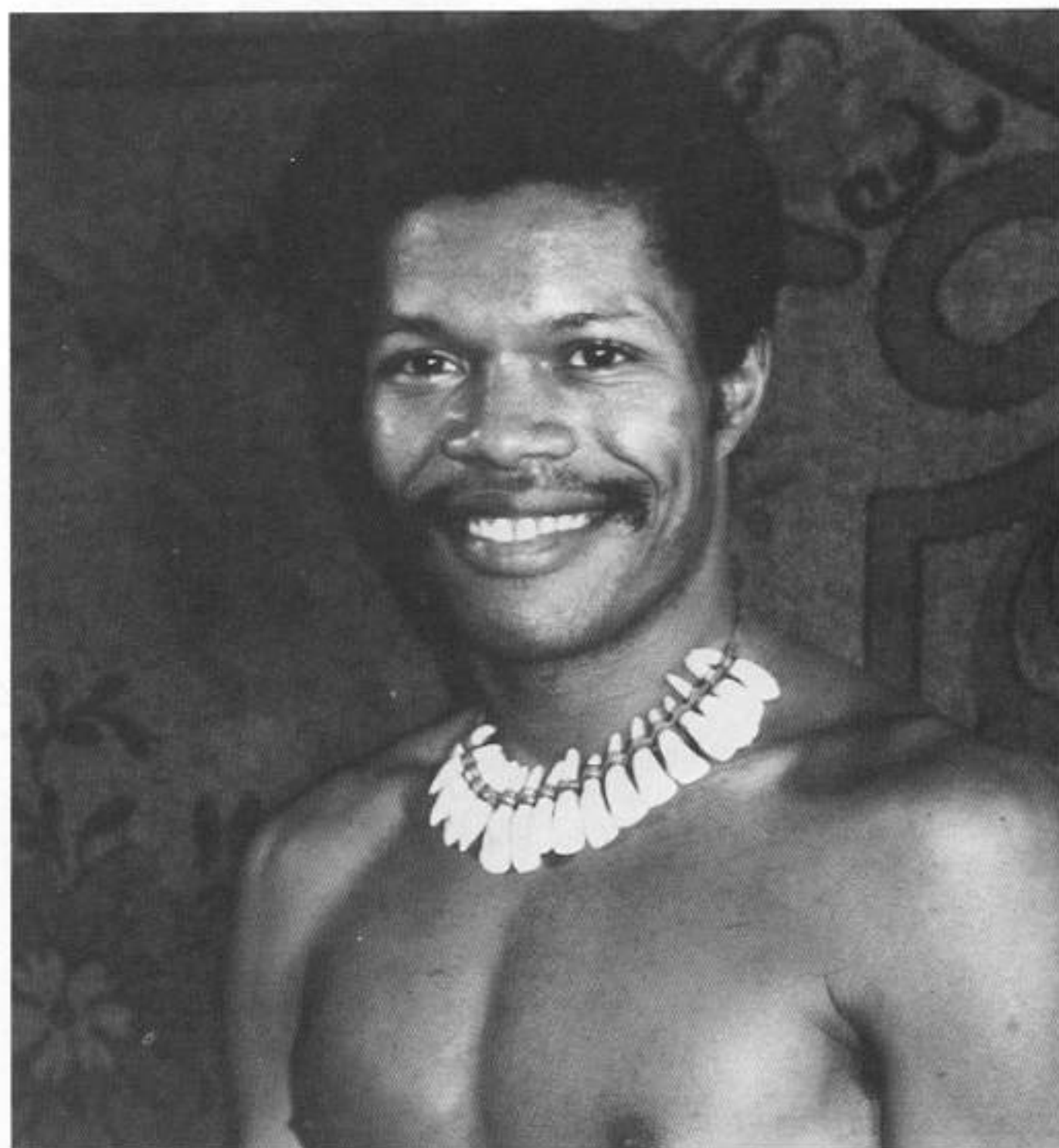




STAN BOND

By Drew Hamilton

Photography by Douglas Dean



The fall of '74 saw the world premiere of a new gay play, written by Lane Bateman and sponsored by S.I.R. in San Francisco. Critics and public were not in agreement concerning the merits of "Kiss The Sky" or its production, but nearly everyone who saw the show agreed about one thing — a young, black man who appeared in a leading role was a lovely hunk of guy. His name was Stan Bond, and he was not only physically attractive but charming and talented as well.

Stan is not only beautiful on the outside, he is also beautiful on the inside — and that, perhaps, is the secret of the force which draws people to him so compellingly.

He was born in Laurel, Mississippi, twenty-eight years ago. His family moved to Detroit when he was still an infant and then finally to San Diego, where

Stan attended school and eventually graduated from San Diego High.

"Were you always interested in show business?" I asked him, on one of the first chances we had to be alone together.

"Sure, music, dance and drama always intrigued me. I studied the violin when I was in the fifth grade."

"The violin?" Somehow I couldn't picture it, this virile and athletic young man practicing a delicate instrument like the violin.

"Well, I didn't stick to it very long," he admitted with a chuckle. "My family got tired of the screeching and groaning around the house. So I gave it up and turned to the piano and the organ . . . I was interested in singing, too, and studied drama in junior high."

In 1969 the army got him. He was drafted and sent to Hawaii as a per-

sonnel specialist.

I wasn't quite sure what duties being a "personnel specialist" required.

He explained. "I was on Waikiki Beach with an R&R program. It was set up to provide rest and relaxation for men coming back from Vietnam."

"Oh." I raised an eyebrow. "And did you give all those vets the — uh — rest and relaxation they needed?"

"I did my best," he said with a grin. "I had a ball."

After his stint with the army, Stan returned to San Diego. For a time he worked as a credit manager for a retail store but decided to resign. "Office work wasn't for me," he said. "I found out I couldn't stay cooped up in a cage like that all the time. So I had to get away."

He went to Sacramento, where he attended City College for two years.

"How did you like the capital?"

We were sitting in my apartment as we talked, both of us sipping a glass of pineapple juice. ("I used to drink gallons of this stuff when I was in Hawaii," he said, "and I sort of got hooked on it.")

"Sacramento is a quiet, easy-going town. The atmosphere in a place like that is very good for study. I really enjoyed the time I spent there . . . After two years at City I went to Sacramento State for a semester, where I majored in voice. I worked with a group called The Collegians and we did revue type material, songs and dances, in hotels and restaurants and for clubs and organizations. I was also the lead singer for a rock group in the Sacramento



area."

"How about classical music?"

"Oh, I love it. Classical music is outrageous. I really get off on it . . . I worked with another group in Sacramento called The Chamber Singers, and we did Bach and Brahms, things like that . . . Ever since I was in high school I've sung in choirs, too — wherever I had the chance to learn and pick up some experience I jumped at the opportunity. One thing always leads to something else, you know."

Indeed it does. It was Stan's appearance in "Kiss The Sky" which called him to my attention and prompted me to line him up for the photos and an interview for IN TOUCH.

"How do you feel about your experience in 'Kiss The Sky'?" I was somewhat cautious about asking this question, because I knew that there had been many production problems, backstage intrigues and cast changes with the show, and even though it played sixteen performances there were rarely more than a handful of people in the house.

Stan was thoughtful for a minute. "I really liked the play and my part in it. I got off on it . . . I had just come to San Francisco a couple of months before I went into rehearsal, and it was good for me to discipline myself again, to build up my confidence . . . It's really sad the show wasn't more of a success at the box-office. The play had something to say, I think. But it was done on a very low budget, it wasn't well advertised, and the atmosphere in which we worked wasn't the best, it wasn't conducive to top creative effort. But I grew through my experience in 'Kiss The Sky' and I'm glad I had the opportunity to play that part."

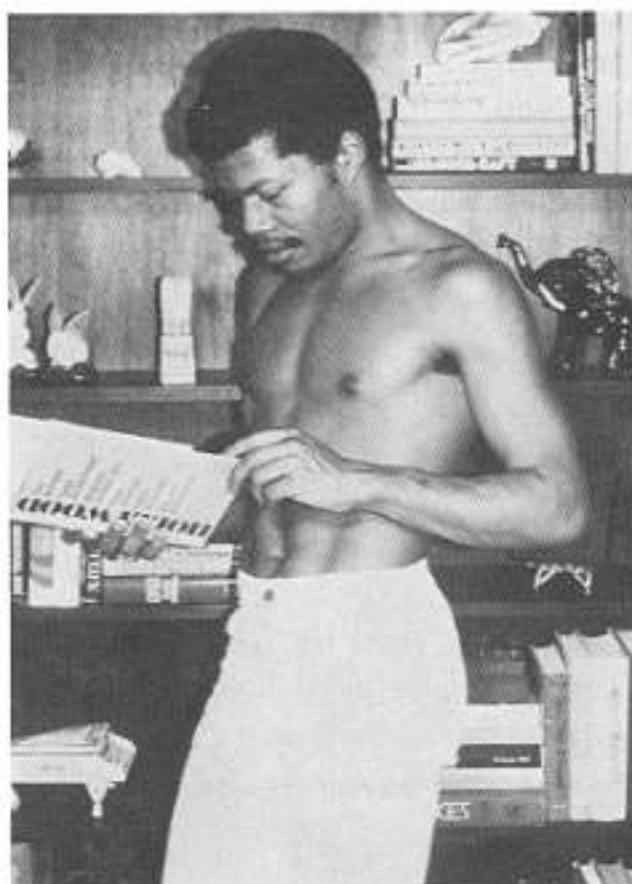
Stan is quiet-voiced, well-mannered and with a very positive outlook on life and his own future. He dresses casually, and he moves with a dancer's grace, an almost feline quality which is fluid and yet masculine at the same time.

"I studied tribal dancing," he told me. "Really improvising to music. I taught myself a lot, but friends helped me, too. Maybe my dance training is what makes my body movement more rhythmic than other guys."

For all of his attributes and accomplishments, there is an unassuming quality about Stan which adds to his appeal. When he speaks of any of his

skills or talents he does it in a straightforward fashion and certainly without self-deprecation, but neither does he imply that his gifts and abilities are greater than they actually are.

He came to San Francisco in June of 1974 and it was only a few weeks later that he went into rehearsal for "Kiss The Sky." At the same time he worked the day shift on the desk at one of the local bath houses. He ultimately quit that job, however, and in February of '75 he enrolled in the drama department of San Francisco State University. "I'm really going to concentrate on my theatrical career from now on," he said. "Acting and singing are the things I



want to do. So show business will be getting my full attention from this point on."

He'll stay in the Bay area if there are sufficient work opportunities. "San Francisco is an outrageous city," he said with a grin. "I love it."

"Outrageous" is one of the favorite words in Stan's vocabulary. Whenever he wants to express his enthusiasm or delight over something, "outrageous" is the superlative he chooses.

He has an idea for a rock opera he'd like to write. It will be inter-racial and will deal with a pair of young lovers who come to the city from a small town background. "They find out their problems in the city are no different from the ones they had back home."

I was curious about Stan's personal life and his views on love and sex relationships. I knew that he shared a Victorian house in the Castro area with

two other men, because I had visited him there. (The house has seven rooms and a bath and is tastefully furnished. There is also a garden area.) He talked guardedly about his roommates. "We get along very well . . ."

Vibrations indicated that there might be more than a casual tie between Stan and one of the men he lives with. He didn't want to refer to this man as his lover, however. "Let's just say that we're very close," he said, smiling. "There's a good understanding between us."

"Mmmm. Fascinating. Go on. You still haven't told me what kind of a guy you really dig."

He nodded and held up a palm to restrain me. "Patience. I'm coming to that . . . In high school I never ran around much with guys my own age. I was always attracted to men who were older than I."

"Older?" I gulped and almost dropped my pencil. (I knew this would intrigue a segment of IN TOUCH readers!)

"At least ten years older. Maybe more. I like distinguished looking men. I like gray hair and I'm even attracted to a slightly receding hairline." He paused, then added mischievously, "And I'm turned on to moustaches. Like the one you've got."

"Outrageous." (It was all I could say at the moment. I was scribbling faster and for some reason my breath was uneven.) "But — uh — tell me. I'm sure our readers would like to know. Why is it you're attracted to older types?"

"Experience!"

My startled look caused him to laugh aloud. "I mean it," he said. "Older men are better lovers. They're more experienced and they're more sensitive to the needs and feelings of others. Younger guys are inclined to be more selfish, they're too wrapped up in themselves, they're still experimenting and playing games. In my opinion, good sex and love have to be giving things, and the desires have to be mutual — at least as mutual as possible. There's got to be real honesty between lovers and no game-playing. That's why I prefer older men — they're more into the scene I like."

To this, I'm sure, most of us will reply, "Outrageous!" — but for different reasons. My own reaction to Stan's philosophy I'll keep to myself, a secret between him and me. ●

★ DAVID CAHALAN

By Allan Leopold

Photography by Don Lewis



MY EARS were still pleasantly a-tingle with the lilt of this song so rousingly sung by 21-year-old David Cahalan in "Your Own Thing" at San Diego's Carter Centre Theatre. As I waited to interview him in a nearby restaurant, I had no doubts he would attain his goal in the very near future. When he arrived, I was startled to see how his appearance had changed from the one he projected onstage as Sebastian. Gone was the straight hair, which was actually a wig. His own hair is a riot of dark curly ringlets that frame his earnest young face. Out of it peer two of the frankest eyes imaginable, deep-brown in color, that turn themselves upon you with natural inquisitiveness, totally free of artifice. The product of a Catholic upbringing, David, at one time, thought about becoming a priest. The loss to the Church is the Theatre's gain because non-Catholics can enjoy the beauty of his voice now.

"I was born December 4, 1952 into an Iowa farm family. Jean Paul and Mary Cahalan have roots in the earth. My sister Pauline (29) is a nurse in Denver, Colorado. John (28) is married and has two children. He has stuck with farming. Tom (25) graduated from Notre Dame, took a job with the Peace Corps, and is teaching Agriculture in Togo, Africa. My little brother Dan (16) is going to high school in Mason City, Iowa. I've always wanted to sing and the first person to really encourage me was Sister Damian who taught me piano at Sacred Heart. I love to compose music and the rural life is perfect for concentration. You can go outside at 3:00 in the morning and the full moon is bright, casting a glow over everything. You can go down to the creek and, as far as the eye can see, everything is absolutely still. At such times I take along my guitar and write. My latest is about my four-year-old nephew and I call it 'Billy Song.' Would you like to hear it?"

I nodded.

"I see Christ in the little
children as they walk
I see Him standing by their side
To look into their faces
And see the twinkle in

their eye
Almost makes a man want
to stop and cry
For they know what true love
is and how to share
And the older we get the
more it seems
That we don't care.
Tell me, how long has
it been
Since you have let someone
in
And looked at them just
to say
I love you.
We can learn from the
children every day
If we just take a moment
to hear what they say
There is love in their
lives
That you and I will never
see
Just because they're
children
Children they must be."

I sat a moment in silence after this very private recital. David Cahalan is a very beautiful person inside as well as out.

"Because Sister Damian took such a personal interest in me, I was fascinated by her. We studied Beethoven together and he became part of my life. At Newman High School I met Michael Phelan who produced a show, a sort of Coffee House Theatre in the auditorium, called 'Hernando's Hideaway.' I auditioned for it, was accepted, and Mr. Phelan permitted me to sing a song in the show I wrote myself. I played Dauntless in 'Once Upon a Mattress' for him and this was a riot, one of the funniest things I've ever done. Mike did everything. He was everywhere. He built and painted the sets, he arranged the music and he directed. In my sophomore year, I played Curly in 'Oklahoma!' It's a fantastic part and I can still remember how much I enjoyed singing 'The Surrey With the Fringe on Top.' This is my favorite show to date and I thought we did a lot more with it than I saw on the screen when I went to the movie version. In my Junior year, I played a forest ranger in

'Little Mary Sunshine.' As part of the chorus, suddenly the tension wasn't on me and I could relax and just have fun. Being part of the chorus is good experience and it does wonders for your ego. My final show was a variety revue called 'Newman Sings.' I sang 'Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?' and I graduated at the age of 19. Like most brash high school grads, I suddenly wanted to show my folks how independent I could be. I took a job at David's Manufacturing Co. as a production-line man at \$1.85 an hour. I lifted steel beams and sheets of tin and I didn't fit in well with this kind of work at all. My next job was more in my line. I sang and played guitar at the Stein Inn in Mason City. But, after you finish whatever you're doing to earn a living in Mason City, there really isn't much else to do there. So, after a few months of this, I decided to go to Loras College in Dubuque. There, I met Mr. John Lease who became my choral instructor. I was forever taking all the music classes I could find. A Mr. Daniels became my private vocal coach and my voice began to take on some authority. I started to feel I was getting to the point where I could do anything I wanted to with it."

"I'll agree with that," I interrupted. David beamed.

"I really can't believe all this. This is the first time I've ever been critiqued, you know."

"And it won't be the last. Are you interested in going on to opera?"

"I have no aspirations to be an opera singer because I have a hard enough time speaking English let alone any



other language. Mr. Lease taught at Clarke College, an affiliate of Loras, and I went on a tour with the Loras-Clarke Singers to Philadelphia, Washington D.C. and New York City. When I landed in Manhattan, I was terrified. I had never been in such a big city in my life and I was dead sure I would get lost in it. While there, I had a chance to see 'Pippin' and I lost my mind over it.

"This brought me to a crossroads decision in my life. I really didn't want to go to a regular college. I just wanted to go somewhere where I could learn all about singing for the theatre. I went back and saw 'Pippin' again and, through a friend, I found out about USIU, the United States International University, which has a special School for the Performing Arts. Ron Arden is the director and, in September of last year, I enrolled there. For nine months, I studied and played wonderful roles. Their Dance Department is really great and gives a performer all the basic fundamentals of ballet and modern dance. Jack Tygett is the divisional head and he partnered Julie Andrews in 'Mary Poppins.' My instructors in the Vocal Department are the best I've ever had, a Los Angeles theatre couple, Bill and Irene Chapman. Bill has played the King in 'The King and I' all over the United States and he and his wife have increased my vocal range 3 1/2 steps.

"When I first came to them, my highest note was E or F. Now I can hit A's and B-flats easily. I also learned a lot from Wynn Pearce about acting. I've come to understand the rules and the

guidelines, the do's and the don'ts of this business. If there's anything I can't stand, it's an actor who steals another actor's line or tries to upstage him.

"My first show at the school took place in early January. It was directed by Jack Tygett and I played Conrad Birdie in 'Bye Bye Birdie.' In May, I did Tony in 'West Side Story' under the direction of Charles Vernon, my present director. He liked my work and suggested I audition for 'Your Own Thing,' which he planned to do at the Carter Centre. He cast Robin Taylor first as Viola. She had played my girl friend, Kim McAfee, in 'Birdie.' Two nights before 'West Side' opened, Charles said he didn't think I was right for Sebastian. I don't give up easily and I knew he didn't have



"Your Own Thing" with Nada Rowland.

anybody definitely in mind."

"How did you know this?"

"Instinct. I just felt he didn't so I worked just that much harder as Tony. The final day of 'West Side,' Charles came to my dressing room and offered me Sebastian. I was elated but uncertain as to what to do. A chance to audition for 'Pippin' had arisen and I was determined to take advantage of it. I told Charles I would let him know and I flew to New York for what I thought was going to be My Big Chance. They liked my voice but they could only make room for me in the chorus. This was O.K. with me but I was told the choreography was very tricky to learn and I would be expected to learn it. Now, I am not a dancer and I couldn't figure out a way

that I could suddenly turn into one. So, I tendered my regrets and flew back to San Diego and 'Your Own Thing.' This show won Equity cards for both Robin and me and, after the first week of rehearsal, Supervising Director Craig Noel, of the Old Globe, came up to us and said:

'I am very pleased and proud. Equity is fortunate to have young people like you as new members.'

"After that, Robin and I walked around on air for the rest of the rehearsal time. Professional Critics came opening night to review us. I've never been written about before. It's a brand new experience for me. Audiences have liked the show and they can make or break it."

"Those zip-suits look skin-tight. Are they comfortable to wear?"

"Both Robin and I sweated profusely in them. They're airtight and catch little clammy pools of water. We ran offstage directly into the path of the air conditioners and we both came down with laryngitis. I went to a doctor who put a five-inch-long piece of wire up my nose with antibiotics on the cotton and my nasal passages opened up immediately. After two treatments, I was a new singer."

"Anything out of the ordinary happen during any of the performances?"

"One night the audience nearly died laughing at an accident I had with Chuck Mark. He plays the nurse in drag and I knocked his wig off. You know, he has a wife, Marlene, and a 2-year-old daughter called Anie. Marlene thinks

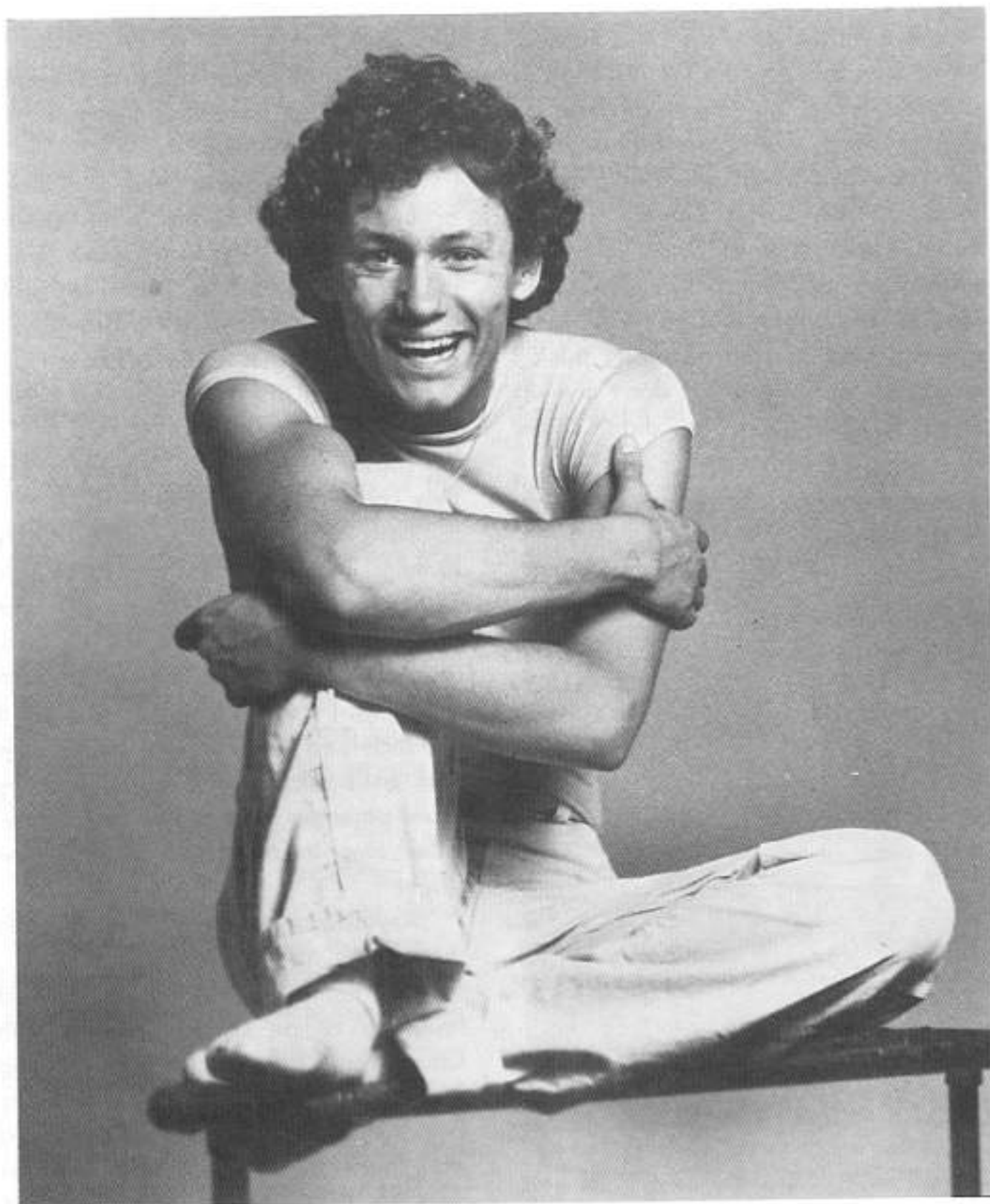
Continued on p.74



★ JOE JONES

By Don Gonzales

Photography by John Cox Jr.



Joe Jones is an entertainer. Right now, as part of a cast of fourteen, he entertains in an off-Broadway hit called "Let My People Come." In this show he sings, dances, and takes off his clothes for nine performances a week. The show has been playing to a packed house since it began its run January 8, 1974. Joe is definitely a hit in the show but he doesn't consider himself a star: There are no stars in "Let My People Come," or rather, they're all stars. For the present he enjoys being an entertainer.

Joe's earliest memories as a child in Amsterdam, New York, are of singing for anybody who would listen. "... but only if they wanted me to," he adds. "Otherwise I did it for myself." By the time he was seven he was organizing

neighborhood talent shows "just like Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland," confessing to not having seen those movies until a teenager. "I did watch Jackie Gleason though and lots of other TV shows."

The childhood memories of Joe Jones sound rather wonderful. But in talking to him at length the gaps in his memory become apparent. It is not that he is concealing anything, he simply doesn't dwell on unpleasant things. Mostly, he remembers the good things.

Joe was about ten when he got his third and present father; "He was wonder-FULL (Joe always pronounces wonderful that way). He was really more like a big brother to me, and my mother was very happy with him. They

always encouraged me to 'do whatever you like, as long as you don't hurt anybody.' They were very liberal. . . . Actually they lived together for three years before they got married."

"I was pretty wild in school. I wore strange clothes and things. People didn't know what to expect next. Somebody once said, 'Next week he'll be wearing tits.' Some kids used to call me a faggot, but, oh well, I didn't let it bother me and I did things that pleased me. And I got a lot of attention, I guess."

Joe was very active in school plays in both junior high and high school. "Theatre was the only thing I liked about school." And he was the first Junior at Amsterdam High School to receive the Kirk Douglas Award for his performance in a school play. The award had previously gone only to seniors.

His senior year in high school marked a major turning point in Joe's life: The pressures of graduating, of going out on his own, of bad drug trips. . . then his arrest for shoplifting. He and a friend had gotten stoned and tried to shop-lift a coat: "It was really a goof. I hadn't even taken off the tags. Naturally I got caught." That night Joe tried to kill himself by swallowing forty-eight Valiums. The next morning he woke up in a daze. He went up to the bathroom, and taking a razor blade, cut both his wrists and arms. He remembers waking up in a hospital: neither happy to be alive nor unhappy to have failed at suicide. Because he was weak, it was an extreme effort to think. But in the one day following his suicide attempt, Joe, very rationally, and without further fear, mapped out his future. Then, only two months before graduation, Joe quit school, packed a bag, and with his savings of about a hundred dollars got on a train for New York City. He was on his own.

His first night in New York Joe went to a Broadway show. "It was great to be back. I had first been to a Broadway show on a school trip when I was thirteen." The next day Joe started looking for a job. He got one as a stock boy and in two months had saved enough money to get his own apartment in Greenwich Village.

Soon bored with his job as stock boy and wanting a better job he bluffed his way into a job as a waiter at Adam's Apple, a popular restaurant in Manhat-

tan's east 60's. "But on my second day, I spilled six glasses of iced water into this ladies lap. I guess the thing that really upset them was my picking the ice cubes out of her lap . . . and I just couldn't stop laughing." He was fired on the spot.

His next job was as a doorman in a rather fancy eastside apartment building. "I hated it . . . the idea of opening doors for other people. But I was earning good money: \$190 a week plus 8 or 9 dollars a day in tips." But Joe only held this job for about two months. "I was busy opening doors, taking deliveries, cleaning the mirror and suddenly the intercom switchboard lit up, and everybody was asking why the hot water was off. I already hated the job so when the switchboard lit up I told everybody, 'I don't like being here, and I'm not the fucking plumber, so don't bother me!' All those little old ladies with blue hair and poodles came down and complained. Three days later I was let go."

That same day Joe saw an ad in the Village Voice: "Young, open and uninhibited people for off-Broadway production . . ." This was to be his first audition in New York. The play was to be "Let My People Come." After the audition, he knew he had done well. The next day he got a callback. He celebrated with a girlfriend over a chicken pot pie. There were, however, four more, nerve-wracking callbacks. At the fifth callback Joe was told he would be in the show.

Joe admits to having been skeptical about the show before it opened: "taking off our clothes and using dirty words. I could see myself getting arrested. But, oh well, at least I'd get my name in the papers."

The show was in rehearsals for three months. "I gave it everything I had — so did everyone else — to make it work. Our first performance was to be on a Wednesday evening. Our last rehearsal ran from Tuesday morning straight through until Wednesday morning. The tension was terrible. I was so terrified I threw up before going to the theatre. The audience loved the show and gave us a standing ovation. Afterwards I cried hysterically. There were no parties or anything. We were all so numb we just went home to bed."

The show has been running now for over a year. "It's still my whole life. I've

learned so much." Most of Joe's friends are in the show. On his last birthday the cast gave Joe a surprise party. The birthday cake was decorated with a large frosted star.

Joe Jones has a thing about stars. He puts them everywhere: a big silver one on his apartment door, a red one embroidered on his pants, and of course, the one tattooed on his right hand. "No," he says anticipating a question, "It didn't hurt . . . That's the question I always get asked." Joe got the tattoo when he was seventeen, back in Amsterdam, New York. "I had gone with a girlfriend who was going to get tattooed — you remember a few years ago when girls were getting tattooed — but she got scared so I got one just to show her that it didn't hurt."

He even sees stars everywhere. "Do you know that the buttons on your Levis have stars?" I confirm it and remark that I had never noticed. "Of course not: unless you're really into stars, you never notice."

Joe also has stars on his wall, in pictures and posters. Sitting in Joe's modest studio apartment he points out his favorite stars: Clark Gable, Marlon Brando, Bette Midler, Dianna Ross, Bette Davis — "Every faggot in the world

loves Bette Davis." Paul Newman and Faye Dunaway — "They were wonderful in 'Towering Inferno.'" And Mickey Mouse. There are also pictures of himself and friends from the show.

The room is clean but cluttered, dominated by a loft bed and a bar. In one corner of the room is a large Revlon Lipstick display case, with lipstick still in it. "The drugstore on the corner threw it out and I brought it home. Don't you just love the names of these colors: 'Passionella Pink, Hot Licks Red, Feathery Frost.'" On the dresser is a large but unimpressively designed trophy: "That's my Kirk Douglas award."

Joe takes a plate of sandwiches out of the refrigerator. "Chicken salad on whole wheat." We sit cross-legged on cushions under the loft bed, eating sandwiches and drinking beer. "Okay, let's get on with the interview," he says revealing his uneasiness. "I mean let's talk . . . You know a whore and a pimp used to live in this apartment."

"Joe, tell me, why do you have such a craving to be a star?" I ask.

He seems relieved to answer a question. "I want to be known as somebody." Then slipping into the future tense, "I'm not going to mind giving up

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CONVERSATION WITH A NATIONAL MONUMENT

By Allan Leopold

CHARLTON HESTON'S face is probably one of the most celebrated in the world today largely because of an enormously successful screen career that has made him one of the richest actors currently toiling in films. A year seldom goes by without an important box office blockbuster that stars this particular face. Currently, they are standing in line to see him in "Airport '75" and "Earthquake." Because of his remarkable ability to sell movie tickets, he can now afford to do what he wants: notably, tackle the stage. He had just finished washing off his "Macbeth" blood and gore prior to our interview and he settled back comfortably in his Ahmanson dressing room to field my questions.

"What made you decide to do 'Macbeth'?, I began. "Why not 'Hamlet'?"

"I'm not right for 'Hamlet.' I've done 'Macbeth' five times previously."

"Oh? I didn't know that. Perhaps you could chronologically give me a run-down on your love affair with this man."

That famous countenance grew pensive a moment.

"Let me see. I first did him as a student production at Northwestern University. I met my wife there, Lydia Clarke, who is also an actress. Then I did the first Coast-to-Coast live television telecast of the play opposite Judith Evelyn, who was a great friend of Bobby Fryer. He, of course, is the producer of this current production. Then I did a version for Burgess Meredith at the Bermuda Shakespeare Festival with Nancy Marchand; again at the Ann Arbor Shakespeare Festival with Jacqueline Brooks and now with Vanessa Redgrave."

"You like doing Shakespeare?"

"It's the hardest work in the world but, for an actor, it's where it's at. You have to take a run at the classics. They're like mountains."

"I expect it's easier for you to play 'Macbeth' after all these versions?"

"Not necessarily. I am put in mind of my son's comment. He's a mountaineer



and . . ."

"What's his name?"

"Fraser."

"How old is he?"

"Twenty."

"Twenty! Good heavens! He was just a child when you did 'The Ten Commandments.' He played the infant Moses."

"Well, he's grown up since then."

"What does he do? Does he want to be an actor?"

"No. He was a student last year at UCSD in San Diego. Now he's at UCLA, a transfer from Marine Biology to Literature which strikes me as a curious combination, but there you are. He has the brains to see what an impossible way to make a living acting is. I think he wants to be a writer. He's told me that if nobody hires an actor he has no way of doing his work but a writer can do his work even if he's working in a gas station."

"Does he look like his father?"

"I guess he's a recognizable combination of my wife and myself, a hair taller than I am. Perhaps less heavily built but built about as I was at his age and he can beat me at tennis."

"Where does the name Fraser come from?"

"My mother's people were Frasers. Clan Frasers. As a matter of fact, tomorrow we have a whole contingent of Frasers attending the play."

"How marvelous. Is Fraser your only child?"

"No. We have a daughter, thirteen, Holly."

"Has she seen the play?"

"Yes."

"What did she think of it?"

"At the end of the play, my head is cut off and impaled on a pike. She said: 'Daddy, how gross!'"

"I heard you mention that on the Johnny Carson show. I found this effect a little bit disconcerting. I was very taken with the horror of having your head skewered on a pike but I could not understand the logic of having you take your curtain call directly in front of it."

"Heston laughed.

"I must say the same thought occurred to me but that is the way the director staged it."

"Well, this cheapens the effect and reduces its impact and makes a stunt out of it. The head, by the way, looks exactly like you."

"It was cast directly from my own."

"In the text of the play and eerily lit, it is quite wonderful but, at the curtain call, when you run right out in front of it, it becomes a burlesque."

"Well, you've hardened my resolve to speak to the director about it. I think you're quite right about this. I was about to tell you, before, about Fraser's comment in regard to mountain climbing and my having done 'Macbeth.' People have said to him:

"You must feel secure climbing a mountain you've climbed before, to which he has brilliantly replied:

"You go up a different route. It's a whole new mountain."

"What other Shakespearean roles have you played?"

"Well, they're all Man-Killers and you'd better pick the one on which you have a running start. I've done Petruchio in 'The Taming of the Shrew' opposite Lisa Kirk's Katharine. I did it for Studio One and Bobby Fryer. Lisa later played the part of Bianca in the musical version with Alfred Drake they called 'Kiss Me Kate.' I've also done Antony in 'Julius



Age 17

Caesar' four times."

"You mentioned you began your career at Northwestern?"

"Yes. I was on acting scholarship there. I was in the same class as Pat Neal and Cloris Leachman. We had a very good class, as a matter of fact. After I spent three years in the Army, I went to New York with my wife."

"What year was that?"

"The fall of '46. She got a Broadway show almost at once. I didn't get one until almost a year later."

"The name of the play?"

"'Detective Story' by Sydney Kingsley."

"He isn't writing plays anymore is he? I think the last play he did was 'Lunatics and Lovers' over twenty years ago."

"I guess he's retired. My wife played the lead in her play but I had just a walk-on in Katharine Cornell's play, 'Antony and Cleopatra,' which was directed by her husband, Guthrie McClintic. I was just in time for the Golden Age of Television, which was excellent experience for us all. In terms of actors, there was myself, Paul Newman, George C. Scott and Steve McQueen. The directors were Arthur Penn, Frank Schaeffner, George Roy Hill and John Frankenheimer. Rod Serling was one of the brilliant new writers."

"I'd like to bring up a mutual friend of ours and find out when he came into your life, Maynard Morris."

"Maynard Morris was my first agent in New York. He was my wife's agent before he was mine. If you knew

Maynard, you'll remember the curiously abrupt manner he had on the phone. Very strange, highly pressured and abrupt. Lydia was appearing in 'Detective Story' and she said: 'You know my husband is an actor too. I'd like you to see him.' And he said:

'All right. Yes . . . Yes. All right . . . Yes. I'll see him. Have him come in. Yes. Have him come in. I'll see him.' And, of course, that is precisely the kind of break that all actors are looking for. To be on hand when they want you. When the part is there. I walked into his office and he said:

'I think I have a part for you. Yes, I think I do. Yes. I DO have a part for you. Yes, I'll call him up. Yes, I think I will. Yes . . . Right away.' And he did and I got it."



Charlton as Alan Murdock, airlines trouble-shooter and former jet pilot in Universal's "Airport 1975."

"What part was that?"

"It was an understudy in a play by Joseph Hayes called 'Leaf and Bough.'"

"The playwright who wrote 'The Desperate Hours'?"

"Yes. This just preceded that. The part was a mid-Western farmboy. The play was not a success. It was not even a good play but I went into New York in the leading role as the fellow I understudied proved unsuitable. It was a great break for me and I owe it all to Maynard. He was a great man of the theatre. He really was. He played a signal role in the career of Greg Peck as well."

"Was Maynard instrumental in creating your screen career for you?"

"Well, Hal Wallis signed me to a contract on the basis of the television work he saw me do, which Maynard

negotiated. In this context, I would say yes."

"Your first picture was?"

"'Dark City' with Elizabeth Scott."

"Is she still in pictures these days?"

"I haven't seen her in a while. I don't think she's very active now. William Dieterle directed it and Jack Webb and Ed Begley were in it."

"I'll never forget his masterpiece, 'The Devil And Daniel Webster.'"

"Yes, I think that film was the best thing he ever did."

"How many films have you done?"

"About 45."

"How do you feel about working in motion pictures as opposed to the stage?"

"I like working in films. It's challenging and it's a medium necessary to establishing your career."

"Do you like your work in pictures?"

"Often. This puts me in mind of a comment George C. Scott made on the golf course the other day. A reporter asked him:

'How are you hitting 'em George?'

"To which he replied:

'Frequently.'"

"Have you a desire to become a film director?"

"No. I'm fully committed to acting. I've learned never to say never but, at this point, it would be hard for me to imagine myself directing a film in which I do not appear."

"Do you think it's logical for an actor to direct himself?"



"Counterpoint" (Universal).



Chuck Connors, as the bodyguard of an assassinated big-shot in the world of the future, fights with police investigator, Charlton Heston in MGM's "Soylent Green."



Number One

"Well, Laurence Olivier did it . . . Orson Welles. A couple of others. But it's very difficult. That's why I don't see myself directing. There are others who can do it better."

"Who are the directors you feel most comfortable with in films?"

"I've been very lucky in that respect. I've worked with a gratifying number of the directors who are on most people's lists of the great ones: I've worked with DeMille, George Stevens, William Wyler, Frank Schaeffner, Sam Peckinpah, Laurence Olivier, Orson Welles . . . that's a good batting average."

Do you consider 'Ben-Hur' your crowning achievement?"

"No. Or perhaps I should qualify that. If you're asking in terms of commercial success and creative recognition, it has won more Academy Awards than any picture ever made. It has also made a lot more money. But this is inadequate criteria. For one thing, it's not that difficult a part. Ben-Hur was a fairly simply-structured role, very close to my own sense of Truth. It was not hard for me to play, far less complicated for me to reach than say the character of Michaelangelo or Gordon of 'Khartuom' or Will Penny. I did very well in it. I had a great director, William Wyler. If you're going to act a part for him, you're going to do it as well as it can be acted because he ain't gonna quit until you do."

"He has a track record of shooting more takes than any other director in the business."

"Yes and he also has better taste than a lot of directors too. He has a marvelous instinct about performance."

"Did Yakima Canutt teach you the Chariot Race in the film?"

"Yes but I didn't do the jump. That

was done by Yak's son, Joe, who has also done the choreography for the duel scenes in 'Macbeth.'"

"I must say you use a lot of balls in your conception of him. I have never seen him grab Lady Macbeth before and kiss her, which you frequently do in this version."

"Well, that's something I've come to believe strongly in. I think Lady Macbeth's remarkable influence over her husband in the first part of the play disintegrates entirely because she has no influence over him at all in the second half. But I think her incredible capacity to influence him at the outset depends upon sexual obsession. He is a man of a more profound imaginative capacity. Indeed, it is almost neurotic. He hypnotizes himself. In any event, his comprehension of the moral consequences of murder is far more profound than hers. She only views the murder of the King in pragmatic terms. He understands very well what its consequences will be. And he examines it in two of the great soliloquies of Shakespeare. But he is, nonetheless, powerless to resist this bloody act, the consequences for which he well comprehends. There are two reasons for this: First, his vaunting ambition and then because of her ability to influence him. In my view, a woman reaches a man from a sexual connection. I mean, that's how they are able to communicate with man. That's the oldest game in the world."

"You know, a fantastically morbid thing occurred to me as I was sitting there watching you, your hands dripping blood. On the Johnny Carson show, you mentioned the coagulative and the non-coagulative types of blood you use. What really shocked me is that, here you are on the stage of the Ahman-



As a union army officer from "Major Dundee" (a Columbia release).

son Theatre, cutting actors' throats virtually in the midst of the operating arena of the Slasher, who is actually cutting people's throats for real. This is truly grisly."

"Well, it's a grisly play."

"Do you think you and Lady Macbeth murder for sexual excitement?"

"No, that would be taking an aberrant tack, which I don't think is there. What I meant to imply is that her hold on him has to do with a sexual obsession. Neither of them are sexually excited by the blood. Indeed, they are rather taken aback by it when their deeds are borne in on them."

"Here is the first production of 'Macbeth' I have seen in which the spectre of Banquo comes onstage. This is an arresting idea but I'm used to seeing this done in the actor's imagination."

"It's tricky to do. I consider this one of



Sharing a laugh in New Orleans Saints football quarters are (l. to r.) Dr. Tristler (G. D. Spradlin), defensive back (Charlie Britt), Ron Catlan (Charlton Heston), Deke Coleman (Ernei Barns) and Walt Chaffee (Mike Henry) (United Artists).



"El Cid" (S. Bronston Prod.).

the most successful pieces of direction in the play. We thought about all kinds of hollow pillars and high-backed chairs with false backs and things like that but Peter finally said:

"Look, we will have him walk on and I will stake my reputation, as a director, that they won't see him enter. He'll be on before anyone sees him. I can misdirect their attention." "I think he has succeeded admirably in this."

"And does he exit through the floor?"

"Yes."

"That raked stage is incredible. I've never seen a stage raked to that degree. It must be rather tricky to play on."

"It's very exciting, as a matter of fact."

"I imagine so, but do you realize that you nearly lost one of your benches down into the audience tonight?"

"I was questioning some of the other

performers in the scene rather closely afterwards. That only happened because it was stacked on top of another bench and there is no reason for that. I know the audience is curiously distressed that all of the furniture might fall down into their laps."

"We wonder."

"But the stage holds it in an odd way and, as I said, it's quite exciting to play on the extreme rake and I think effectively projects what it is meant to: the disorientation of Macbeth's mind."

"And, of course, it's no surprise to your 'El Cid' fans how well the duels play. The fight scenes work extremely well."

"Thank you."

"I presume they take hours of arduous rehearsal to get them that way."

"They do. Of the five great tragic roles, only two have combat which is just as well, because they're all Sons of Bitches to play and you'd just as soon not have to deal with a fight, too. Both 'Hamlet' and 'Macbeth' have fights. In 'Hamlet,' light foils are used but, in our play, we have two duels. At our present stage, we are still curtailing one with MacDuff because the actor playing that role has sprained his ankle. But the existing fight is complicated by the fact it is done with broadswords which are quite heavy, much more tiring and, consequently, much more dangerous."

"Let's discuss briefly your two present movies."

"My contribution to both of those was purely chemical."

"What do you mean?"

"In the first place, both roles are very short. In dealing with these so-called 'disaster films' or 'multiple jeopardy films' they include some overwhelmingly physical event. The principal characters



"The Omega Man" (from Warner Bros.).

may be as many as 15 or 20. Consequently, the longest of the parts is not going to have more than 20 to 25 pages of script. You don't get more than a page or two to establish the character. Therefore, producers invariably choose actors with whom the audience can immediately identify because there's not going to be time enough to sort them out and get the audience used to them. If you use actors like myself in 'Airport '75' and 'Earthquake' or Paul Newman and Steve McQueen in 'The Towering Inferno,' there's no question that audiences are going to remember who they are. But a concomitant of this is that the parts are largely chemical. There's very little room to do more than register in terms of the audience's reaction to you. In my case, they figure I can land that airplane."

At this point, my photographer, Hy Chase, rather startled me by interjecting the film, "Soylent Green" into the interview.

I said: "That film rather made me ill because Eddie Robinson was a friend of mine and he was literally dying as he was doing his scenes and I couldn't take that kind of thing."

Heston nodded. "Of course HE knew he was dying when he made the picture. None of US did. And, as a friend, you might be interested to know the last scene he did was his death scene."

It seemed as if a chill wind blew right through the dressing room.

"And Eddie must have known that it was the last performance he was ever going to give. And I must say that, as an actor, I can't think of a better way to go. With a good part."

"I can think of a better way. Perhaps go the way John Garfield did."

"No. I don't think so. I bet you 90 out

of 95 actors would say: 'Give me the part.'"

"In regard to the film, 'Earthquake,' was there a lot of trick stuff you did? I was very impressed with Sensurround."

Heston laughed.

"It holds your attention, doesn't it? It really does."

I continued: "I consider the masterpiece of this year, 'Godfather II.' I was enormously impressed with it. I was very distressed with the dreadful script that Mario Puzo created for your film."

"That isn't really what we shot. It was totally rewritten but Puzo is credited with it."

"Then he's the Fall Guy. I thought the effects were superlative and Sensurround grabbed me but poor Marjoe has no technique in front of the camera . . . the dismal way the scenes were written . . . that black man imitating Evel Knievel . . . the whole thing was extremely poor. But I was interested in the earthquake and how that involved you."

"Well, obviously the prime virtue of the film is its special effects. It involved me . . ."

And here Charlton broke up.

". . . very, very carefully. There was a lot of Matte work and Joe Canutt did a lot of stuff too. There's a lot of stuff I can do O.K. . . . stuff with horses. But, as it happens, I am quite agoraphobic and not much use in high places and a lot of this was high stuff."

"How about that sewer bit?"

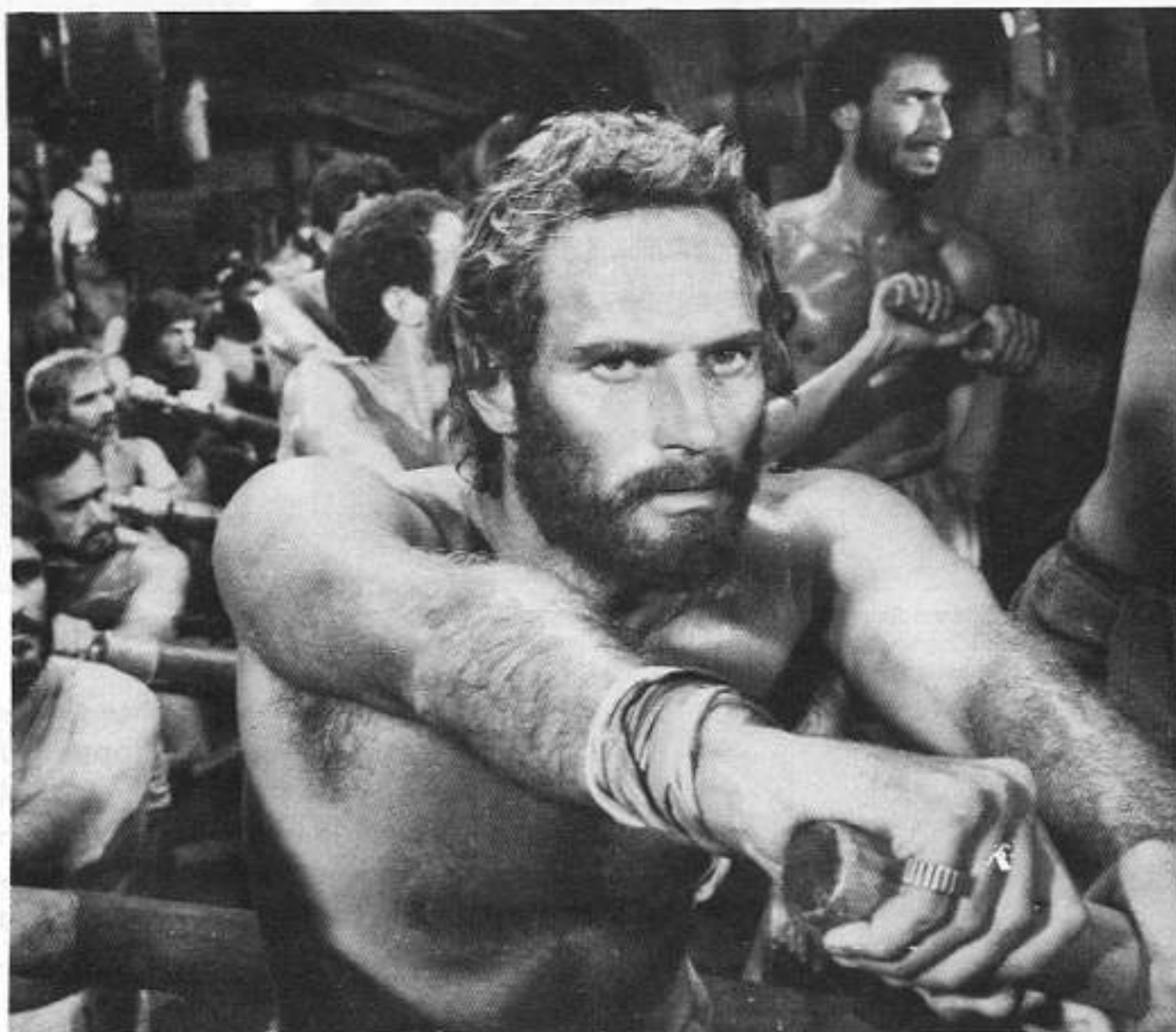
"I don't mind that. Water is O.K. Water, animals, horses, swords, fire. Just the high stuff I don't like."

Hy was heard from again with another question about "Soylent Green" to which Charlton replied:

"That script was peddled around town for years. It was finally made because I wanted to make it. That and 'The Omega Man.'"

"I should now like to know a little about Heston, the man. What do you do when you're not acting and spending all your time with your family? What is the personal side of Charlton Heston, the star?"

"Having been a public actor for so long, I rather value my private time and live somewhat reclusively, I guess. More than many actors do. I suppose I have the same needs to go to parties and openings, just as anyone does, but I do quite a lot of that as a professional



The Heston everyone knows as the legendary Ben-Hur (M.G.M.).

responsibility and I don't have much impulse for that sort of thing as a private person. I don't make friends readily. Most of my friends are people I've known a long, long time. I like to play tennis. I play quite a lot of it. I run. I paint a bit."

"Like the President, do you ski?"

"No. It's a terribly public activity. The lift lines and the waiting. Of course, the President doesn't have to deal with that but I would."

"Does it bother you at all to be idolized and stared at in public wherever you go?"

"It's a lot nicer than getting hit in the head with a hammer. It's not to say that I don't get a kick out of it. You see, I've been living that way for a long time now."

"As you well know, your face is a national monument."

"Dealing with the public is simply part of my life. I recognize that it's part of my professional responsibility. My living depends on it. If I'm in a public restaurant or airport or theatre, I have to respond graciously to people. At home I don't. I never see, quote, the public, unquote, at my home. If people drive up as occasionally they do (even in the remote area where we live) I say: 'I'm sorry, I don't see people at my home.' Other than that, of course, they

are providing your living for you."

"Do you prefer doing theatre here as opposed to the East Coast?"

"Absolutely. I think one of the wonderful things that has happened to the theatre is its decentralization. I no longer feel any impulse whatever to do a play in New York. We've had offers to take this play there but I'm not interested."

"You mentioned that 'Ben-Hur' won a great many Academy Awards. What is your feeling about them?"

"I think that recognition by your peers is very vital to the progression of a performer in his work."

"If this is the case, I should like to cite two very fine actors and their rudeness to the Academy. The first would be George C. Scott and the other, Marlon Brando."

"Well, they feel differently. I can't speak for their views."

"What is your opinion of their stand?"

"I think they are mistaken but I can't function as their censor. They have a right to do what they want to."

"What does the future hold for Charlton Heston?"

"My profession, in and of itself, is a fairly peripheral kind of undertaking which can be translated into saying it's a pretty idle way for a grown man to



With Jack Hawkins



"Ben-Hur"



"Ben-Hur"



Charlton Heston, Henry Wilcoxon, and C. B. DeMille on location in the Red Sea in Egypt for "The Ten Commandments," 1957.

make a living but I am hooked on it. I love acting. I love trying to be better at it and, as long as people will pay me a living for doing it, I'll be happy to continue in it."

"Inasmuch as you are not a lady, perhaps I can ask you this question, a question Jerry Clark would have my scalp for even hinting at. How old are you?"

"Fifty one."

"Why that's my age! We are contemporaries. You've been a leading man all your life. I imagine a leading man can go for a certain number of years before he branches into character roles. 'King Lear' and that sort of thing."

"'King Lear' is a ball-breaker! A man is more fortunate than a woman is. There are parts that work for a man far deeper into his life than they will for a woman. Leading roles. I don't know that that's fair but nobody said it was supposed to be."

"Now, I know you've been asked this many, many times. A young person starting out today . . . it's an entirely different ball of wax. What would you suggest to a person who wants to do what you have done?"

"First of all, I would never dream of recommending to anyone a career as an actor. The numerical odds against your making a living, let alone having any kind of creatively or materially satisfying career, are quite long. If you are, nonetheless, irretrievably persuaded that you must act (which is the only way to approach it), I would say you must have an education. I think that is the first step. Learn the rudiments of your craft and the rudiments of the world. An actor should be educated, just like anyone else, and he is a more valuable person because of it."

It was getting late. The theatre custodian was waiting to lock up and put out the lights and Mr. Heston was weary. It had been a long day and a long interview and there was always the performance tomorrow. I said my goodbyes to this national monument who is really a very nice man. As my footsteps echoed along the still, shadowy corridor, I thought of the lines from his play:

'Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day

Until the last syllable of recorded time . . .

playwright Edward Albee ("Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?") had been a failure on Broadway. But Bill staged it so imaginatively and spectacularly, in grand opera style and with such vivid theatrical effects, that it took San Francisco's breath away. Rumors reached our ears that Albee was displeased, that he thought his play had been "distorted." Even though the meaning of "Tiny Alice" remained obscure and few people even attempted to understand it, Ball's production was a huge success. Paul Shenar, who played the leading role, enjoyed great critical and audience acclaim and immediately became a local star.

At this time the San Francisco Actors' Workshop, established a decade or so earlier by Jules Irving and Herbert Blau, had floundered and gone completely on the rocks. (I was a member of this company and when I was asked to direct a one-act play for a local poetry festival I cast a demure quiet little girl who stuffed envelopes and answered the telephone in the Workshop office. Everybody told me I was crazy. Ironically, however, this little girl — who had played only bits in Workshop productions — was the only member of that company who went on to outstanding commercial success. Her name is Katherine Ross; you saw her as Dustin

Hoffman's girl friend in "The Graduate," with Newman and Redford in "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and she will soon be seen in "The Stepford Wives" and in a new film opposite Yves Montand. Jules Irving and Herbert Blau went on to manage Lincoln Center in New York. Blau eventually bowed out of that enterprise, and Irving is now producing for television at Universal Studios.

In 1967 San Francisco was without a professional theatre company. The time was ripe for an organization like ACT to move in and take over the town.

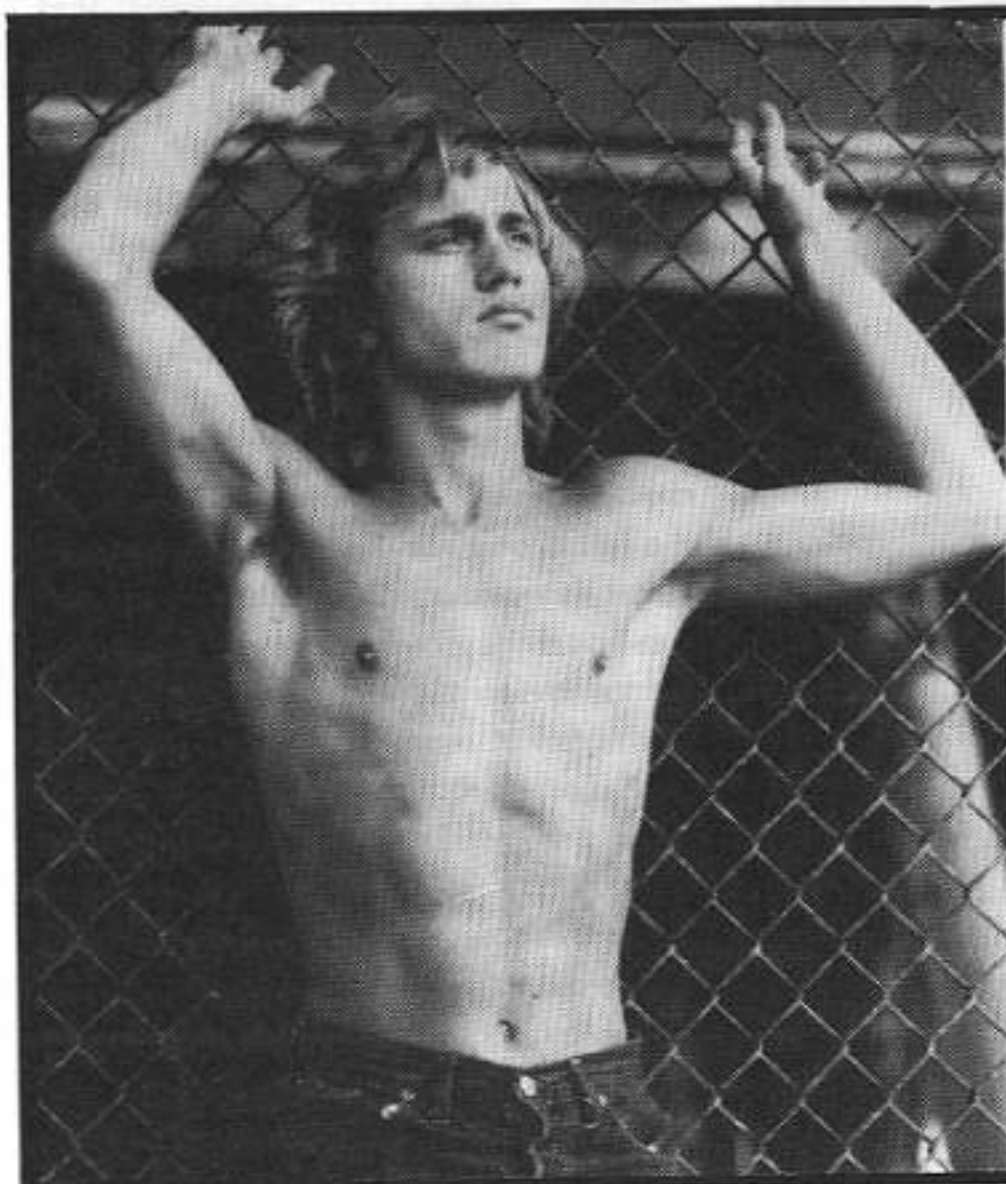
That's precisely what it did. Even some rather good "resident" theatres (non-professional) which had flourished for years gasped their last gasps, kicked up their heels and died. The excellence of ACT's ensemble was too much competition for them.

Today ACT operates a full time conservatory, a school which is open the year round, with both summer and evening extension programs. The core of the conservatory concept as practiced at ACT is the basic belief that it is the responsibility of the more experienced, mature artist to continue his growth through ongoing study and training — and to pass on his knowledge to younger members of his profession. Thus many leading actors and actresses and directors with the company also serve as

instructors for students enrolled in the training program. A thirty week season offers an average of six hours a day, five days a week of professionally supervised instruction, including classes in speech and voice production, dance, mime, scene study, and rehearsal and performance. There is also a conservatory program for young people, ages eight to eighteen, and various other classes in special subjects — yoga, make-up, history and period style for the actor, stage movement, stage fighting, tap dancing, etc., etc., etc. — in short, excellent courses of study in almost any skill which might be required of an accomplished artist in the theatre.

Students in the conservatory are accepted through auditions and pay a fee. Outstanding talents are recognized and invited back for a second year's training at a small salary. These latter young people often play bit parts and serve as "supers" (extras) and if they're very, very lucky they might be asked to join the regular company after they finish this training course.

One such fortunate young lady is Deborah May, a beauty contest winner in her native state of Indiana. (She was Miss Indiana of 1970-'71 and was also elected Miss Congeniality at the Miss America pageant in 1971.) Deborah, after training in the conservatory, became a member of the ACT company,



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succeeded Marsha Mason as Roxanne in "Cyrano," and has scored further successes in "Broadway" and "Tonight At 8:30." She is tall, blonde, with a patrician beauty admirably suited to the stage, and she also has a charming singing voice. It's quite likely that she'll go on to equal, if not surpass, the commercial success of Marsha Mason and Michael Learned.

The leading directors of the company remain Ball himself, his former teacher Allen Fletcher, and his long time associate Ed Hastings. Ball usually directs the classics — "Tartuffe," the "Shrew," "Richard III," "Cyrano," etc., the plays which allow him to indulge his gifts for extravaganza and spectacular effects; Fletcher specializes in revivals of Ibsen and Odets — his own translation of Ibsen's "The Pillars of the Community" is a surprise hit of the 1974-'75 season; and Hastings seems to delve into



Students watch intently while fellow students perform a scene. Center is Karl Ellis, who has done fashion modeling for IN TOUCH.

the archives, coming up with revivals of American plays — such as "Broadway" and this season's "Street Scene" — which many thought had been permanently shelved in a dark corner of some musty library, and which hardly anybody of today's theatre-going public has ever seen.

I asked Ed if this pattern, this seeming division of areas in world drama among the three directors, was by conscious design or if the scheme had evolved naturally, without premeditation. He laughed. "Well," he said, "we just sit around and talk about the plays we'd like to do. We want variety in the program, of course. I guess it's fortunate that each of us has an affinity for a different kind of play and playwright . . . No, I wouldn't say that we plan things that deliberately. Each season's schedule just evolves."

Not all ACT productions are unqualified successes. Ball's "Richard III" has been severely criticized. "The Hot L Baltimore," a big success in New York, and the basis for the TV series, was a disaster with ACT, and many people I know walked out on it. Ed Hastings's production of "Broadway" upset many young theatre-goers who couldn't understand why ACT would bother with such a play, which to them seemed trivial, shallow and dated. "Broadway" earned a place in Theatre history, however, because it enjoyed such a long run (after its smash hit in New York in 1927) and I told Ed that in my opinion ACT performed a service in giving us all the chance to see it, even if it is (by today's standards) somewhat of a hackneyed melodrama.

"Well," he said with a smile, "most of us have a tendency to forget that our grandfathers were kings, Hitler saw Wagner, and that there was ever such a thing as prohibition in the United States. "Broadway" reflects an era in our country's history — and out of all the law-breaking it dramatizes came Watergate . . . I don't think it's important for our theatre to revive plays of another era. It reminds us of where we were once, how far we've come, and perhaps in what direction we're headed . . . My production of "Street Scene" has a great relevance for modern audiences, I think, though it was first produced in the early '30s. I haven't made many changes in the script, but I've cast a black man in one of the leading roles, a part originally played by a white . . ."

Where is ACT now and where is it headed? The 1974-'75 subscription campaign brought in more than 20,000 orders for season tickets. "We had to cut our campaign short," Ed said. "There were no more seats to be sold."

The future looks good. More emphasis will be placed on the Plays in Progress program, where works of new writers will be tested. A lease has been taken on another building near the Geary Theatre where the main productions are staged; here new classrooms will be constructed and a small theatre will be built to accommodate experimental offerings. "This house will probably be ready in the fall of '75," Ed said. Meanwhile, more commercial imports (such as "Godspell," "Oh Coward!" and the current "Something's

Afoot") continue to be sponsored by ACT in the Marines Memorial Theatre, on Sutter Street near Mason — and the regular season's schedule performs to packed houses at the Geary.

A friend of mine in Los Angeles recently told me that those of us who live in San Francisco don't know how lucky we are to have a company like ACT in our city. Well, maybe some people don't realize it. But there are many of us who are grateful indeed to Bill Ball, Ed Hastings, and all the other directors, technicians and fine actors who have made such excellent contributions, and patiently built the company to the enviable position it holds in the United States today. We are proud to have ACT in San Francisco and we want the rest of the world to know about it, too.

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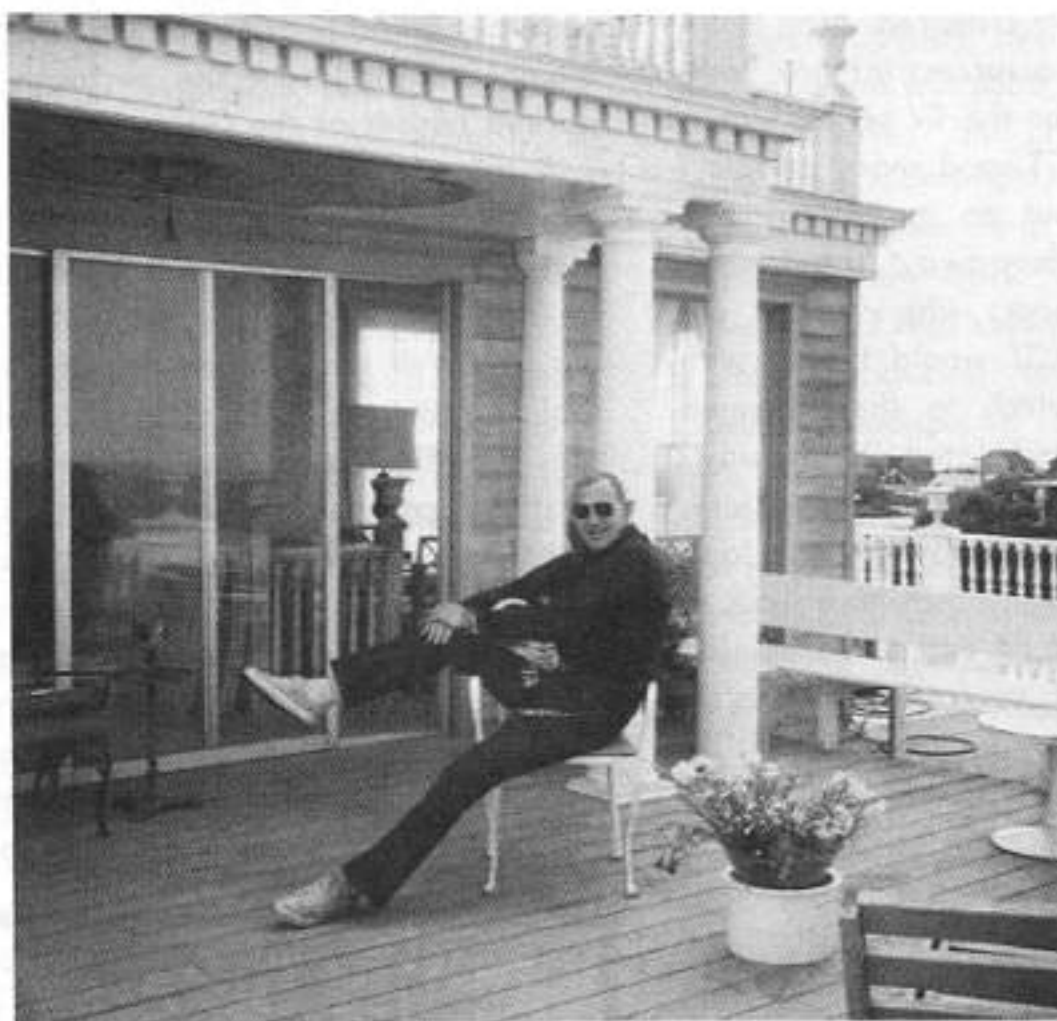
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Music Continued from p.38

sensuous and lovely voice is around to sing the work of others.

There are a variety of good songs on this album including John Denver's familiar "Follow Me" and "Goodbye Again," the Hollies' tune "The Air That I Breathe," and Rick Nelson's "Lifestream." True to the tradition of fine song stylists Olivia Newton-John invests each one with her personal blend of interpretive insights. None of the songs are heavy. None of them carry a penetrating message, but all of them are coolly spun out for the listener with vocal lustre.



The title song "Have You Never Been Mellow," sets the album's tone and the promise is fully delivered. It's a perfect album to get mellow to, to relax and unwind to. You get wrapped up in Olivia's soft singing the way you do in a warm embrace, and you even want to resist the necessity of turning the record over because you've gotten so comfortable. The album is a smash in terms of easy listening, but more than that, it firmly establishes this exquisite girl as one of the best female vocalists around today. If this is the kind of thing she's going to be doing in the future — with that tenuous whisper that sometimes catches in the back of her throat before she floats a next note — she can keep recording for a long time to come.

The arrangements are all neatly handled by John Fiddy. The mixing is excellent, but somewhat distracting on "It's So Easy" with a heavy male baritone that seems to intrude on Ms. Newton-John and the whole concept of the album. The cover work is nice: Olivia looks as lovely as she sounds.

A&M Records have brought us a solid and innovative new English rock group called Supertramp with a first album en-



titled "Crime Of The Century." (A&M SP-3647). It has one of the most unusual covers since The Who came out with "Tommy." However, you don't judge a rock group by it's enigmatic packaging but by the music they make.

There's no doubt that this group MAKES music, and for a first album it rates about a 7 on a scale of 1 to 10, which is saying quite a bit for a first time out offering. The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, The Kinks, The Who, all began about the same place and went up or down from there.

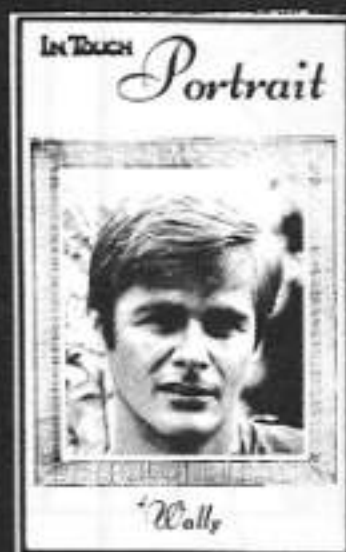
The songs were all written by Richard Davies and Roger Hodgson who also do the vocals, along with saxophone and clarinetist John Anthony Helliwell. Hodgson, by the way plays fantastic piano with strong jazz overtones. For the most part the lyrics are thoughtful without any one being particularly distinctive with the exception of "Hide In Your Shell" on side one. This is a sock rock song and ought to become the hit of the album. I only wish the group would have blasted the refrain one more time, full force. They have a tremendous amount of power which you sometimes feel they're holding back.

Other standout songs, musically are "Bloody Well Right" with some super rich saxophone playing by Helliwell, once again conveying some strong jazz roots, "If Everyone Was Listening," and "Dreamer." I was disappointed by the album's title song, but again, it's more a question of lyrics than music. The sound this band makes is strong and consistent. The engineering provides great balance throughout. With the kind of musicianship on hand here this is definitely a group to tune into and stay with. I still wish I knew what the cover was about!

—BURTON STEVENS

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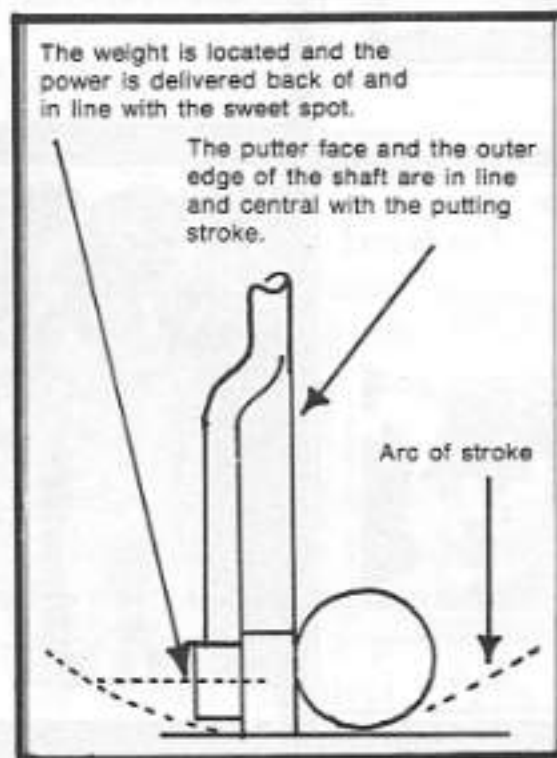
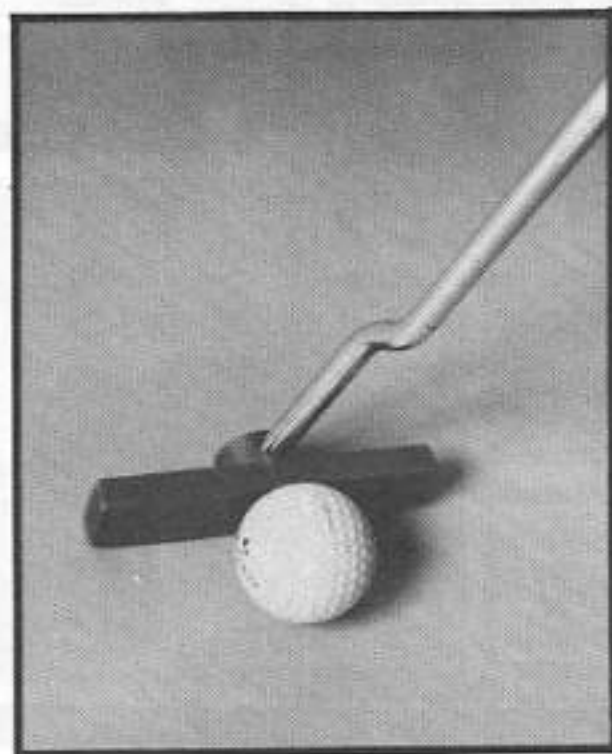
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Books Continued from p.34

cerned with the field: the Serber/Keith piece on the Atascadero project; Thomas Kando's provocative article on Transsexuals; Arthur Gilbert's excellent historical reconstruction of the Africaine Courts Martial, about an 1815 anti-gay witchhunt on a ship of the British Royal Navy in which four men were hanged, two flogged and a score of others questioned regarding "buggery and uncleanness" allegedly rampant on that and other ships; and Verne Bullough's article "Homosexuality and the Medical Model."

Hoping that it is as financially sound as its elegant appearance seems to indicate, this is a journal which is likely to get the readership it deserves. I wish the editor/publishers had opted to avoid the clinical term homosexuality (ditto for the COLLEGE ENGLISH issue) but perhaps in this case, the intended audience would be more easily reached by a term which doctors and researchers feel more comfortable with — after all, it's THEIR word, not ours.

I want to have more to say about this publication elsewhere. It's likely to prove of considerable influence, and that's excellent.

FLYING, by Kate Millett (\$8.95 from Knopf) is a wild and moving account of the life of a Women's Liberation leader after she comes out publicly as a lesbian, while she is flying back and forth from London (to make a film) to New York (to be with old friends) to Cape Cod and to her farm, and to endless lectures, often in a daze, filled with fears and frustrations, done in a stream-of-consciousness style which some readers will find mystifying, packed with pain and frankness and feelings of inadequacy, but also recording personal joys and victories. . . .

V. SACKVILLE-WEST by Michael Stevens is a fine companion volume to last year's best-seller, PORTRAIT OF A MARRIAGE, exploring further the gayety of Vita and her gay husband Harold Nicholson, as well as her lovers, Violet Trefusis and Virginia Woolf, who portrayed her in ORLANDO. \$7.95 from Charles Scribners, this biography makes less of her grand elopement with Violet in 1920, but contains valuable critical evaluation of her writing as well as bibliographies and a selection of her unpublished poems, clearly lesbian. An exciting writer who should be a lot better

known — and don't pass up her husband's writings either while browsing through the library or used book stores.

ROOMMATES CAN'T ALWAYS BE LOVERS, An Intimate Guide to Male-Male Relationships, by Lige Clark and Jack Nichols (St. Martin's, \$6.95) comes to my typewriter for review the night I heard the news that Lige had been shot to death by bandits while camping in the mountains in Mexico. With that downer introduction, let me say that this compilation of letters to the lovelorn from the pages of *GAY*, a lively New York paper they edited from 1969 to 1973 is delightful wit and wisdom, mixed with many little tugs at the heartstrings, as gays from near and far unburden their fears, hopes and dilemmas. . . .

Lyn Pedersen.

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Europe Continued from p.12

German male can be exceptionally handsome and warm, especially in his own environment.

In France homosexuality is legal for adults over 21, but there is a much more restricted gay life here than in Germany. Paris is fun but very expensive. Drinks can be astronomical and taxi drivers rarely give any change. Sight see in Paris, but don't expect too much of a gay life.

Denmark is astounding. The age of consent for homosexual acts is 18 years and the Danes tend to think of sex as natural, healthy and lots of fun. You can feel relaxed amongst the warm hearted Danes. Try anything and enjoy. Copenhagen offers many bars and hotels and prostitution is rare because who pays for something when they can get it for nothing.

In Italy it's legal over the age of 18, but the Italians love to hear the crinkle of a dollar and you can expect to pay for EVERYTHING and pay through the nose. Two menus, the one for the tourists is obviously much higher and you should always check your bill. The younger Italians are very handsome, very available and also very expensive. There are few places that are exclusively gay



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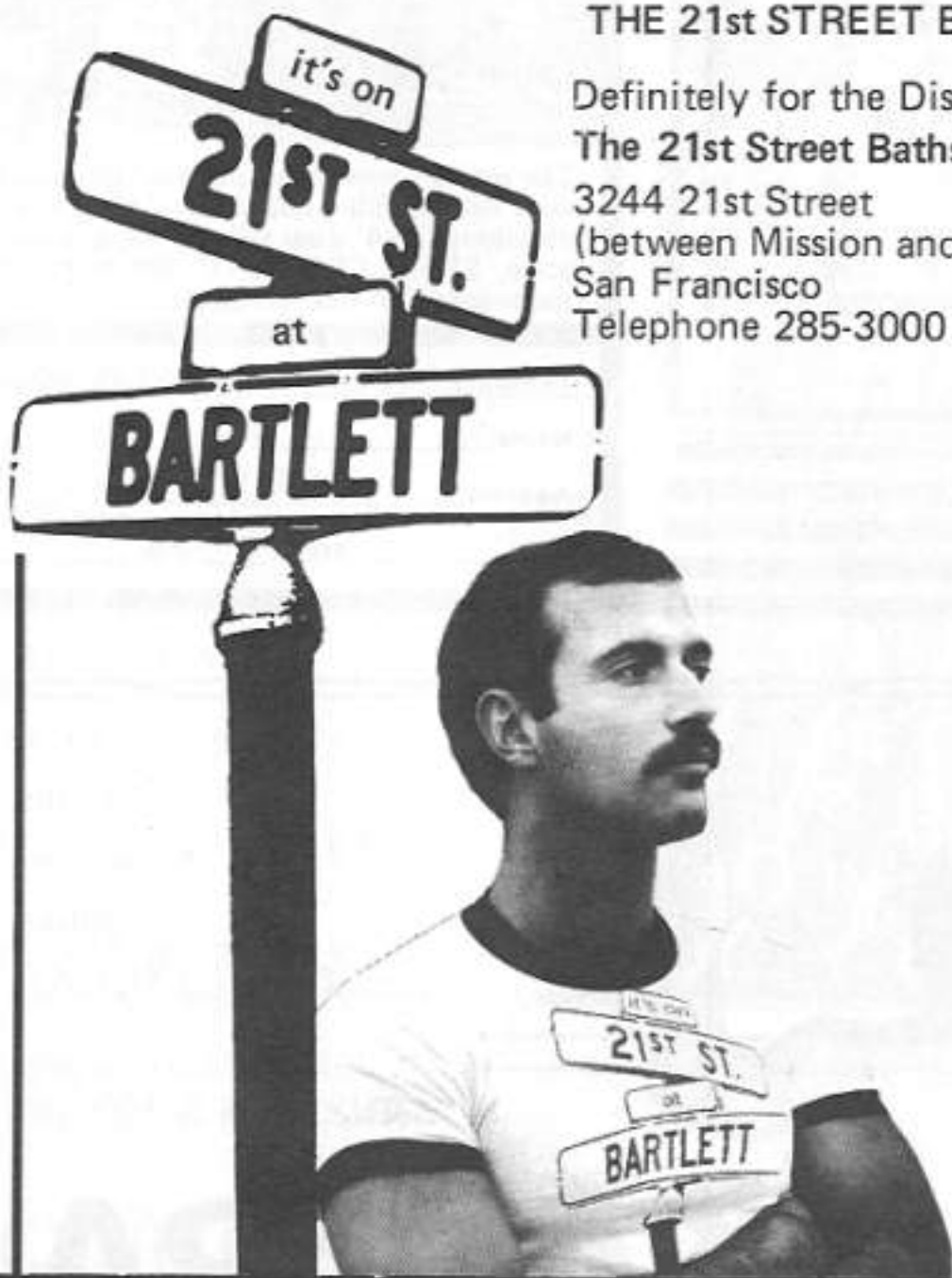
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the police very strict and severe.

BELGIUM: Legal over the age of 16.
Frowned on by almost everyone. Very
expensive and everyone from hustlers to
waiters expect large tips.

GERMANY EAST: The authorities do
not recognize homosexuality and
therefore do not look for it or prosecute,
nevertheless great care is advised.

NORWAY: Legal over the age of 21.
Because of the geographical location of
the country the people are very insular
and the gay scene is very sparse.

POLAND: Legal over 15, not much in-
formation.

PORTUGAL: Illegal at any age, but
it's a beautiful and inexpensive country
to visit. The gay scene is mainly in
Lisbon, the capital.

RUSSIA: Homosexuality is illegal and
all the visitors are watched. If you do
find someone, they may be prosecuted
AFTER you leave.

SPAIN: Legal, but possibility of being
charged with "corrupting public
morals" and the police frequently do
make charges. They also close down
gay bars as soon as they open.

SWEDEN: Legal over the age of 18,
but not many gays available, however
they are well worth finding. It's a very
expensive country to visit.

SWITZERLAND: Legal over the age of
20, but frowned upon in the small
towns. Zurich is the best place to visit for
the gay scene, but Basle, Geneva and
Bern have their moments if you know
where to find them.

This very brief outline is just to give
you an idea of what to expect. Obvious-
ly you would be much better off with a
gay guide. The new 1975 edition,
printed in Amsterdam, lists many hotels,
bars and cruising areas in most of the
European cities. It adds warnings and
interprets the local laws and how they
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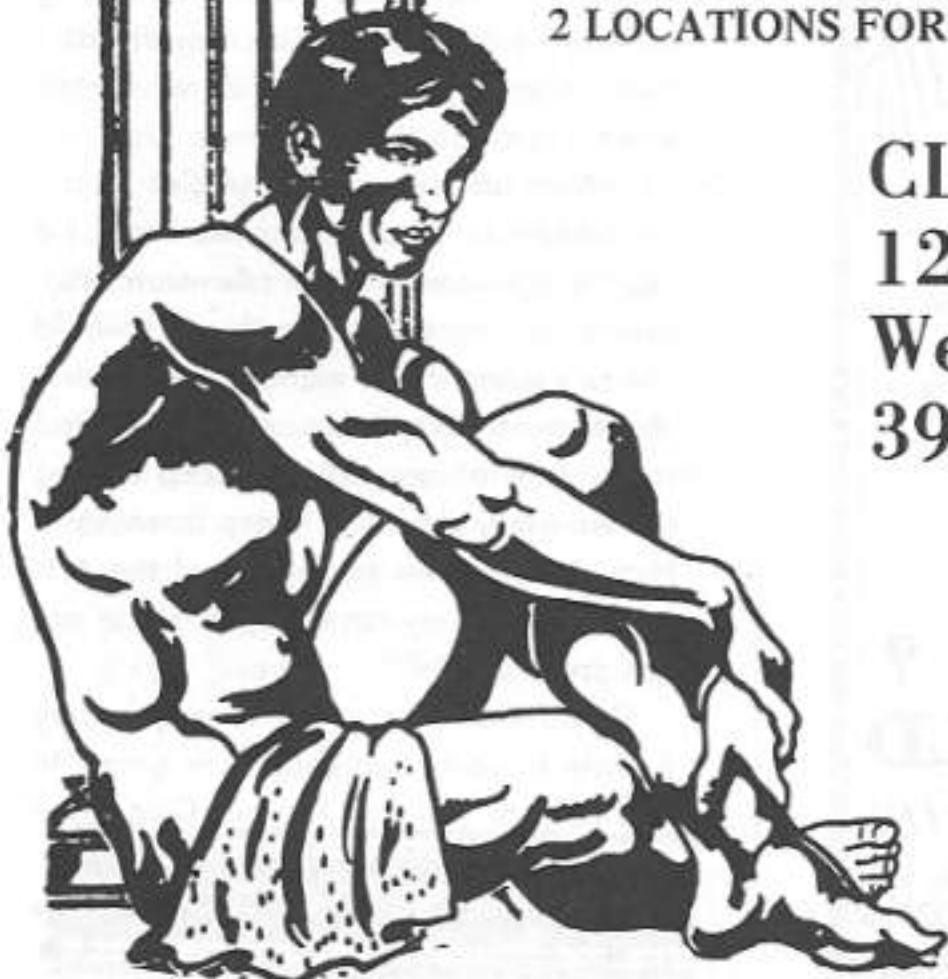
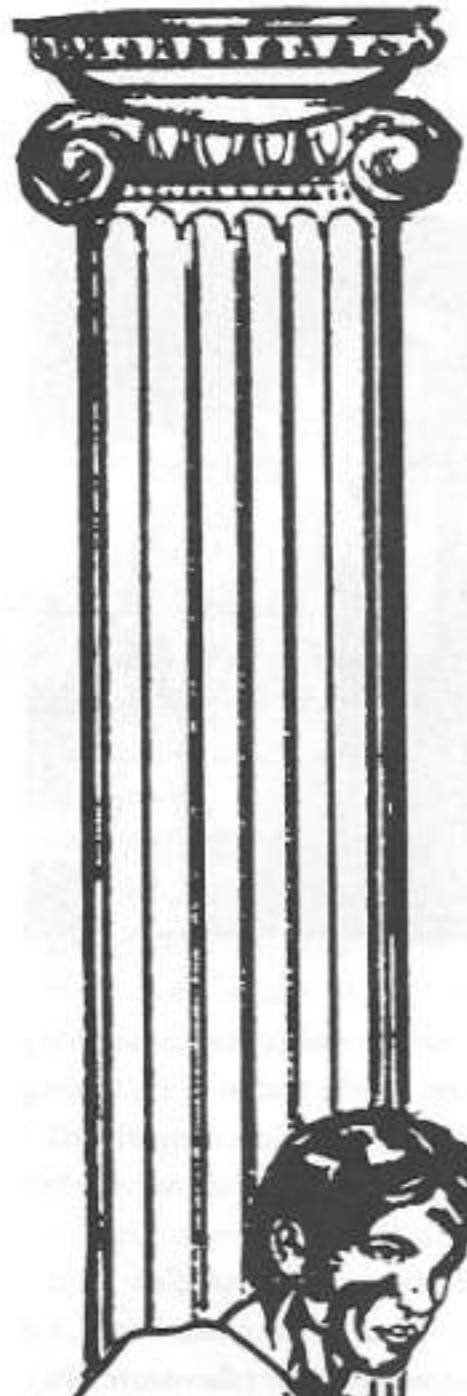
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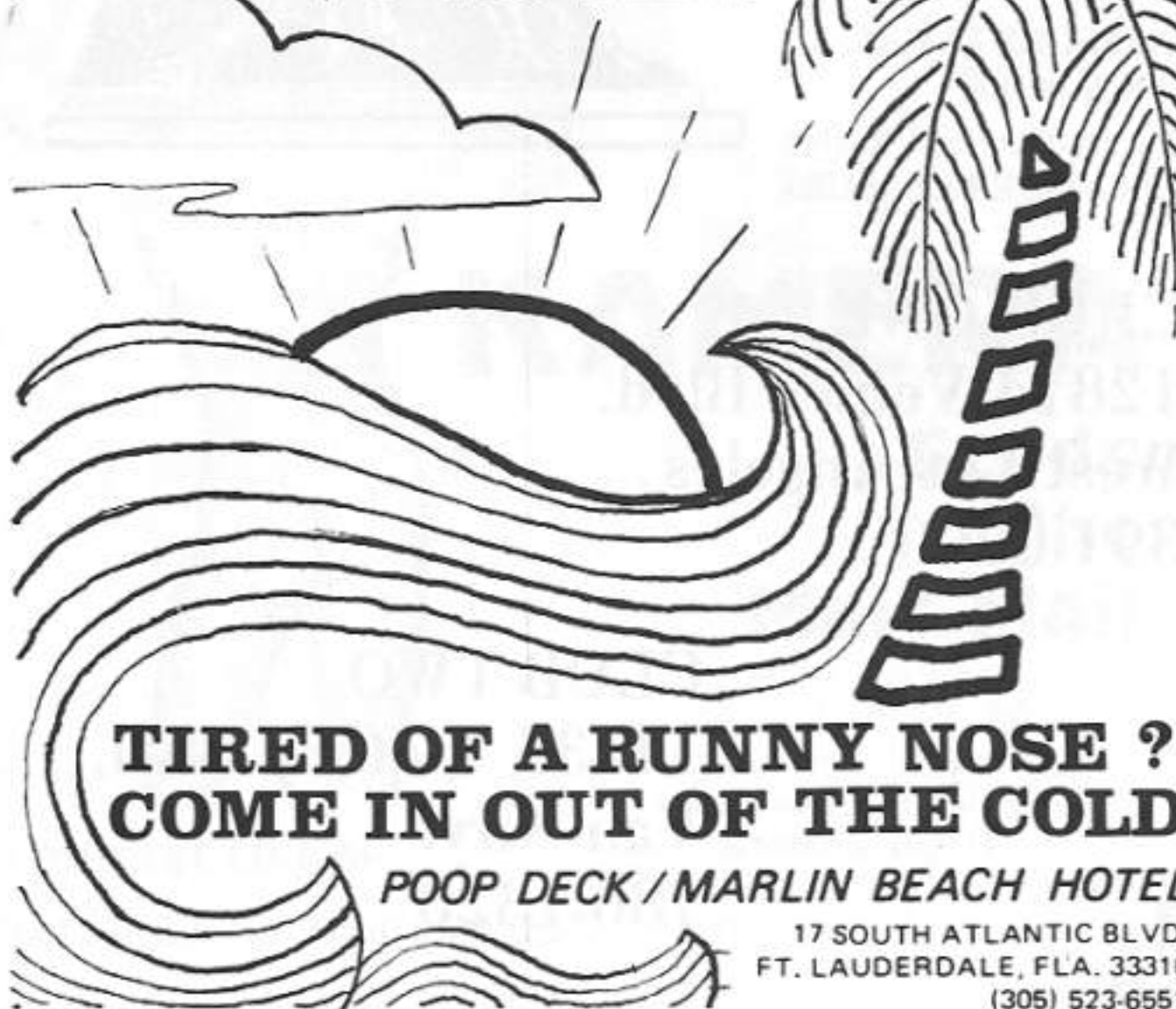


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David Cahalan *Continued from p.57*
the part is a hoot. As for me, I'm thoroughly enjoying being in the show."

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"Any fashion preferences?"

"I enjoy short-coat suits. The jacket has an elastic waist just as far as the



hips. I like turtle necks because they keep my throat warm. I don't like to sing in them because they restrict my throat. I don't like anything around my throat when I'm singing."

"What about your future?"

"I'd like to do a Broadway show. I'd like to do movies and television. But, above all, there are two things I would like to perfect in this world. First, I would like to perfect my relationship with God to the best of my ability. I keep talking to Him every day and I keep listening to Him. Second: My perfection of the Arts to the best of my capabilities. These are my goals in life."

David Cahalan, a lot of very happy people in your audiences are going to rejoice with you and in your God-given talent as you achieve them. Just keep on believing as you sing: "I'm On My Way to the Top!"

thinking we have it easier because of being able to wear slacks and kiss in public — as if that got very far under the skin. God! Women are psychologically more oppressed than men, and lesbians get a double dose of that — and you keep congratulating us for being free to kiss in public! More of the problems lesbians face come from their being women than from their being homosexual. And all the humiliating, really shattering, treatment we are subjected to by male gynecologists and obstetricians . . ."

MAN TWO: "You think a gay kid likes undressing in front of nurses?"

WOMAN THREE: "It's that idea, but it's much more intense than that. I don't think you have any idea of the agony women go through, being grossly handled all their lives by men who are callous to their sensitivities, handled in a crudely sexual and insulting way, and half of these all-knowing doctors don't really know the most basic facts about female physiology."

MAN ONE: "So you're all man-haters because some doctor mauled you? I think it's all penis envy. If you'd just learn to be really feminine."

WOMAN THREE: "You want competition, Queenie?"

MAN ONE: "There wouldn't be any! I'm more of a lady than you'll ever be, and a real man too, and don't you forget it!"

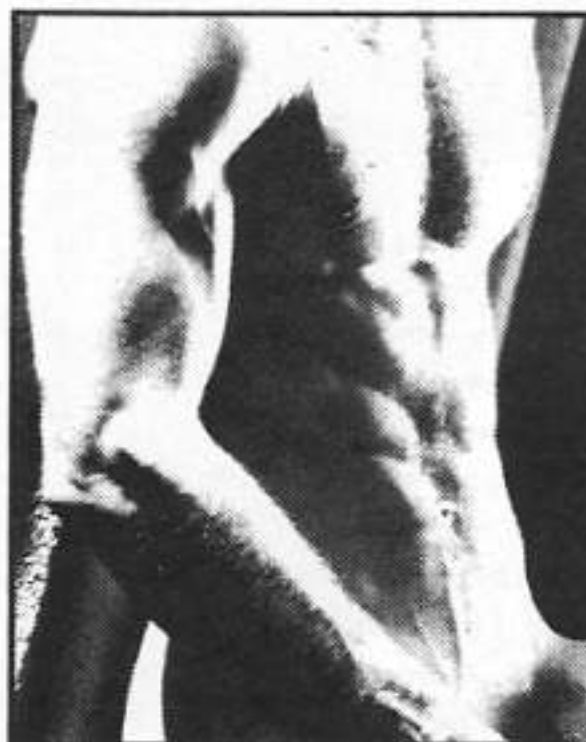
MAN FOUR: "Look, this is getting nowhere! We know that some men can't stand women, and some men who say they like women don't exactly show it. We know that some women feel so oppressed in what they consider a male-dominated society (and by the way, some of US have experienced plenty of female domination) that they can't get their heads together in the presence of men — and that's okay as an expedient. But those of us who aren't psychological stretcher-cases, who have the future of the gay community at heart, have to come together, not just to use each other in the attempt to change the law, but to create a new fellowship, a new consciousness, a world of love . . ."

(Next issue — "Getting Our Thing Together.")

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Crises Continued from p.26

should be subsidized by the Gay Community."

"You mean, send cash contributions?"
David's eyes blazed.

"YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT! What the hell are we going to eat on while we're out there in the arena fighting for YOUR rights that you're too busy to fight for? Now I don't have that problem anymore, but for four years I DID! For years Morris did and for years Kepner has and it's a NEVER ENDING THING! In fact, he wrote an article in IN TOUCH about this and nothing happened. Absolutely NOTHING!!"

"And yet, when you go to Sunday service at the Metropolitan Community Church, the collection plate is fantastic! Which proves that Gays DO support MCC."

"Yeah. But, look, if every Gay person who goes out to bars on Saturday night would take one dollar, just ONE DRINK, and put it in a jar on the bar, then we wouldn't have this problem. Why, we'd have a fund of over one hundred thousand dollars!"

"Say, that's quite an idea! Well, I'll print it and see if it brings any results."

"Good. I, myself now, don't need the help but there are many who do."

"You've opened up another Pandora's Box that interests me. What can David Glascock do, as a County Official, to help Gays in this town who are indigent?"

"Well, I can help them get on Welfare. I can tell them where to go and how to go about it."

"Are you going to let me print that

Gay people, who are desperate, can feel free to call your office?"

"Sure."

"Is your door open to Gays to come down and see you?"

"Absolutely. We will be opening up a Field Office at the end of February at Santa Monica and Sweetzer Avenues and I'll be there every day. If they want to come in and see me they are more than welcome."

"Until then, they can come down to Room 821 in the Hall of Administration?"

"Yes. I can't guarantee I can see them the minute they walk through the door, but I'll sure as hell see them. That's always been the attitude of Ed Edelman and my office."

"Now then, if Gays innocently run afoul of brutality upon the part of the Sheriff's Department, can they come to you?"

"No question. Absolutely. Again, there's one hell of a difference between the Los Angeles County's Sheriff's Department and the L.A. Police and I don't want anyone to forget that. I'll tell you why. The Los Angeles Police Chief is an appointed official, accountable to no one, whereas the Sheriff is elected and responsible to the community. His job depends upon his relations to it."

"I would like to ask you the \$64,000 question that is on a lot of people's minds today and you don't have to answer it if you don't want to."

At this point I glanced nervously around, conspiratorily, before asking it:

"Is Jerry Brown gay?"

I had obviously touched a nerve and Mr. Glascock squirmed a bit visibly. Then he smiled.

"I don't know any more about Governor Brown than anyone does but I would say that, if he is, it's probably just as well to keep things as they are. If he isn't, it's best not to kick the subject around because it could hurt him."

"He's probably one of the greatest closet queens in the history of the world next to J. Edgar Hoover. Do you believe J. Edgar was gay?"

"I've never really thought about it. I respect the right of privacy. I feel everyone is entitled to that. My private life is my own business and I don't really give a damn about how anyone else lives theirs."

"What do you think of Brown?"

"I really don't know much about him and it's kind of early to form an opinion. However, I'm inclined to expect big things from him. Even my father, who couldn't stand old man Brown, told me, on a recent visit to the city, that he was agreeably surprised with Jerry and how his regime has begun."

"David, if you feel that a politician's private life should be private, what comment have you to make on all that money that was spent on the Governor's mansion?"

"Well, first of all, Jerry's not going to live in it. He's gone on record with that statement. It was Reagan's baby and it has cost a hell of a lot of money. As a taxpayer, I resent that."

"Let's go a step higher. What do you think of our President, Jerry Ford?"

"He took office with a lot of disadvantages. He was not elected. The economy was going down the tubes. That was a disadvantage. President Nixon had destroyed the credibility of the political process and that was a disadvantage and I don't think he'll ever be able to overcome it."

"No. He will not be reelected."

"I don't know."

"Who would you like to see as the next President of the United States?"

"I've thought about that for a long time. I'm waiting for someone to emerge from the system and show us the way out of the mess we're in. Right now, I don't see anybody that turns me on."

"What do you think of the tragedy of Wilbur Mills? You know, before Fanny Fox, he was mentioned as a Presidential candidate."

Continued on p.79

Portrait



of Todd

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"I think Wilbur Mills is an unfortunate case. I don't think the fact that he was going with a Stripper was likely to effect his ability to legislate properly. I don't think his entire political future should have been destroyed."

"Do you think Ted Kennedy still stands a chance?"

"No."

"Because of Chappaquidick?"

"Because of Watergate. This reminded us of that incident. Watergate hurt not only the Republicans but the Democrats as well. Most people are very cynical about politics right now."

"What did you think about Nixon's pardon?"

"I didn't agree with it at the time that it occurred. I think that Nixon should have gone through some kind of a trial."

"Why, of course. Do you think Mitchell, Haldeman and Erlichman will get off Scot free?"

"I'd rather not comment on trials that have not been fully resolved as yet but I don't think so. I don't see how they could possibly let them off because they are more responsible for what happened than those originally sentenced."

"O.K. So much for this subject. We have seemed to have veered off on a tangent here. Are you bilingual?"

"No. I'm not."

"Well, how could Spanish-speaking Gays gain help from you, then?"

"We have several interpreters. No problem. We have people available to us that can speak any language you could possibly come up with."

"Do you plan to go out in the field and meet with Gays around the city?"

"Absolutely. So far, I haven't had the time to do this."

"Who is going to man the Field Office with you that you mentioned?"

"A lady named Bonnie Fine."

"Are there any other homosexual liaisons, like yourself, currently operating in the United States?"

"To the best of my knowledge, no."

"You're the first?"

"That's correct."

"Have any other counties in the country contacted your office with the suggestion that similar facilities should be set up in other cities?"

"No. Not yet."

"Don't you think this would be a good idea?"

"Absolutely. I think government exists

to be responsive to the needs of the people and I think that Gays have some very special needs. And I think only a gay person can understand those needs."

"Edelman and Burt Pines were public officials uniquely placed in office through the vote of the Gays. Don't you think that other cities, for instance, San Francisco (which is so heavily populated with Gays), could follow this example by having elected individuals who are more keenly aware of their problems?"

"I think San Francisco already has liaison people working on behalf of their Gay Community there. Whether or not they are gay themselves is another matter. But I can tell you that there is a straight liaison man in the district attorney's office here who has so informed himself about our needs and problems that he is doing an outstanding job."

"Who is that?"

"Gary Bamberg. He has done an excellent job of relating to the Gay community by educating and informing himself. Now, if a person will take the time to do that, then I don't necessarily subscribe to the fact that he must, ipso facto, be gay in order to function well. However, I must admit he is a rarity."

"I think New York, with their enormous gay population, should have a representative such as yourself and cer-

tainly Washington too. I think Bella Abzug could get this going. She would be a marvelous candidate to carry the ball and get things rolling. I admire her and she has proven herself right down the line. She might just do it as a liaison between your office and hers."

"People are going to be watching me and what I do here, no doubt of that."

"The more successful you become the more successful the possibilities will be of establishing similar offices elsewhere."

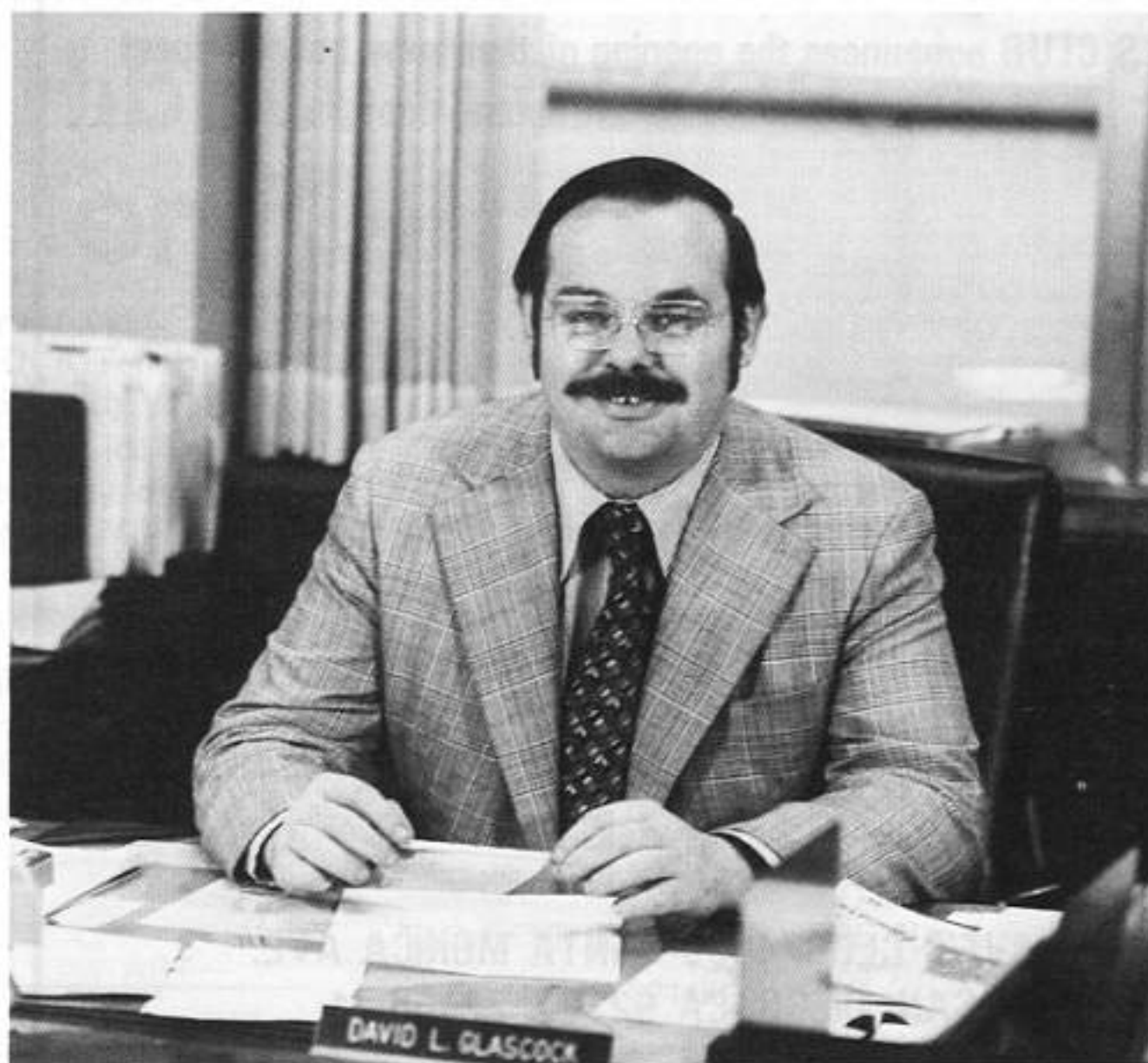
"Ed Edelman has pointed this out to me on several occasions and I have taken it to heart. That is why my office must be above reproach and that is why my lover and I damn near live like recluses."

"But there are going to be many banquets and Supervisorial functions you can attend so you can talk to people at the County level instead of just dealing with office matters from the seat of your pants?"

"Undoubtedly. I expect all this to open up. There are a lot of people watching me to see what I'm going to do but, then, there have been a lot of people watching me for some time now and I'm kind of getting used to it. All I can do is my best."

"Has Ed Edelman ever attended the MCC?"

Continued on p.80





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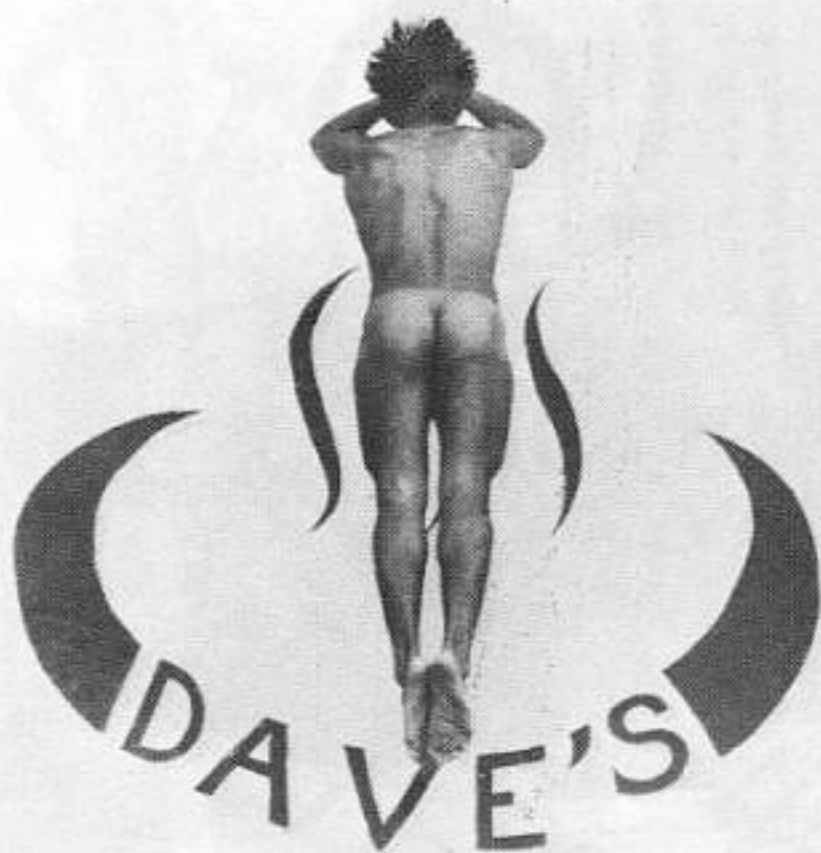
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Crises Continued from p.79

"Yes, not only that but he has made a point of worshipping at the Jewish Temple division. He has gone to many of the gay bars and he has been to Spree."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"I find him to be extremely dedicated... a lot of courage... and a man who stands for what he believes in."

"Is he a family man? Any sons?"

"Two daughters. Four and five I believe."

"With the Women's Lib existing as it does, have there been any feelers put forward by the Lesbian Community that they feel there should be a representative down here in County Government?"

"None at all. I haven't had any contact from any lesbian faction... Daughters of Billitis or anyone."

"Do you feel you could work with them and handle their problems?"

"Yes. But not as well as those of the homosexual male community. But I'm willing to learn and I'm willing to consult and to listen."

"Did you read about the landmark decision of that judge the other day in regard to two women inmates who escaped from prison? They said they fled for their lives because they were backed up against a wall by a couple of bull dykes. The judge handed down a decision they were entirely justified in making a jailbreak under those conditions."

"Well, I don't think anyone in prison, male or female, gay or straight, should be subjected to an unwelcome, forced sexual attack. It's time that the Administrators faced up to that."

"David Glascock, I consider this interview with you enormously rewarding and important. It is really a very hot story and I'm amazed to find that no one in the Gay press has gotten to you sooner and scooped me on it. Getting the full picture of the significance of your office is a milestone in reporting, it seems to me."

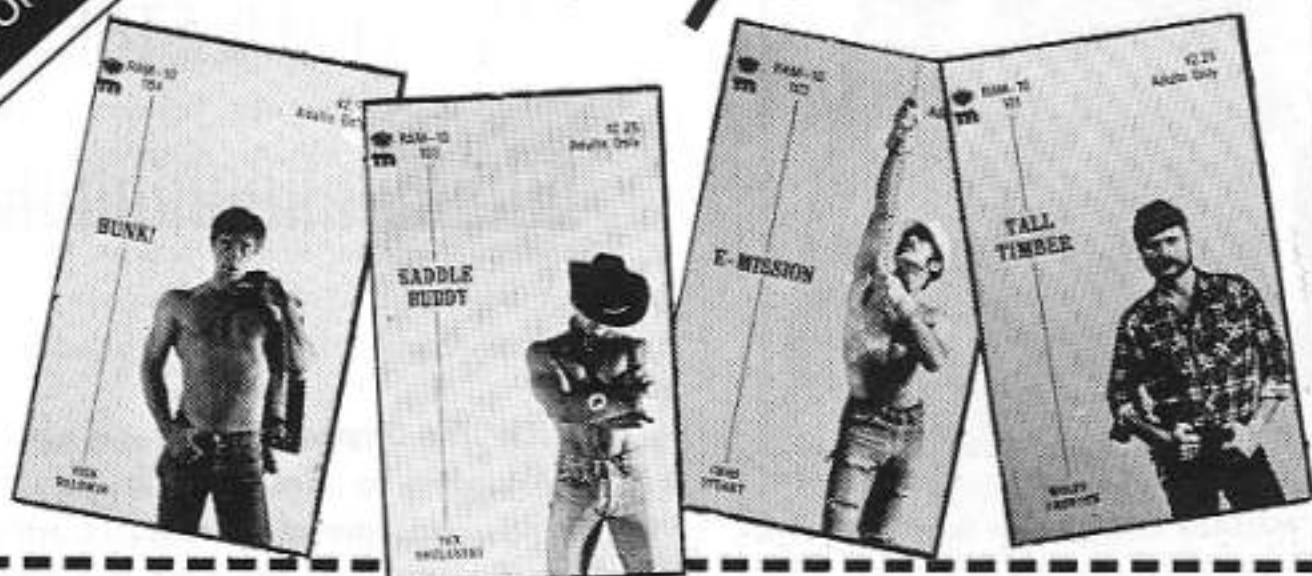
"I might say I'm glad IN TOUCH did. It's the only gay magazine I've ever gone out and purchased and read regularly. I like the magazine and I really think it's worth two bucks."

"IN TOUCH thanks you. And, on behalf of the magazine, may I add that we are happy to have you represent us at the County level in the City of the Angels."

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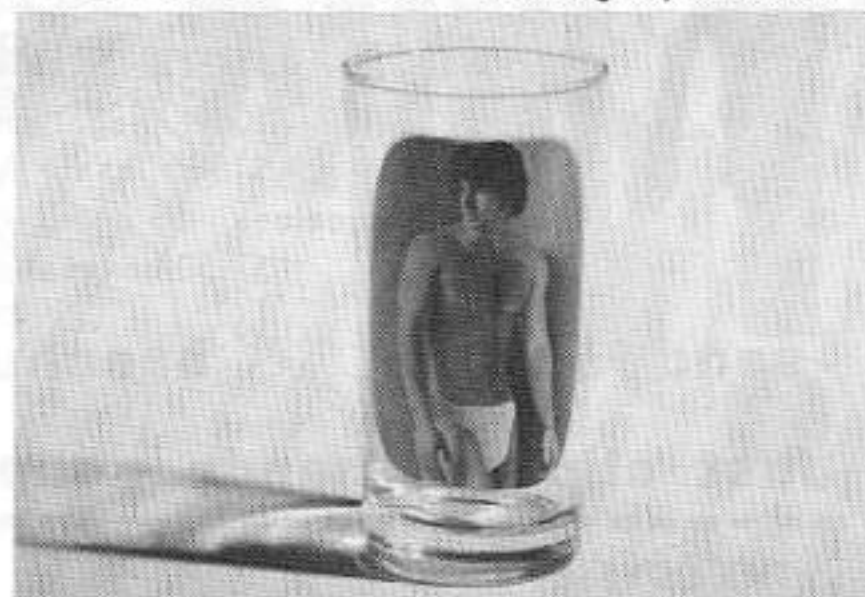
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TAURUS "The Gentle Bull"

Your ambitions will get a boost during the month, but don't strive too hard and rock the boat. It's a good time to renew old friendships even if it means taking a trip. You will meet some useful contacts through a good friend. Show him your good points and strike when the iron is hot. You do tend to go off half-cocked at times, this is a fault you can control. Think before speaking. You are patient and kind, but watch out for the ones who take advantage of this Taurean trait.

GEMINI "The Persuasive Charmer"

Although this month may seem like smooth sailing, watch out for an acquaintance who has a grievance against you. Watch your step and ignore those who goad you into more strenuous activity. Romantic partners are inclined to coax the best from you, enjoy their company, but don't become too emotional. A surprise awaits you in a few weeks, it's pleasant and worth waiting for, but don't grab it all at once. Take it easy and savor the flavor . . . and you've been warned about holding your emotions in check.



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CANCER "The Sensitive Crab"

Don't take on too much, don't bite off more than you can chew and make sure you look after your health. This means you will be in good shape for the strenuous period ahead. It's Springtime when everyone thinks of love. Don't be upset when matters of importance are taken out of your hands, everything that happens around you will work out to your advantage. Avoid over eating. Keeping trim and slim is the order of the day. It's time to think of the summer months, swimming and sunbathing . . . and nobody goes for a beached whale.

LEO "The Romantic Ruler"

You may notice a lot of changes in your life and quite often changes are for the better. Look around and be aware of what is happening. You will meet some new people, take time to check them out, especially socially. Give as good as you get and if the gettings good . . . do it again. Watch out for rainy days and avoid despondency. Don't waste time with friends who are jealous, seek new contacts. You know most people dig you, so come out of your shell and let them enjoy what you have to offer.

VIRGO "Nature's Child"

Everyone loves a Virgo, well nearly everyone. Let your loving nature come out, there are people who need you and will readily give of themselves if you let them. Finances may be strained for a few weeks, but you don't need a lot of money to have a good time. Accept presents gracefully, don't look for hidden motives. If you are single this is a good time for taking stock of your love life, but don't be too greedy, remember leave some for the unfortunates who do not have your assets.

LIBRA "The Gentle Charmer"

Don't gallop ahead with new ideas right now, slow down and think. If the yen in your life is the men in your life . . . take it easy, you may have too much life in your men and lag behind. Build up your strength and your bank balance by resisting those midweek dates. Save yourself for the weekends. Listen to a good friend who has some valuable advice. Librarians are creative, so create and do your thing. Of course this doesn't mean you have to retire from the game.

Continued on p.84

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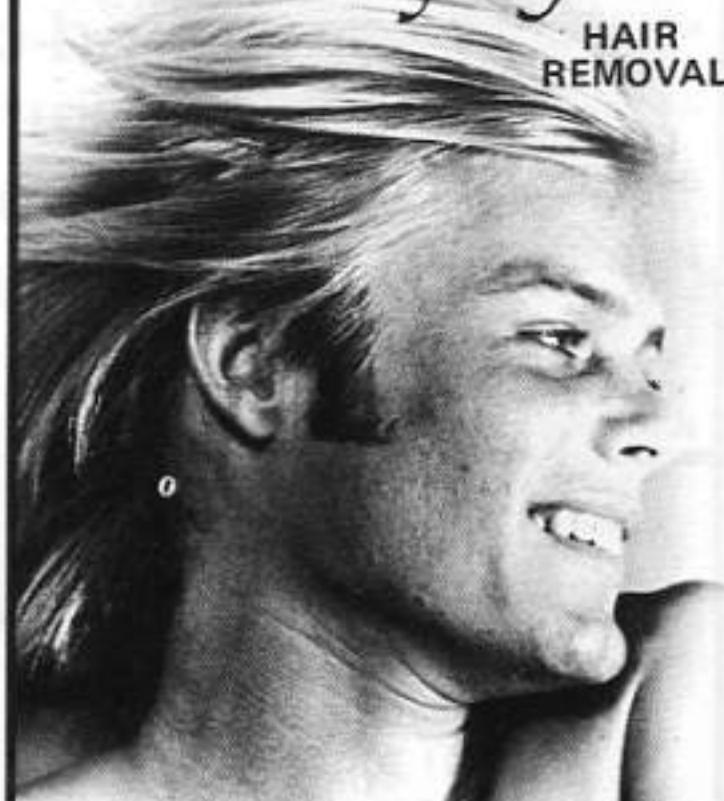
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Astrology Continued from p.83

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SAGITTARIUS "The Optimistic Archer"

You are inclined to say what you think without thinking, hurting people you don't mean to hurt. For your own good pause before you speak and think. Your sales pitch this month is unbeatable . . . but what do you have to sell? Romance looms high for the later half of the period, but don't grab at straws just spend a little more time in the hayfield. If you are the sporty type get out there and start pitching . . . if you prefer to watch find someone worth looking at . . . everyone has their good points, you just have to find them. It's fun, really.

CAPRICORN "The Ambitious Goat"

You climb and climb and never quite reach the top, well relax and slow down for awhile and enjoy where you're at. Plan for a scholarship or promotion or if you have plans for something else, find out what he likes to drink. Accept an unexpected invitation and expect the expected, you'll have a pleasant surprise. Long trips are not necessary for that special trip, in fact it might be waiting on your doorstep right now . . . so slow down a little and enjoy a lot.

AQUARIUS "The Water Carrier"

There are a lot of new things in store for you this period. It's a chance to light up the corners of your life and see what the boys in the backroom have been doing. Spend money wisely, you'll need it for that much needed vacation. If you go bar hopping try some new ones, but don't expect a standing ovation when you enter. Listen to the advice of a friend in money matters but ignore him when he speaks about affairs of the heart. Accept invitations and give all

you've got to make the party a success . . . even if it means helping to wash the breakfast dishes.

PISCES "The Mystical Dreamer"

Go out and get 'em, baby . . . this is your month. Get a new hair style and some well fitting clothes and you've got it made. There will be days when you are alone, but take things in hand and think about the morrow. Plan and connive, ring phones and suggest get togethers. If you don't make it this month then watch the TV commercials, there's something wrong with your makeup. If you do make out, remember early to bed and early to rise no matter whose bed you're in.

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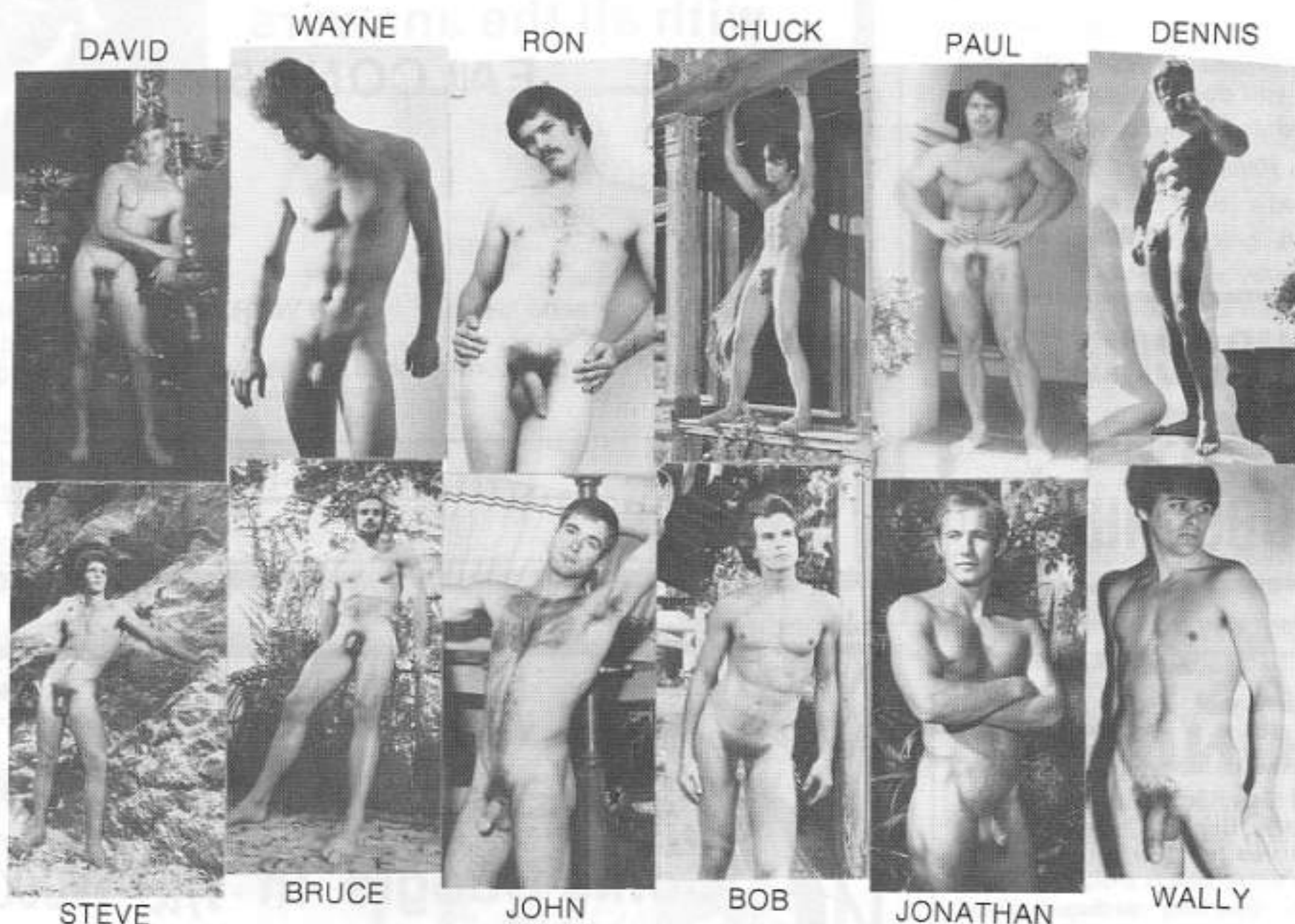
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my privacy because I'll always have friends around me."

"How do you want to do it," I inquire. "On Broadway? In movies?"

"I don't know. I'm open to anything. Things happen in life that change your mind. I'm ready for that. But whatever I'm doing at the time becomes my entire life."

"And I accept things as they come along. If it doesn't happen, it doesn't happen, it wasn't meant to. But you've got to try or it won't happen."

Joe is trying. He is taking dance and singing lessons, occasionally auditioning for Broadway roles and generally promoting himself whenever he can. He has a TV offer in California for this summer but he's not sure he's ready to leave New York yet. "I've learned so much. When I got here I was young, naive, ready to learn everything. I don't see myself as so naive any more, but I'm still young and I'm ready to try anything and do anything."

Joe's parents recently saw the show. I ask him for reactions to his taking off his clothes five times during the show and of his singing a song called "I'm Gay." The

song, a duet, is one of the hits of the show. In it, a boy is writing home to his parents to tell them he is gay.

"My parents loved the show and never mentioned anything specific. I was very proud of them."

"I don't have any hang-ups about my body — not that it's so great — as long as you don't cross that line into pornography."

Remembering some of the simulated sex in the show, I ask him what that line is, and if he has ever crossed it.

"Oh no!" he says. "That line is the act of having sex. And sex to me is a very private, personal thing."

"How would you describe your sex life?" I asked.

"Good!" he shot back.

"Are you gay, Joe?"

"Well, I would say bisexual . . . A celebrity in the audience once asked me if I was straight or gay and I said 'yes.'"

"I'm a very physical person, very sexual. I enjoy feeling another person's body, male or female. I'm more interested in a person's head than in how they look. I must be able to relate to them. If you can't talk to a person and

be friends, you shouldn't go any further."

"Sex is good as long as the other person is willing and not raped."

"What would you do if someone tried to rape you," I inquired.

"I'd ask him not to scar my face."

"Do you see yourself getting involved in a love relationship?" I asked.

"I'd get tied down if the right person said 'stay home and cook,' and if I really dug that person, I'd do it."

"Why hasn't that happened?"

"I've been too flighty, I guess. But I'm starting to mellow out. I'd like to have a relationship . . . I need to know that I'm liked or loved . . ."

He paused, and realized that I had sensed an exposed vulnerability.

"Well, that's the end of the interview," he said glancing at the clock and getting up. "I've got to go to the theatre. He picked up his leather jacket with a cock ring in the epaulet. "The cock ring's just for show; I never use it," he said.

I notice that the label in the coat has a space to put a name. Joe Jones has inked in a star.

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20 YEARS AGO

By Dal McIntire

With present accommodations for "about 350 criminal insane in residence, and about 650 sexual psychopaths," Atascadero State Hospital, a maximum security institution, celebrated its first year of service to California males, many arrested on routine homosexual charges. The hospital was eight years in the planning and building stage, and cost \$12,000,000. Supt. and Medical Director R. S. Rood explained its aim to the Mattachine Society: "To be ready to accept these patients as persons worthy of improvement . . ."

Prestigious Judge Learned Hand, chairing a panel of jurists and law professors working on the American Law Institute's Model Penal Code project, says that privately performed homosexual acts and adultery have no place in the criminal law, and that penalties for such acts should be abolished from the lawbooks of our 48 states . . .

BALTIMORE: After death of Robert Buffmire, strangled in a "lover's quarrel," police begin a pervert clean-up drive. Pepper Hill Club on Gay Street raided — 162 arrested. Paddy wagons made 24 trips to station less than block away. Those refusing to post \$26.45 disorderly conduct bond spend the night, 23 forfeit bail next day.

Magistrate Cardin threatens contempt action when police have trouble controlling "unruly crowd" in court. Says Vice Sgt. Goldstein, who led raid, "These people seem to regard this whole incident as a great big joke." Goldstein had gone to club, found "evidence of homosexuality," arrested everyone in

place. Legislators and acting police head Lusby afterward decried such mass raids. Robert Buffmire's roommate testified next day in murder trial he'd met Buffmire at Pepper Hill Club, and Judge Moser "reluctantly" sentenced him to 10 years. Newly appointed Police Commissioner Hepbron, who'd been out of town at time of raid, abolishes Vice Squad. Several former vice cops under investigation for malfeasance and extortion. . . . State Liquor Board demands all entertainers and employees at clubs get mug shots from police. Grand jury demands taverns ban employment of persons with homosexual, pandering or felony records. American Guild of Variety Artists & 150 tavern owners oppose mug-shot rule. . . . Pepper Hill cases come to court. Evidence: reports of kissing and of mannekin legs hanging from ceiling. Baltimore SUN and Judge Cullen sharply reprimand police. . . .

PITTSBURGH: Weekend dragnet gets 150 on drunk and vagrancy. . . . Ex vice-cop Alan Tanser (earlier convicted along with entire squad on perjury/extortion — and supposedly serving sentence) charged with beating a motorist while off duty (?) . . .

LOS ANGELES: Elevator operator Earl MacLain, after long effort, gets surgery in Mexico to become woman. Name changed to Dixie in L.A. Superior Court. Arrested in Pershing Square by Officer Shirley on charges of "impersonating a woman," AND "impersonating a man."

NEW YORK CITY: Provost of U.C.'s Santa Barbara campus arrested on morals charge, acquitted after trial.

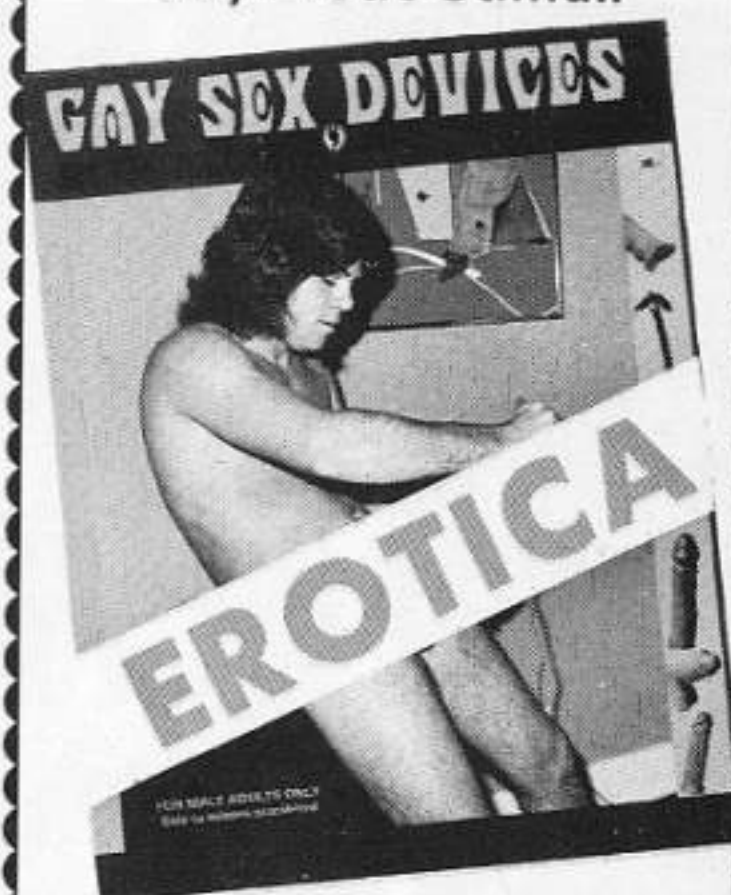


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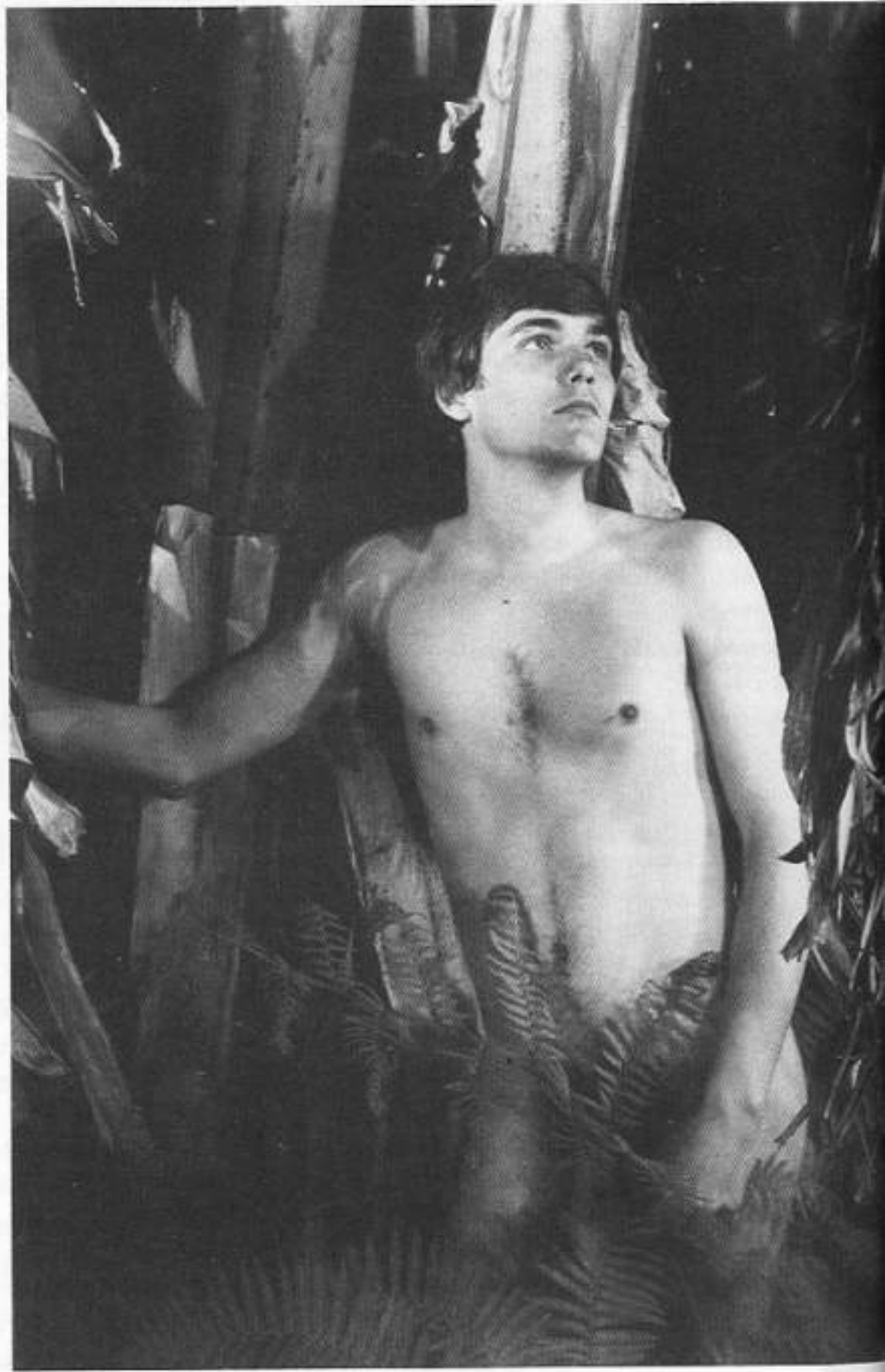
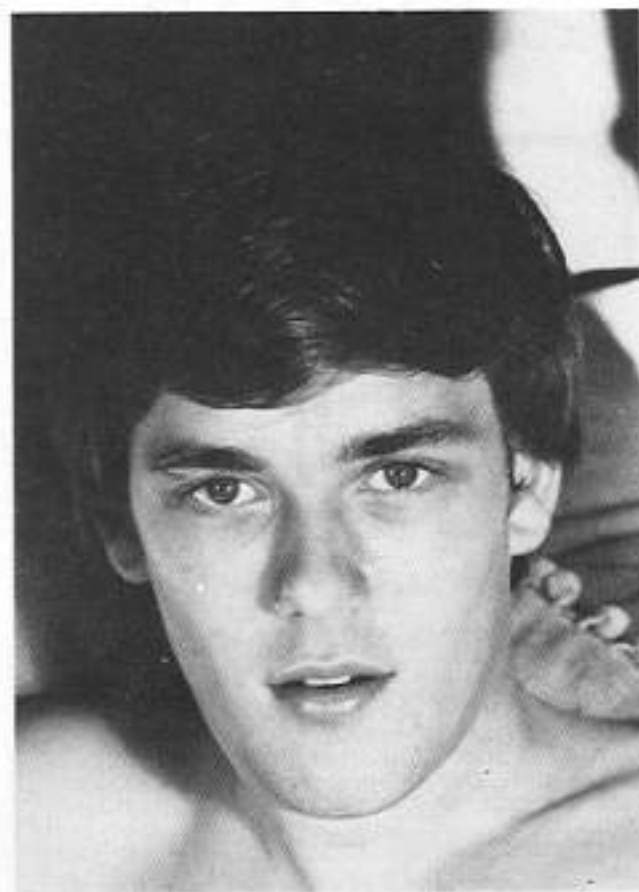
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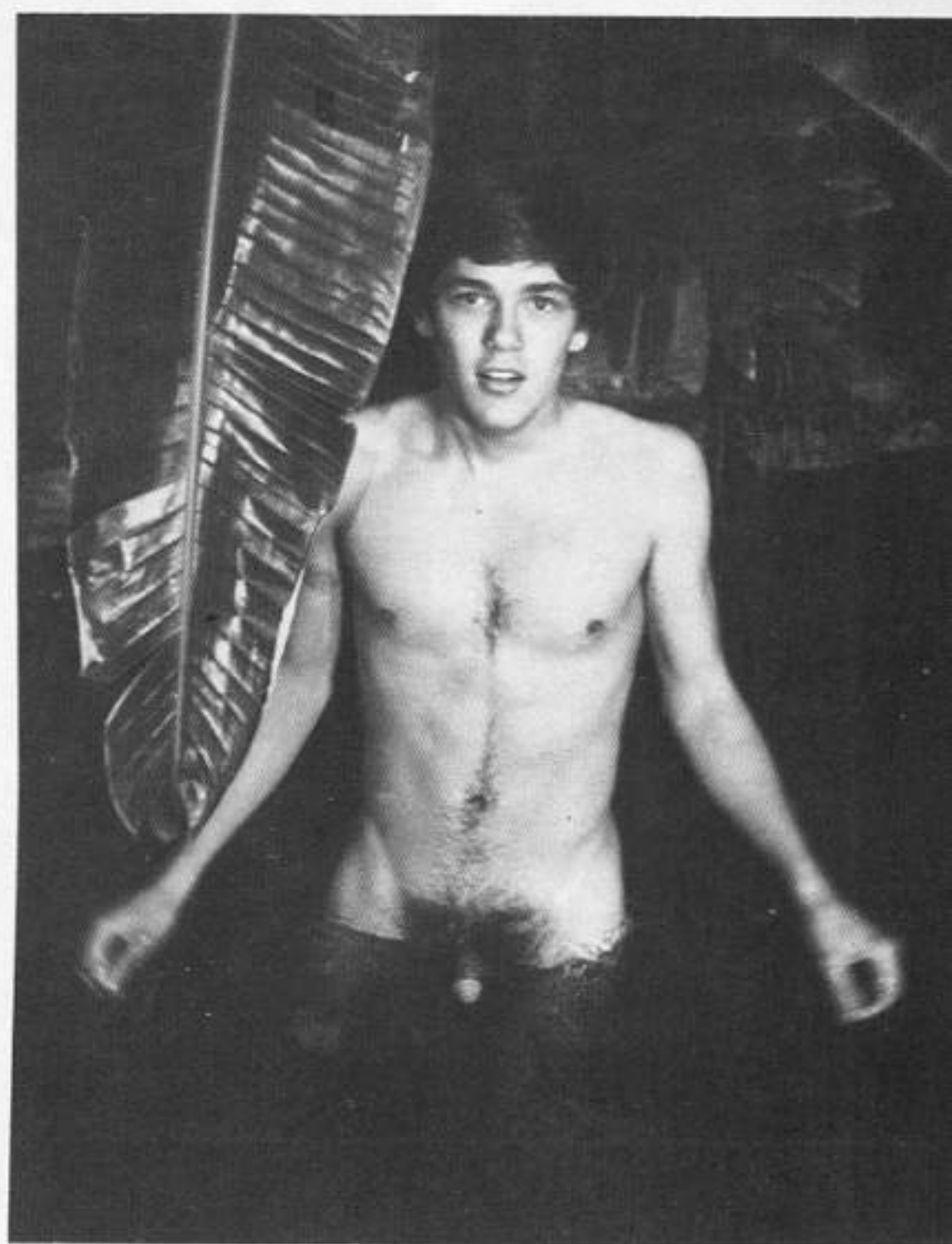
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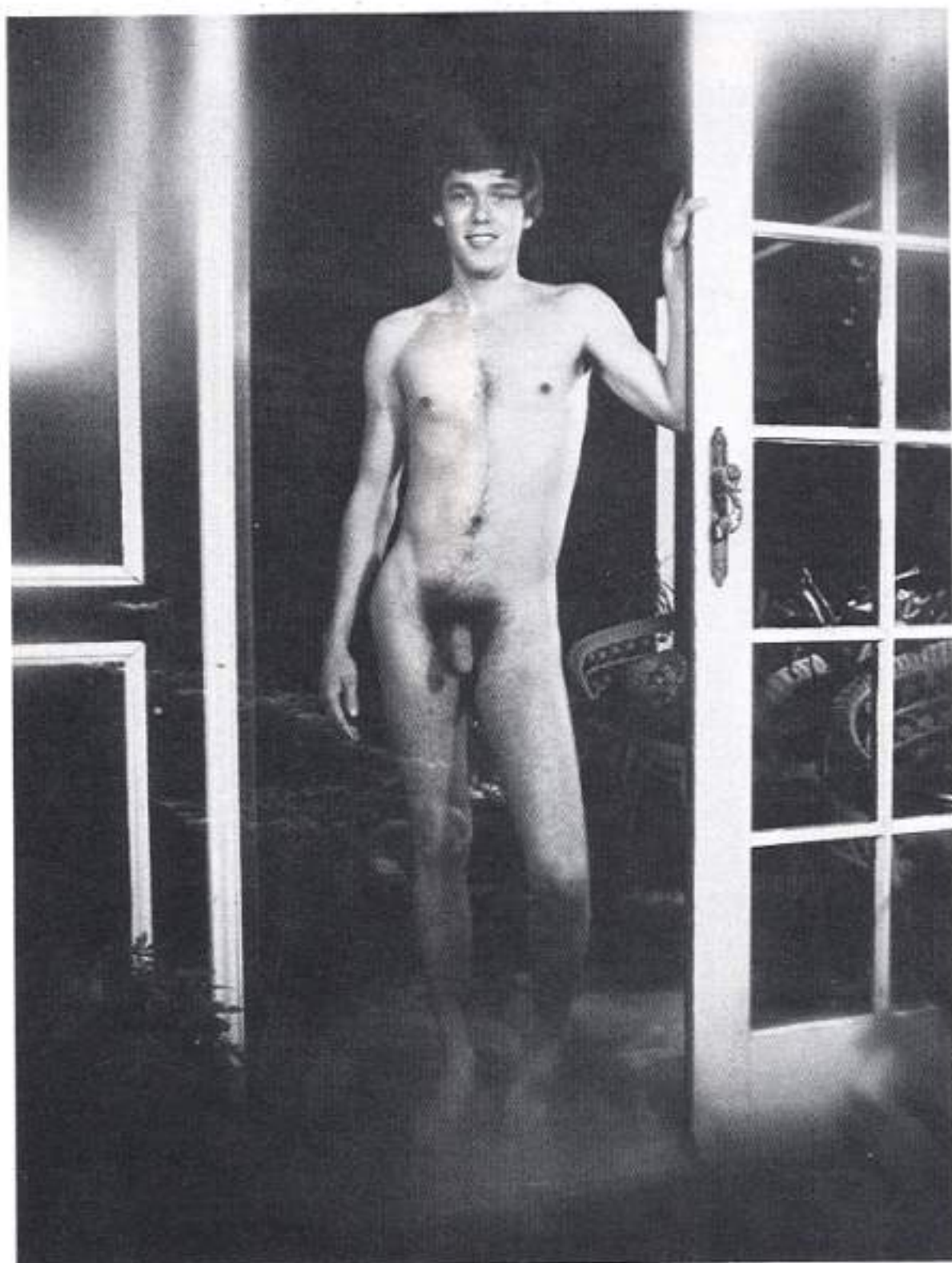
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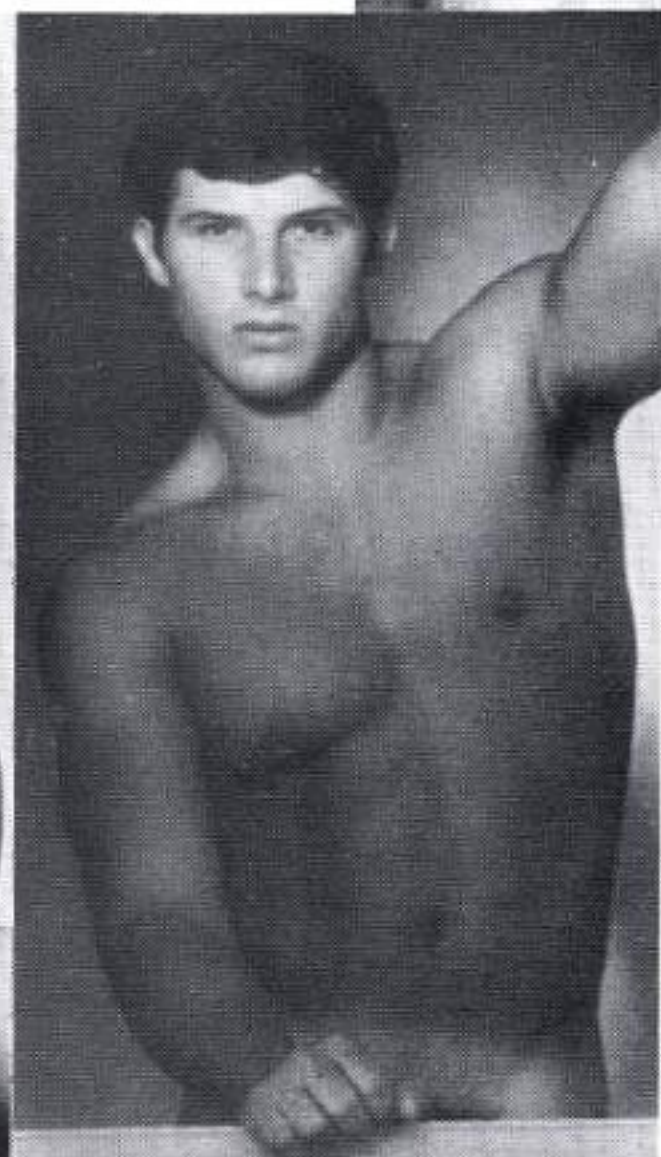
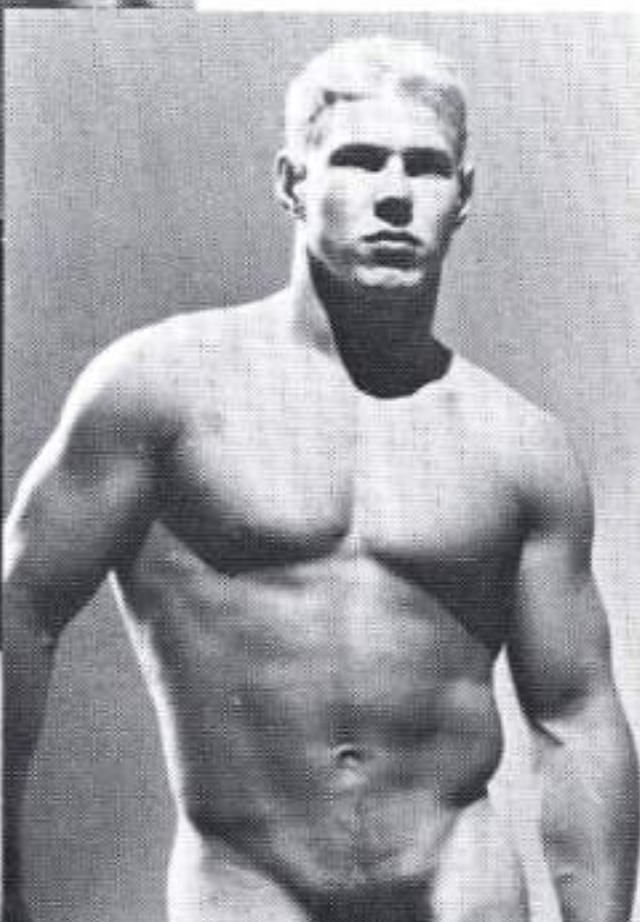
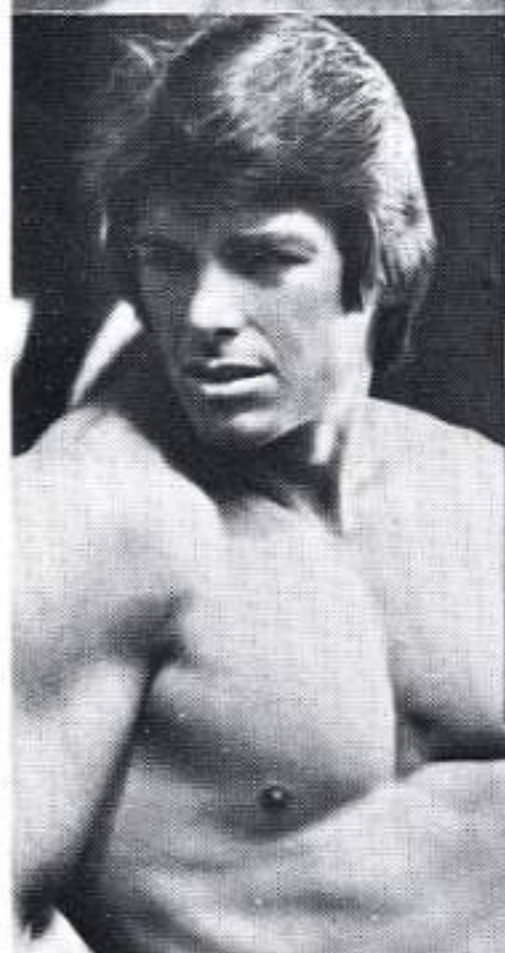




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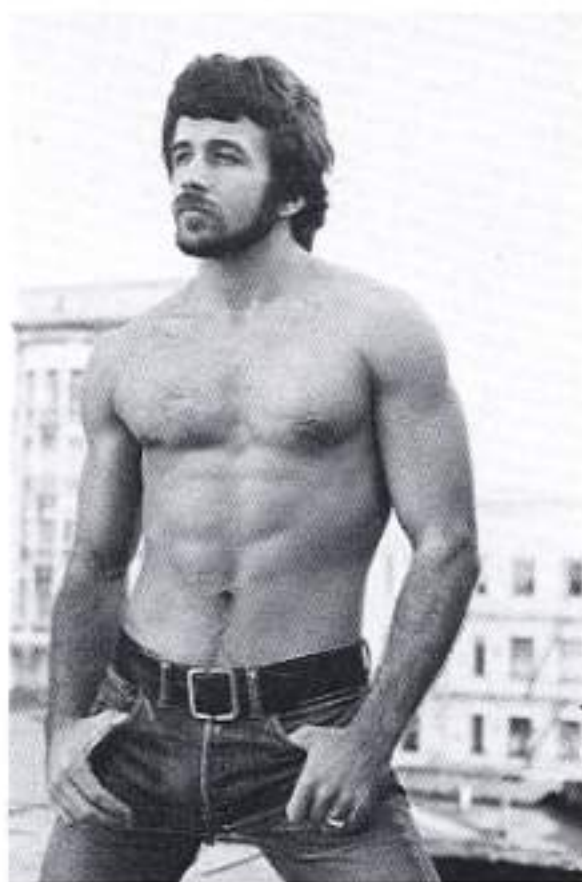
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